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CONTENTS.

The Endowment Fund	*Winifred Edgerton Merrill*, '83	1
Briseis	*Margaret B. Merrill*, '99	7
The Old Chapel		8
The Mouse: A Tragedy	*Elizabeth M. Wood*, 1901	12
Sonnets	*Lucy van N. Morris*, 1900	17
Slip Sheets		18
Who Is She?	*R. C.*	20
The Third Question	*Helen Louise Williams*, 1901	20
Spectator		24
The Inauguration		26
Editorials		32
Free Press		33
Book Reviews		35
Current Art Notes		37
Intercollegiate		39
College Notes		40
Society Notes		42
Alumnæ Notes		43
Marriages		45
Births		47
Deaths		47

Vol. VIII.——October, 1899——No. 1.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

THE object which has enchanted the imagination and absorbed the energies of Wellesley's daughters during the last six months has been the great united thanksgiving offering to Alma Mater now made by the Trustees, Faculty, Alumnæ, former students and friends of Wellesley to pay the debt of our College, and to endow in some measure the object of our hearts' affection.

On the twenty-third of March, 1899, a joint committee of Alumnæ and Trustees, including Mr. Alpheus H. Hardy, Treasurer of the College, and Mr. William H. Lincoln, Chairman of the Finance Committee, met in Boston to consider a plan for raising funds to pay the debt of the College, and provide it with a substantial endowment. Wellesley has always occu-

pied a unique place among colleges in having no general endowment, and has, consequently, been obliged to depend upon tuition fees and occasional gifts for means to pay the running expenses. Naturally these sources of income have been wholly inadequate. No college conducted on a plane of high intellectual development is, or ever can be, a self-supporting institution. To meet the deficit the Trustees have found it necessary to borrow money. Interest on this debt is regularly paid from the income of the College. According to the trial balance of the Treasurer made August 1, 1898, the total indebtedness amounted to $96,135.65. Of this debt $19,000 represents the cost of a laboratory, $18,000 the renewal of the boilers and an electric lighting plant. A considerable sum has also been expended for the extension of the sewage system and for general repairs. All of these items form a part of the present indebtedness. To pay the interest on so large a sum is a heavy burden, and the immediate removal of the debt is of the greatest importance to the welfare and growth of the College.

As the statement of the Finance Committee fails to reach many who are deeply interested in the College and in the liberal education of women, it was decided by the joint committee from the Board of Trustees and the Alumnæ to call attention to certain facts which constitute a genuine claim upon public sympathy and support.

First, Wellesley College is not merely a local institution. The attendance for 1897–98 represented not only every section of our own country, including thirty-eight States and the Hawaiian Islands, but also the Dominion of Canada, Bavaria, India and Turkey.

Second, while Wellesley College is distinctly Christian in its influence, discipline and instruction, it is under the control of no one denomination.

Third, a distinctive feature of the College has been, and is still, its democratic spirit. The ambitious girl of small resources has always found a cordial welcome from both students and teachers. At Wellesley the basis of estimate is not what a student has, but what she is. During the last twenty years over eleven hundred needy students have received assistance through scholarship and other aid funds of the College.

While Wellesley counts among its pressing necessities those of a library building, a gymnasium, a science building and an assembly hall suitable for concerts, lectures, etc., with a seating capacity of two thousand, the follow-

ing needs are regarded as absolutely imperative; viz., the canceling of the existing debt, and the creation of a general endowment fund.

It is our hope that the year 1900, which completes the first quarter century of the existence of the College, may find Wellesley free from debt, and supplied with a substantial endowment.

With this in view the attempt is being made to raise $200,000.

The total amount already given or pledged toward the whole of this sum is approximately $63,646.85. Of this, $11,500 is only available on the second hundred thousand.

It will be of interest, since the subscriptions are credited both to states and classes, to give separately the contributions by classes and by states.

Members of the several classes and their friends have given or pledged the following amounts: —

Class of '79	$1,613.00	Number in class	17
" '80	1,880.00	"	41
" '81	300.00	"	23
" '82	621.00	"	28
" '83	7,077.00	"	49
" '84	680.00	"	48
" '85	280.00	"	51
" '86	587.00	"	51
" '87	1,422.00	"	68
" '88	1,770.00	"	60
" '89	431.50	"	74
" '90	1,102.00	"	111
" '91	578.00	"	112
" '92	1,052.00	"	113
" '93	956.25	"	110
" '94	292.50	"	109
" '95	1,104.00	"	118
" '96	1,563.00	"	120
" '97	1,601.35	"	146
" '98	2,987.25	"	
" '99	1,150.00	"	131
Specials	3,957.50		
Class total,	$33,005.35		

The amounts by states and countries are as follows:—

Alabama	$35.00	New Hampshire	$368.50
California	154.00	New Jersey	42.00
Colorado	1,142.00	New York	10,636.00
Connecticut	405.00	North Carolina	80.00
Delaware	60.00	Ohio	390.00
District of Columbia	101.25	Pennsylvania	2,313.00
Illinois	2,503.00	Rhode Island	867.00
Iowa	13.00	Vermont	425.00
Kansas	15.00	Virginia	21.00
Kentucky	80.00	West Virginia	30.00
Louisiana	5.00	Germany	30.00
Maine	1,400.00	Hawaii	508.25
Maryland	65.00	India	33.00
Massachusetts	35,292.00	Japan	25.00
Michigan	25.00	Syria	5.00
Missouri	910.00		
Montana	70.00	State total,	$58,049.00

It will readily be seen that the class total and state total cannot correspond, and that at the present writing neither corresponds with the grand total, since they include pledges made in the names of classes, clubs and sections of the country, as well as gifts from outside friends which are not yet payable, and which until they are paid, and the full list of donors registered, cannot be classified. Eventually the state total and the grand total will be identical.

This record, while admirable, is far from that we had hoped to make at this date. Since the generous response made on alumnæ day at the College, the amounts reported have been very small. This has been a natural consequence of the summer season.

On October 3 the fifth President of Wellesley, Miss Caroline Hazard, was inaugurated. It is the wish near the hearts of all of us that the beginning of her administration may at least see Wellesley free from debt. While many of the alumnæ and former students have generously responded to the first appeals, some have not as yet availed themselves of the opportunity of giving money or a pledge or a word of interest. It is desirable that the

payment of Wellesley's debt shall be a labor of love, and from this loyal, devoted service the undergraduates and their friends are not excluded.

No gift is too small to be received, and the values of none are rated by dollars and cents alone. The offerings already made have ranged from one cent to ten thousand dollars; but who shall dare to classify them by their intrinsic values?

From the wife of a missionary in Syria, a mother of six children, living on a missionary salary, a student of Wellesley but a few months of a single year, comes a touching contribution with words of enthusiastic devotion. From a charming Japanese lady, who is "so happy to be counted as one of Wellesley's daughters," comes a contribution of thirty *yen* (fifteen dollars). From India, from a member of the first class graduated from the College, comes a money order with the wish "that it might be quadrupled," and the explanation that only the necessitated reduction of the missionaries' salaries under the American Board prevented a far larger gift to the fund.

From another far-away country, which has drawn closer and closer to us in the last few years, comes a very large cheque with the message, "Hitherto I have only been able to make small gifts, but just now I have been able to dispose of a little property to advantage, and I send you a hundred dollars; to which my husband has added a hundred, and my dear father (who had to struggle to keep me in college) has given two hundred and fifty more." Other gifts from Japan and India have united with the magnificent response of Massachusetts and the equally splendid contributions from other States, rating as high in work and self-denial in proportion to their numbers, if not so high in actual dollars and cents. But there still remain many thousands of dollars before our goal of freedom from debt and the beginning of a permanent endowment is reached. One of the most successful means of raising money for Wellesley has proved to be in offering friends the opportunity of giving amounts as small as one or two dollars, or five or ten. Through the small printed circulars furnished by the committee and in the hands of Professor Roberts, the special committee in charge of the endowment work at the college, some girls have raised as much as three hundred dollars, and none to my knowledge have failed when using them to raise the thirty dollars asked from each daughter of Wellesley, whatever her class and whatever her period of residence at the College.

Not so many months ago the alumnæ of the oldest of the women's colleges of our country set out to raise two million of dollars endowment. They have already passed their half-way mark, and there remains to them yet but a million of dollars to secure. It was a magnificent ambition that moved them, now already more than half realized. Perhaps we, my Wellesley sisters, did not aim high enough, since but a third of our short road has been traversed. A large work carries with it a momentum and velocity which itself performs a part of the work; and if by June, 1900, the concluding year of Wellesley's quarter-century existence, the whole two hundred thousand dollars is not raised, the chairman of the Endowment Committee may feel it wise to take counsel with the other members of her committee whether it may not be better policy to raise far more than two hundred thousand dollars.

It is not that Vassar women love their college better, or are more self-sacrificing and persistent in effort than are Wellesley's daughters, but they are more numerous, their organization has been of longer duration, and their habit of working together for special needs of their Alma Mater has been perfected by continuous repetition. The work which we are now doing for Wellesley is the strongest unifying (?) influence which we, her daughters, could have, is binding us close together in a common interest, and is making us kin with the whole world, while it is building up for the future a definite working constituency for the College of far greater value than the actual money which we raise and give, however desirable and necessary that may be found.

That the full value of this work may be realized it is desirable that every one, whatever her relation, whether purely friendly, official or student, shall have some part in the great united offering already commenced, but yet to be finished. Its commencement marked the closing months of President Irvine's administration. Its completion must be our signal achievement in the beginning of President Hazard's official life.

WINIFRED EDGERTON MERRILL, '83.

BRISEIS.

"ἡ δ' ἀεκουσ' ἅμα τοῖσι γυνὴ κίεν."

Iliad I. 348.

"And the maiden went with them, unwilling."

They brought me out from the tent.
Sat my lord with his dark brows bent;
He saw me not as I went.

And I yearned to stoop to his feet
And cling to them, parting made sweet
If his eyes but mine eyes would meet.

He sat silent, stern-browed, face aside,
So no one his wrath could deride,
And I left him there, cruel in pride.

So I left him—the king among men.
They said 'twas a quarrel, and then
They bade me be merry again.

"For know," said they, "thou art his prize,
Agamemnon's." Odysseus the wise
Spake thus—and I knew he spake lies.

For did he not win me that day
When, captive, I faced them at bay,
And the lot from the helm leapt his way?

And the winner's joy glowed in his eye.
He called me the fair-cheeked; and I—
I forgot all the host who stood by.

They were lies! Did he not take my hand
And lead me along the sea strand
Where the tents of the Myrmidons stand?

Ah, Zeus! They were lies—but the lips
Of the liars spake truth. The tide slips
Close at hand 'neath the curve of their ships,

And an Argive guard stands at the door.
Dear Zeus, men have quarreled before;
Take me back to my lord once more!

MARGARET B. MERRILL, '99.

THE OLD CHAPEL.

Notes from an address by Prof. S. F. Whiting, given at the last vesper service before the dedication of the Houghton Chapel.

For almost twenty-five years this chapel in College Hall has been the centre of the religious life of the College, and the heart of the College is its religious life. The cross with the symbol I. H. S., which is carved into the keystone of the arch which spans the entrance of this building, and the cross which rises above its highest pinnacle, are emblems of the sacred aim which inspired all. Christian faith and character were here to be first,—learning, culture, all else were to follow.

That we should sometime outgrow this chapel was foreseen by Mr. Durant's prophetic soul. I quote a paragraph from a newspaper article of 1875 describing a visit to Wellesley. As the writer was about to leave, Mr. Durant said to him: "This is but a beginning. Do you see what I see? I will tell you: On that hill an art school; down there a musical conservatory; on the hill yonder a scientific building and observatory; at the farthest right a medical college; and just here, at the centre, a stone chapel, built as the College outgrew the old one. Yes, all this will be sometime, but I shall not be here."

If, as we believe, those who have been called up higher are ministering spirits, who watch and serve in divine things on earth, Mr. Durant rejoices in the long-ago vision so nearly fulfilled.

Our minds and hearts here are so full of the present, that the past fades out of sight. It takes a little reflection to recall the first introduction to the old chapel. The walls were absolutely white, gray curtains hung at the windows, no organ was in the gallery; but the black-walnut trusses interlaced over the platform and supporting the paneled roof, the memorial window, the proportions of the whole, gave an impression of dignity. A piano served to lead the singing for a year or two, until Mr. Grover presented the organ; and it was not until 1880 that the Durants frescoed the walls, put in the dark curtains, and completed a harmonious design..

Much prayer and thought was bestowed upon the selection of texts for the walls. Mr. Durant wrote down many, from which the four were at last selected to preach silent sermons through all the years, the results of

which heaven only will disclose. Twice a day when all lived in this building, we met for matin and vesper service in this place. Very often Mr. Durant used to conduct the service. As he came in the door he would often ask a student or teacher what hymn she would like to sing. If he received no quick response he would, as a rule, give out one of three or four hymns: "Jesus, lover of my soul," to the tune "Refuge;" "Since Jesus is my friend;" "Quiet, Lord, my froward heart;" or, most often of all,—

> "Jesus, engrave it on my heart
> That thou the one thing needful art."

His epigrammatic comments on the Scripture remained long in mind, and his prayers were simple and direct as a child's.

Who can tell the strength and peace and inspiration of which the daily chapel services have been the source to myriads of girls who, with their long braids of hair down their backs, and their fresh young faces full of inquiry as to the untried life before them, have come in and taken their seats on the freshman side. They have made their annual progress to the sophomore side, to the junior rows under the gallery, and finally, after their year in the front seats, out into the "wide, wide world" whence they came. What an integral part of their lives the hymns of the old "Songs of the Sanctuary" or of the "Laudes Domini" have become.

It was part of the scheme for broadening and deepening the religious thought and life of Wellesley that the foremost divines of the different denominations should be invited to be the college preachers. Only a few names, less familiar to later generations of students, whose councils did much to shape the plans of the College, can be mentioned: Dr. Crosby, of New York, president of the Board of Trustees, made at least annual visits, and his sermons and Bible lectures and two commencement addresses are memorable. Dr. Pierce, a beautiful type of Christian gentleman and a divine of the old school, was often with us. Dr. Porter of Yale, Dr. Cummings of Middletown, Dr. N. G. Clark of the American Board, Dr. A. T. Gordon, Dr. John Hall, Bishop Paddock, Bishop Brooks, loved Wellesley, and from the heavenly heights watch its development.

The picture of the first Flower Sunday is a vivid one; there never has been another quite like it. Plants and flowers and garlands in chapel everywhere, on the platform, and festooned from roof and gallery. Dr. Pente-

cost preached from Mr. Durant's chosen text. In the evening there was a praise service, after which the flowers were distributed to the girls in the section prayer meetings.

More notable sermons, perhaps, have been those on the Day of Prayer for Colleges. Dr. Meredith's on the text, "For My Sake," Dr. McKenzie's on "I Have Set Before You an Open Door," and on "The Will of God," Dr. Cuthbert Hall's on the "All Round Christian Life," Dr. Stimson's on "A Present Christ," occur to me now. We have hardly once failed to have a spiritual uplift in the old chapel on that sacred day.

The tender memories of the Thursday evening devotional meetings held in this place, of the Sunday evening vesper services at the twilight hour, abide in many hearts in many lands, and the alumnæ of the classes from 1882 on for ten years remember the chapel platform as the place of their Sunday evening class prayer meetings.

Three times the hush which always comes when we face the mystery of death has fallen in these walls. All that was mortal of the founder of Wellesley and of our sainted President Shafer was brought here, that those who loved them and sympathized in their work might hear words of strong consolation. And here also was the funeral service for one who, as a mechanic, had wrought on the building with conscientious interest, and had later, for many years, been in charge of important material interests of the College.

And twice the chapel has been decked for wedding festivals. In 1884 the Trustees invited one of the first Class of '79, who had since been a beloved teacher in the Greek department, to have her wedding at the College. The chapel was festooned with wreaths and garlands; eleven evergreen bells with lily clappers hung over the chancel; a broad aisle was made through the centre, and never was wedding procession more attractive. Dr. Pierce read the preliminary part of the marriage service on the floor, and then the immediate bridal party ascended the steps, specially arranged for the occasion, and Dr. McKenzie "tied the knot" amid a bower of plants on the platform. No wonder this all-round Wellesley woman was elected one of the first alumnæ trustees. Again, in 1892, the Christian Association gave the wedding to her who had been the college missionary in India since 1880, and wedding guests and garlands filled the chapel.

A few of the significant fêtes must be recalled. One of the first was in honor of the loved poet Longfellow. On their arrival the guest of honor and his friends, among whom were Professor Horsford and the genial Mr. James T. Fields, were rowed on the lake in the college fleet. The Evangeline, and the Maud Muller, and the Argo, the Mayflower, and the Ellida, and the Prydrone, with their pretty silken banners flying in the wind, came together on the middle of the lake, and to a guitar some of the poet's songs were rendered. Then all assembled in chapel. Miss Howard made one of her graceful addresses of welcome, one of the students read a poem of greeting, beautiful baskets of flowers were presented to the poet and his daughters, and Mr. Longfellow read a sonnet written for the occasion.

Later, Mr. and Mrs. Durant saw that even the low tuition which they maintained at Wellesley so long was not all the aid needed by aspiring girls, and the "Students' Aid Society" was inaugurated by a fête. There was a collation in the dining room, and an inspection of the lake and park; after which all assembled in the chapel to listen to an address by Dr. Rouen Thomas, and Mr. Durant made his famous appeal for the "calico girls, with earnest hearts and scholarly ideals." Several scholarships were pledged, and students presented each donor with a wreath of flowers.

At the laying of the cornerstone of Stone Hall, which marked the first large gift from any one besides the founder, the friends of the College gathered to listen to an address by President Porter of Yale. Dr. S. F. Smith wrote the hymn for the occasion. At the opening of Simpson Cottage, the first smaller residence hall, there was a fête and collation, and an address here by Dr. Duryea.

In 1886 the College held high festival in honor of Professor Horsford, who had done so much for its library. A notable gathering assembled here. Dr. Clark, President of the Board of Trustees, gave the history of the library; the beloved Dr. Peabody of Harvard spoke of the "Place of the Library in University Work"; Dr. Abbott gave one of his most inspiring addresses on "Books and Reading"; and Professor Horsford laid before us his beautiful plans and desires for Wellesley. Original poems, music and a reception in the library itself, cleared and decked for the occasion, made this one of our red-letter days.

We celebrated here the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth.

All our treasures of rare books of Luther's time were displayed, and we assembled in chapel to sing "ein feste burg," and listen to addresses from Dean Gray, Dr. Gunsaulus and Dr. Duryea.

My inward vision pictures the scene here at the visit of Standing Bear, the noble Ponca Indian, who, with his daughter Bright Eyes, came to stir the Eastern white man to right the red man's wrongs; the visits of the gentle Zuni Indians, who on this platform sang their ancient songs and recited their folklore; the reception to Kapiolani, the queen of the Sandwich Islands, when this platform was crowded with its strange grouping of Boston City Fathers, Wellesley Faculty and Hawaiians.

Even to mention the philanthropists and reformers who have stood here would take the half hour. General Armstrong, Captain Pratt, Booker Washington, Frederick Douglas, John B. Gough, Joseph Cook, Frances Willard, Lady Somerset and scores of others. Another half hour would be required to name the authors and musicians who have complimented the Wellesley students by rendering for them their world-famous productions.

Mr. Durant, in his last illness, said he wished he could preach one more sermon in this chapel from the text, "I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication that thou hast made before me; I have hallowed this house which thou hast built to put my name there forever." His sermon was not preached, but his prayer has been answered; this house has been hallowed with God's presence, and his name is here forever.

THE MOUSE: A TRAGEDY.

You see mother had gone to town,—that was how it all happened. I wonder why it is that things never go smoothly when mother is away. She was obliged to finish some business concerning a fair, which our church was to have in the evening, and so she had left Marian and me to attend to the housework, while Aunt Sarah sewed on my new white dress.

As it was one of those warm, rainy mornings which we have in June, our work was constantly interrupted with little runs to the window to see "if it could possibly clear before evening." We were getting along very well, however, and about half past ten we went to rest on the front porch, where Aunt Sarah was sewing. The rain pattered gently down, making the

fragrance of the roses even more sweet, and making every little green thing lift its head and take new life as it rejoiced in the soft caress.

We were sitting there chatting and humming little tunes, when suddenly Marian jumped up and, pointing across the lawn, cried,—

"Here comes Mike, and just see what he has!" Mike is our cherished cat. We looked, and as he came nearer we saw,—what do you think? Mike was bringing home a mouse. Yes, a little mouse was dangling from his firm, yellow jaws. Straight across the lawn he came, up the steps, and down the length of the piazza to our cozy corner, where he triumphantly laid down his precious burden.

When I saw that the mouse was still alive I seized Mike, for he is my special property. I am always the one who is responsible for his good behavior. When he rolls in the flower-bed, I have to drive him out; when he is hungry, I have to feed him; and when he tips over his milk-pan, it is always I who have to clean the floor. If I grumble, they say: "Well, he is your cat. We are not responsible for him." So it was in this case. If Mike was tempted to do murder, he must be prevented by me. But Aunt Sarah felt different.

"Let the cat go! He shall have the mouse! Let him go, I say!" she commanded. The mouse was creeping toward the edge of the piazza. "Anna! Do you hear me? Let Mike go!"

I saw that she was very much excited. "Aunt Sarah," said I, calmly,—and I looked right into her eyes,"—"Aunt Sarah, Mike shall not have that mouse. It is alive, and it shall escape. I don't see how you can be so cruel—you are just that, cruel, cruel!" Aunt Sarah gasped. She looked at me blankly. It was almost incredible that I, the docile member of the family, the peacemaker, should openly refuse to obey her commands, and that she, Aunt Sarah, who is next mother in authority, should be put down by a child of twelve. She could not stand such treatment. She would not.

"Anna Bailey," she finally said, coldly, "if you do not let Mike have that mouse I shall not sew another stitch for you, and then you cannot go to the fair." My grasp on Mike did not loosen, though I winced a little as visions of the beautiful fair came crowding into my mind. The candy-table, the grab-bag, the gypsy fortune-teller, the lights, the music, and the people—oh! so many, many people,—how enchanting it all is! And how very

much happier a little girl is when she has a new muslin dress with bows and bows of blue ribbon! Aunt Sarah knew just how I felt, and so she must have been surprised when I answered, bravely,—

"I can wear the old dress." I had worn the old one many times; in our family new dresses are not every-day affairs. When Aunt Sarah saw that I was so determined she became desperate.

"The cat won't catch any more mice if you don't let him have this one," she cried, "and we shall have them all over the house. Look! It is getting away! Oh, if you don't let Mike go now it will get away!"

"That is just what I want it to do," I replied.

"But I won't have it so," cried Aunt Sarah, and she sprang upon the mouse herself. Yes, actually she caught it, and wrapped it in her handkerchief.

"There," she said, "I am going to hold this creature till the cat gets it, if I have to hold it all day. I won't sew a stitch for you, miss."

When I saw that the case was hopeless, I took Mike and sought Marian, who had fled to the kitchen the instant the mouse appeared. Upon hearing the story she sided with me, of course. I knew she would. Marian and I always think alike.

"But," I said, "I would far rather have Mike get the mouse, and eat it, too, than have us get into trouble with Aunt Sarah. What do you think Mother would have us do, Marian? What shall we do?"

Marian is two years older than I am, and always is foremost in our little plans and undertakings.

"We must put the cat somewhere," she replied thoughtfully; "down cellar, I guess, and lock the cellar door."

"You hide the key," I said; "put it in a place I don't know about, so I can truthfully tell Aunt Sarah that I don't know where it is."

"Now I am going to lock the front door, Anna, and keep Aunt Sarah out of the house, because, you know, she might possibly bring that mouse in here, and I couldn't stand that. I should die, I am sure I should. I don't see why I feel so about mice. I'm not really afraid of them, but they give me a shock, a real shock. I had one when I saw the mouse in Mike's mouth, and should have another if I were to see the creature again, and that would kill me." I laughed at Marian's weakness, though I shared it, somewhat, myself.

When I saw that she would be equal to whatever emergency might arise, I went upstairs to study for the next day's examination. I took my Cæsar and tried to translate; but "Cæsar dixit," "quos milites" and "ex quo loco" floated dimly before my eyes. The tears came so fast that I could not distinguish one line from another. I cannot describe the state of my feelings. My mind was in a turmoil. I did want to do what was right, and I knew that Marian did. Aunt Sarah was doing what she supposed was right. But should we submit to her wishes simply because she was older, and because she was our aunt? She was angry, while we were calm. She wanted to take away a little life, while we were defending it. All these thoughts were becoming more and more confused in my mind, when suddenly a merry laugh floated up from the hall below. It was Marian's laugh. Then followed a spirited conversation, which, for me, was one-sided. Marian was evidently looking over the curtain which half covers the broad glass of the front door, and talking with Aunt Sarah, who sat outside. I could not hear anything that Aunt Sarah said, but could only guess from Marian's replies. The laugh, I thought, must have burst forth when Marian first saw Aunt Sarah with the mouse. Then followed in quick succession,—

"Aren't you tired?"

"I don't care."

"Upstairs."

"Down cellar."

"Here's the key,—see?" Then came another peal of laughter. Could she be holding up the key to tantalize poor aunt?

"I will tell him myself."

"Did you?"

"You will have to stay there all day!"

"I shall not let you."

"No, she will not."

"You always have said that of me, anyhow."

"She is not; indeed she is not."

I heard nothing more for some time. Then Marian came flying upstairs and down the hall.

"Anna, dear! Anna! Let me in," she whispered through the keyhole; and as I opened the door she cried: "Oh, but Aunt Sarah is pro-

voked! Why, you never could guess all she has said to me. Truly she frightens me. She says I am heartless, cruel, because I am only prolonging the mouse's suffering. She says I am disrespectful, too, and that Mike will never catch another mouse because we won't let him have this one. And she says, 'What is the good of a cat that can't catch mice?' She thinks I am setting a bad example for you, too. O dear! What shall I do? Oh, if mother were only here!" We talked it over for a long while, and finally decided to leave further action until mother should come. Then we went down to get dinner.

As we passed through the hall, we peeped over the sash curtain to see if Aunt Sarah was still immovable. To our surprise she had freed the mouse, which was creeping feebly along the piazza. Turning to me, Marian whispered: "Just see what I am going to do. Hush! Don't let Aunt Sarah see you." Then arming herself with a broom, she quickly burst through the door, and dashing toward the mouse, swept it far out over the lawn. Such courage! Such audacity! What happened during the next few moments is not clear in my mind. I have a vivid impression of Marian fleeing down into the rain; then a flash of white as Aunt Sarah ran past me to the steps; then a little cry, Aunt Sarah's heels flying up and the dainty ruffles of her skirt fluttering in the breeze. I ran to help her; but I was too late, for she had already risen and was running across the lawn to the mouse, which she brought back to the piazza. As she was apparently unhurt, I ran into the kitchen, where I found Marian, breathless, but much elated.

When dinner was ready, at half past twelve, Marian asked Aunt Sarah to come in.

"If I go to dinner," she replied firmly, "the mouse goes too. I shall not let it get away again."

"Then you can't come," said Marian; "we are not going to have a mouse at the table." So Marian and I took dinner together, while Aunt Sarah and the mouse sat on the piazza.

A half hour later she appeared at the dining-room door.

"Where is mousie?" we demanded, as she took her place at the table.

"Dead," was the grim answer.

"Dead! not dead!" we exclaimed; "what killed it?"

"Nothing. It died."

ELIZABETH M. WOOD, 1901.

SONNETS.

I. DANTE'S LOVE.

O lover, subtle-souled, who scarce didst dare
  To encounter thy most gentle lady's glance,
  But, faint with rapture, at the bridal dance
Where thou didst meet her sweet eyes unaware,
Straight to thy lonely chamber didst repair
  To muse on love and thy love's excellence,
  And there pour out, with love's extravagance,
Thy tender sonnets to her gold-bright hair.

Awakening from thy dream of flame-clad love
  And feeling the dull dawnings of despair,
The fullness of love's anguish, sad above
  All other earth-sad things thou knewest there,—
But never reached love's dazing heights of bliss
Where Lancelot trembled in his queen's warm kiss.

II. HEBE.

In days when Zeus and Hera held the skies,
  Bright Hebe brimmed the bowls for them to quaff;
  The gladsomeness of youth was in her laugh,
Life's glory unfulfilled was in her eyes.
Ne'er knew she, deathless girl, that beauty dies,
  That of life and love despair is more than half,
  That age limps through the world on knotted staff
And utters impotent and bitter cries.

We children of the weary Earth's old age,
  Play sadder parts in our brief pantomime;
For, having Hebe's rôle as heritage,
  To the only stable god, old regal Time,
The chalice of our bodies' rare design
We hold—where youth's red life-blood is the wine.

LUCY VAN N. MORRIS, 1900.

SLIP SHEETS.

SKIFFY.

"No, there's nobody unusual on that page, but this man over here is the craziest fellow I ever struck."

My brother turned a leaf in his class-book and pointed to the second picture in the top row. I bent eagerly to examine this promising oddity, and saw only an ordinary, sensible face, with no suggestion of eccentricity.

"He looks tame enough there; that's his usual expression," continued my brother; "but no other man in college ever thought of doing the queer, wild things that Skiffy did. He spent most of his time working up fancy stunts, and made a specialty of narrow escapes."

"I remember a prize story of his about a game he played down South on a train. It happened in a Mann Boudoir car—the compartment kind, you know, with the aisle on one side. Skiffy thought he'd stir things up a bit and have some excitement. So after the train had pulled out of the city, and before the conductor had come around, he watched his chance, skipped into the smoking-room at the end of the car, locked the door, and then began to yell with all his might.

"In a minute the passengers came tearing out into the aisle and rushed down to the smoking-room to see what was the trouble. They tried the door, and of course couldn't open it; neither could they see inside, on account of the ground-glass panels. The more they rattled the knob and pounded, and shouted, 'Who's in there?' 'What's the matter?' 'Open the door, can't you?' the more Skiffy shrieked and howled and stamped around. Of course the crowd got excited, and thought the man inside had suddenly gone crazy, or was having a fit. And when Skiffy dropped to the floor with a thud and a gurgling groan, someone cried, 'Get the axe, quick!'

"As soon as he heard that, Skiffy opened a window. You must remember that the smoking compartment was at the very end of the car. By stretching out of the window nearest the platform, Skiffy could catch hold

of the projecting hand-rail by the car steps. Although the train was rattling along at good speed by this time, Skiffy had always been a star at doing dizzy feats in the gym, so he swung himself out of the window and up the steps, and coolly strolled into the car. Of course nobody could have seen where he came from on account of the twist in the aisle, and naturally everybody supposed this man had crossed over from the next car.

"Finding the crowd outside the smoking-room door, Skiffy mildly inquired of a man who had his ear applied to the crack, 'What's up!' They told him that there was a man inside having a crazy spell, they thought. He'd locked himself in, somehow, and couldn't seem to get out; they'd gone for the axe. He'd been yelling like a fiend till a minute ago, when they thought they'd heard something fall, and the cries stopped. Skiffy said he had a cousin who used to have spells: probably this man had worn himself out; he must have whiskey at once; there was no time to lose. And with that, Skiffy strode up to the porter, who was hurrying down the aisle with the axe, grabbed it out of his hands, and with two whacks broke in the door. The people rushed into the empty room and stood petrified for a second, till a woman cried, 'Good Heavens, the window's open! He's thrown himself out!'

"Then there was a scene. The conductor, brakeman and train-boy had all arrived by this time, and after much excitement the engineer was notified and the train backed slowly for five miles, while a haggard party on the back platform peered into every ditch and bush for a mangled form. Needless to say, Skiffy led the search for his own corpse.

"Afterwards, when they had given up in despair, and concluded that the frenzied wretch must have fallen down the steep bank into the river, Skiffy sat up half the night discussing the affair with the conductor and three other men. But it remains a mystery to the railroad company to this day.

"Now, all that sounds fishy, doesn't it? But the hidden beauty of this tale lies in the fact that it is true."

PAULINE SAGE, 1901.

WHO IS SHE?

There is a dainty magazine, its cover blue and white,
Which holds within its pages things considered erudite.
But the chiefest of attractions to all judges known as fair,
Are the little lyric verses scattered through it here and there.

Do you wish to pour your passion at a cruel maiden's feet?
Look for rondeaux or for triolets you'll find it all complete.
Is your heart quite bursting in you with a thought you can't express?
You'll see it worded neatly in a much be-rhymèd dress.

Do you feel quite pessimistic? . Do you long to drink and die
After uttering noble sentiments with all your friends near by?
You will find a proper model for the speech you think to make
In the little dainty magazine we Wellesley students take.

You ask me who the girl is with so versatile a pen,
And a heart that throbs and quivers with all passions known to men?
I really cannot tell you, for she's not one girl, you see,
But a charming little mystery which people call R. C.!

R. C.

THE THIRD QUESTION.

THERE was no reason in the world why Jack Glazier should be so unfortunate. His friends, when asked how he was getting along, would shrug their shoulders in an expressive manner, and say, "Oh, just the same!" And it always had been "just the same," whether he was at home, at school, at college, or in business. As a youngster, he had never had a mother to whom he could recount his many misfortunes. His father, who had once been comfortably well off, had lost everything, so that Jack was thrown on his own resources. At college he had been a bright as well as a thorough student, but the same ill luck had followed him there. Since then he had tried many different things, but had made a failure of all of them.

Through all he had had one friend who believed implicitly that "the road would turn sometime." But now this friend had died.

"He might at least have come home to let a fellow see him once more," growled Jack, as he tried to make himself a little less uncomfortable in the old veteran of a chair that had survived so many vicissitudes. One would hardly think, as he at last settled himself to enjoy his pipe and the roaring open fire, that he had that morning spent his last money on fuel for the fire, and that just behind him in a table drawer lay a loaded revolver, with which he was going to take fate into his own hands as soon as the fire died out.

To be sure, the fire did seem rather out of harmony with the rest of the room, for the windows were curtainless and black; the plastering of the walls was full of holes—reminiscences of past pictures and ornaments. The bookshelves on the walls and in the corners showed nothing but blank spaces. The drawers of the desk were all pulled out; they were either empty or filled with rubbish. The only bright things were the fire and a picture of a beautiful girl, who smiled down at Jack from the mantel. She had been kind to him, too, but two years ago he had dropped out of her life, as out of that of most of his acquaintances.

As he roused himself to poke the fire for the last time, one could see he was decidedly a good-looking fellow,—tall and well proportioned, with a good forehead, and fine, deep-set eyes. There was a very dreamy look in them as they contemplated the flames, which mounted higher and higher in their seeming attempts to overtop one another.

"Strange that that one poke should have started them up so well," mused Jack. "Oh, well! perhaps they realize it's my last sight of them in this world. Such confounded luck as I've always had! By Jove! there's one flame that seems anxious to get at me already. Wait a few minutes, old boy, till I finish this pipe, and then I'll join you."

But the flame seemed unwilling to wait even the few moments. It grew larger and larger, throwing out little jets of flame here and there; till, to Jack's amazement, it had assumed the exact form of his Satanic Majesty. Evidently, however, it had assumed more than the outward semblance, for as the apparition leaned indolently against the mantel and regarded the figure in the chair, the pipe, the fire, and the picture, it remarked significantly, "You seem to have pleasant companions."

Jack scowled and said nothing. (But why hadn't he burned that picture earlier, instead of keeping it for the sake of "auld lang syne"?)

Several attempts to open a conversation were made by the apparition, but Jack remained very taciturn. In fact, his thoughts would wander, despite the strangeness of his visitor; and he kept wondering if she would read of his death in his papers. Where was she just now? The last he had heard, she was at—— Suddenly he roused himself.

"What's that! You promise me good luck for three years? Why, man alive! Fortune has played me false all these years, and do you think my luck is going to turn now? Not much!"

"Oh! leave that to me," replied his Majesty. "Just promise me one or two little things, and I'll engage that for three years, at least, you shall have every wish gratified. Within a month you will have bought back all your books, and many new ones; you will have had offers galore from business firms; and can be starting across the ocean to prove to Miss Merrill that an American millionaire is much preferable to a Russian count as a husband. Do you want some proof of my power?" And the whole body seemed to scintillate, as if just ready to leap forth and work deadly havoc.

"Pray, don't trouble yourself at all! Indeed, I have perfect confidence in your ability," said Jack. "But what is to be my part in the bargain?"

"Merely to ask me three questions at the end of these three long years of happiness and prosperity. And if, by any chance, I should be able to answer them all, you would then become my slave."

How simple it seemed! Surely in three years one could find some very difficult questions. And even if one couldn't, the novelty of having been really fortunate for a time would compensate for much.

Still, many arguments had to be brought forward on one side to meet the questionings on the other, before the compact was finally drawn up and signed by both: by Jack, with a firm hand, that showed new resolution; by the apparition with a stroke of the finger that left a red blotch, which seemed to flicker and quiver while one looked at it.

With a smile which it attempted not to make too sinister and malevolent, the apparition wavered for a moment, then burned down into the fire. And all night long, as Jack sat and dreamed over the future, a single little flame darted hither and thither across the charred wood, as if watching, —watching, to see if the man would repent of his agreement.

The apparition certainly fulfilled his promises in a marvelous manner.

Within a short time his prophecies had come true, and Jack, now in a successful business, had started across the water. The contract he had locked up in a small box, almost before the apparition had disappeared; and this went with him always, though he had vowed not to open it till the three years were up—and perhaps not even then.

It took only a short time to persuade Miss Merrill to return with him; and for the designated time he did, indeed, have nearly every wish gratified.

But as the months went by, he was haunted more and more by the thought of the three questions. He hunted through the large libraries of this country. He pored over musty, ancient volumes in England and Germany. He noted down many knotty problems and tricky questions, until his wife, who knew nothing of that memorable night, nor of her husband's agreement, declared he was compiling a "dictionary of controvertible knowledge." When she asked one day what the fast-closed box contained, she was told, "The thing that enabled me to marry you."

At the end of the three years Jack has many gray hairs visible, as traces of his absorbing study and worry. As he again sits in front of the fire he does not need to look on the mantel in order to see the beautiful face. The room, too, is a great contrast to that other; for this is most luxuriantly furnished. His wife pulls a heavy volume off his knee, and says she wants a little of his time now. With a start he realizes it may be his last chance to spend an evening with her, who has done so much toward making happy the last few years. Has it all paid? he wonders. Or would it have been better to have shot himself when he intended to? What proof has he that that night was not all a dream? And that all the labor and research of the last months was not a needless waste of time and energy? Was there ever any apparition, anyway, that was to come again that very night to be questioned?

As if in answer to his doubts a flame leaps up, in that well remembered way, only more boldly and resolutely this time.

"Madam, may I trouble you to leave us a few moments? I have a little matter of business to discuss with Mr. Glazier. 'Twill take only a short time."

Jack, too, asks her to go; but seeing the haunted, despairing look in her husband's face she refuses to leave. After some dispute the apparition agrees to her staying, "if it will ease your mind."

Very nervously Jack picks up some notes from the table and begins to fumble them over. After long thought he asks a question,—something concerning ancient philology. Glibly, his Majesty gives the answer, and Jack again consults his papers. A second question meets the same fate,—answered almost before it is uttered.

Alice, meanwhile, sees that something important is at stake, and that things are not going as they should.

"I am going to ask a question," she says, suddenly.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Glazier, but this is between your husband and me."

"But my husband and I are one. What difference can it make which of us asks the question? I will ask one."

After long demur the apparition decides that he can allow it. "It will all end the same, anyway, no matter who asks the questions," he thinks.

Alice steps to the table, opens a box, takes out a new Paris bonnet, twirls it around on her finger, and asks, "Which is the front of it?"

His Satanic Majesty takes it gingerly. He studies it from all sides; he twirls it, too; he tries it on himself and on Alice; and in the end owns himself defeated.

Jack finally rouses himself from his stupefaction and finds the fire nearly out; just one little flame left, which dies away as he watches. His wife stands near, with her new bonnet on.

"Is it becoming, dear?" And he vows nothing ever suited her so well.

Some time after, when Alice again begged to see what was in the box, he opened it for her. In one corner was a tiny heap of ashes.

"I declare, it smells like tobacco ashes," said that all-wise little woman.

HELEN LOUISE WILLIAMS, 1901.

SPECTATOR.

THE press has not failed in its duty of forcing the eye to see the printed fact, whether or not it has made the heart to feel and the mind to know the meaning of the activities of the nations, this summer past. The daily papers have been full of close detail and swiftly drawn conclusions. Nor have our statesmen and prophets failed to augur so significantly from the present

situation, that the phrases "Parliament of Man" and "Ultimate World Politics" are not strange to our ears. Near as a multitude of interest-absorbing events stand for full interpretation, every good citizen of the world has come at least to a keener realization of the growth of importance of international relations.

In the Peace Conference at The Hague we see the concrete expression of the wide recognition of the interdependence of the nations in the progress of civilization. This meeting of the representatives of the Powers may have brought the United States for the first time to a bold stand of interest in world affairs; it may have made Holland an important centre in the new schemes for arbitration; it may have brought out with fresh emphasis the relative importance and inferiority of the races in the struggle for supremacy, and more; but the fact of supreme historical interest is the Peace Conference as a mark of the recognition of common interest and the need of common counsel for all peoples in the progress of the world.

Interesting subheads under the theme of Peace appear when we think of the members of the Anglo-American group in their difficulties with other races. England, or the Boer Republic, or the press threatens us with war in South Africa. Those sturdy descendants of the Dutch and Huguenots in Africa command at least our respect, and even our admiration. For ourselves, we are so used to the Philippine question that now and then in our interest in other national affairs we seem well-nigh forgetting that the Americans are fighting the Malays in the far East. It is for us and for every other nation to look to it that the sense of justice of the watching world audience is not violated as it has been once this summer in watching the drama of France.

Perhaps the most direct lessons for us—and lessons which college women should be among the first to realize—come from the studies in citizenship which the problems of the last few months have offered. We look at France in wonder at the false ideal which demands such sacrifical devotion for the sake of the army, with sadness at the blind but unavoidable misunderstanding which keeps the Filipinos to their resistance of a well-meant protection, with

admiration at the stout independence of the Boers, but with supreme sadness to the divided ranks of citizens in our own country. Recognizing among other causes of the present relation between imperialist and anti-imperialist ranks, the impatience of the American public in awaiting reliable information from the Philippines, and a standard of citizenship which does not seem to include loyalty to the existing administration, new duties fall upon us who should be among the foremost ranks of good citizenship. Among these is, I believe, the duty of college women to know and to advance the ideal of citizenship, and, that they may do this the better, the duty to study more faithfully and intelligently the affairs of our own and of other countries.

THE INAUGURATION.

SELDOM in the history of American colleges and universities has there been gathered together at any academic function or festival a more distinguished company of men and women than that which met at Wellesley, on October 3, to witness the induction into office of Miss Caroline Hazard, the fifth President of Wellesley College. The ceremonies were marked in their every detail by a dignity and fitness which gave to the occasion peculiar solemnity and impressiveness.

We can give at this last moment, as the Magazine is going to press, only a very brief and unsatisfactory account of this significant and beautiful inauguration.

A few minutes after 10.30 A. M. the band stationed in the first floor centre sounded the "assembly," and the academic procession began to form in College Hall. The long lines passed out of the building through the south door, and thence along the wooded path to the Houghton Memorial Chapel. The escort, which preceded the main part of the procession from the building, consisted of the undergraduates and all alumnæ classes. The under classes wore white gowns, with neck ribbons of their class colors. The seniors and alumnæ were in cap and gown, the alumnæ wearing the hood of their highest degree. The main part of the procession was led by the Chief Marshal, Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, preceded by the band and two marshals. The order of this part was as follows:—

Bishop Lawrence and the surviving founder, Mrs. Durant, preceded by four aids. They were to have been followed by Miss Hazard and her brother, Mr. Hazard, had not Miss Hazard's unfortunate accident made it necessary for her to drive to the Chapel in her carriage. Mr. Hazard was followed by President Eliot of Harvard, and President Angell of Ann Arbor.

Dr. Hovey and Dr. Willcox, Trustees of the College, Treasurer of the College, Secretary of the College, ex-Presidents of Wellesley, present and past members of the Corporation, Faculty and ex-professors in the order of their appointment, delegates from colleges and universities.

Arranged according to date of incorporation as follows:—

Harvard, Prof. George H. Palmer; Yale, President Hadley, Prof. Albert Cook; Pennsylvania, Mr. J. G. Rosengarten, Trustee, Prof. William A. Lamberton; Brown, President Faunce, Prof. Benjamin T. Clarke; Dartmouth, Prof. Charles F. Richardson; Williams, President Franklin Carter; Colby University, President Butler, Dean Grace E. Mathews; Amherst, President Harris, Prof. Anson D. Morse; McGill University, Principal William Peterson, Miss Oakley, Dean of Royal Victoria College; Wesleyan, Prof. J. G. Van Benschoten; Tufts, Prof. Edwin A. Start; Vassar, President Taylor, Prof. Mary W. Whitney; Bates College, Prof. Thomas L. Angell, Miss Caroline A. Woodman; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. Harry W. Tyler; Cornell, Prof. I. F. Crane (late Acting President); Boston University, Professor Boone; Smith College, President L. Clark Seelye, Miss Norcross; Johns Hopkins, President Daniel C. Gilman; Radcliffe, President Agassiz, Dean Irwin; Bryn Mawr, President M. Carey Thomas, Prof. Joseph Warren; Clark University, Prof. E. P. Sanford, Prof. A. G. Webster; Barnard, Dean Putnam; Woman's College of Brown University, Dean Louis F. Snow; Mt. Holyoke, Mrs. Mead, President, Miss Clara Stevens; French-American College, President Samuel H. Lee; Constantinople College, Dr. Mary M. Patrick; Colorado College, President W. F. Slocum; Carlton College, Miss Evans, Dean; Elmira College, Miss Leach, Dean; Wells College, Miss H. F. Smith, Dean.

After these delegates came representatives of federal, state and town authorities, and the clergy of the Town of Wellesley. When the marshals of the escort reached the Chapel entrance they halted, and their lines divided, allowing the main part of the procession to pass through, and precede them into the Chapel. Here were already assembled the guests not taking part in the procession. Among them were:—

Mrs. James T. Fields, Judge and Mrs. Robert Grant, Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Hale, Prof. and Mrs. A. B. Hart, Mr. John La Farge, Mrs. Mary Livermore, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight L. Moody, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, Mr. Robert Treat Paine, General and Mrs. Howard Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert D. Ward.

When the last member of the College was seated a hymn was sung, and prayer was offered by the Vice President of the Board of Trustees. Then followed an introductory address by Bishop Lawrence, who, in the absence of Dr. Alexander McKenzie, acted as presiding officer. After this opening address came the solemn ceremony of the induction into office, when the charter and keys of the College were presented to Miss Hazard by Mrs. Durant. Then followed an address by the newly installed President, the substance of which was as follows:—

"Mr. President and Members of the Board of Trustees: You have done me the honor of calling me to this post of service. I appreciate the opportunity which you offer me, and you may properly expect from me a few words as to the reasons which have led me to come here before you, and the aims and hopes with which I take up the great work you are committing to my care.

"Long ago we were told that 'Mankind is the proper study of man,' and in these latter days the feminine half of mankind is receiving its full share of attention. For it must always be remembered that men and women are not a different order of beings. They find their fullest and completest development together. 'Male and female created He them.' There is the eternal difference and the eternal similarity. Normal life demands the two principles. If Goethe gives us studies of the eternal feminine, Browning must complete it with masculine vigor, or we get sentimentality or brutality as a result. It is the union of strength in weakness that marks the complex and varied character which is the product of our end of the century.

"Two hundred years ago the problem was simpler. Each maiden became the mistress of a household at a suitable age. It was a discredit to a man not to be married. In some of our New England towns bachelors had to pay special taxes, and a widower made haste to choose a second wife. Judge Sewall, our typical Puritan, after forty years of happy wedlock, con-

sidered it beneath his dignity to be in a wifeless state, and the story of his courtship, as he has himself detailed it, is well known. A man needed a woman to preside in his house, to care for his temporal wants, to add dignity to his condition. The time was one of theocratic government, and the wife was, according to St. Paul, confessedly the weaker vessel, but still very essential from an economic point of view to the lords of creation.

"The order of nature does not change. Yet nature's law is growth, and with that growth the position of women has changed, and with that change the cultivation of the individual becomes more important.

"The problem is not simply that of bringing children into the world, but what kind of children shall be born, what kind of a mother shall be educated; or, if the highest development of motherhood is denied her, how shall she take her place in the world, a useful and honored member of the community, having children of her spirit. For I take it the eternal feminine is simply this—the power of love which has its throne in a good woman's heart. Call it altruism, if you like, call it the mother sea, found a philosophy or a system of speculation upon it, it is simply this endless capacity of love and devotion which Mary of Bethany showed when she sat at Jesus' feet.

"And with this education our sources of joy are enlarged. Not until we sound the depths of sorrow do we know the reservoirs we have to be filled with joy. 'God giveth that which is good in his sight, wisdom and knowledge and joy.' The wise man puts it all in a sentence for us—the wisdom which cometh from above, this soul education which is so impossible to define; the knowledge the mind is so eager to acquire; and as the crown of both, the legitimate fruit of both, joy, the last heavenly gift. Without this joy no good work is possible. It is the sustaining power sometimes called enthusiasm, sometimes satisfaction—always precious, always to be desired.

"It is because I believe with all my heart in the holiness of life that I stand here to-day. I believe that women have an increasingly important part to play in that life. With enlarged opportunities come increased responsibilities—responsibilities as yet unadjusted to unaccustomed shoulders. It is to cast my mite into the treasury of the world's experience that I come. Wellesley has always stood for the high and ideal things of life.

It is because I believe in divine life among men, in the direct and personal connection of each soul with its Maker, that I dare to take up the great work you are committing to my care.

"Humanity without divinity is of the dust that perishes. Humanity joined to divinity can compass the impossible. Therefore on this day, at this solemn hour of accepting a trust, I speak not of knowledge, wide and profitable as is that great field, but I speak of wisdom, the gift of Heaven, which must descend like gentle rain to fructify and fertilize; or there can be no harvest fit for the nourishment of man.

"And so I take what you give me, promising, with Divine assistance, to be faithful to the trust."

President Eliot, of Harvard, followed with an address of welcome, in which he embodied his conception of the higher education of women and of the outlook for Wellesley. After him President Angell, of Michigan, delivered the address of the day—a very graceful tribute to the new President and to the power of the College as an educational influence. The exercises closed after another hymn and the benediction. The procession then re-formed, and returned to College Hall for luncheon.

After the coffee Miss Hazard felicitously introduced Mr. Horace E. Scudder as toastmaster, and the following toasts were responded to: "The Joys of a College President's Life," Pres. M. Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr; "The College Presidents of '99: the Spirit in Which They Put on Their Armor," President-elect Hadley of Yale; "England and America: May Their Reciprocal Relations Extend to Educational Matters," Rev. J. Hurst Hollowell, England; "East and West: May They Pay Each Other the Debts They Owe in the Interest of Education," President Slocum of Colorado College; "The New England College: May Its Historical Ideal be Preserved," President Carter of Williams; "The Ideal of Education for Women in America," Prof. George H. Palmer of Harvard.

So many inquiries have been made concerning the significance of the gowns and hoods worn at the ceremony of inauguration, that the following statement is deemed timely and interesting: An Intercollegiate Commission, representing a number of leading colleges, met at Columbia College in May,

1895, to consider a uniform system of academic dress for American higher schools. Their recommendations, which have since been adopted by nearly all of the well-known colleges, proposed the following: for undergraduates a black stuff gown with round or pointed sleeve; for Bachelors a black stuff gown with long pointed sleeve, and a hood three feet long lined with silk in the official color of the college, and faced with velvet the color of the faculty granting the degree; for Masters a black silk or stuff gown with long closed sleeve, having a slit near the top for the arm, and with a hood similar to the Bachelor's but one foot longer; for Doctors a black silk or stuff gown having full bishop sleeve, faced down the front and barred three times on the sleeve with velvet in black or degree color, and with a hood larger and broader than the Masters, but lined and trimmed in the same scheme. The colors of degree faculties are as follows: Arts and Letters white, Theology scarlet, Law purple, Philosophy blue, Science yellow, Fine Arts brown, Medicine green, Music pink. The colors of the various colleges are too well known to need mentioning here. In case of degrees from foreign universities which have no college colors the colors of the nation are used; thus a German Ph.D. is indicated by a doctorate hood faced with blue velvet and lined with red, black and white silk; a Princeton M.A. has a hood lined with orange and black, faced with white velvet. The Wellesley faculty adopted as a faculty gown, irrespective of degrees, the doctor's gown in black silk without velvet trimmings or hood. The black velvet cap and gold tassel is usually restricted to the presidents and deans.

EDITORIALS.

I.

To all newcomers to Wellesley, to our President, to the newly appointed members of the Faculty, to all new students, Graduates and Freshmen, THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is glad to extend cordial greetings and good-will. At the beginning of this year which has opened so auspiciously for the College, it is with peculiar pleasure that we welcome strangers to Wellesley, and bid them share with us the hope and confidence with which we look forward into the future. The impressive, beautiful ceremony of installation which marked so splendidly the beginning of this new year seemed most significant. It could not but awaken in our hearts a realization of the truth that the opportunities for service to Wellesley are not confined to the highest office in the gift of the College, but extend to every single member of the College. The years that are past have left us a rich and precious heritage, which sometimes we enjoy all too unthinkingly; but rich and beautiful though the history of Wellesley may be, her future depends now upon us. To-day it is we who are Wellesley, and it is for us to try to realize, if we may, the high ideals which have always been hers. It is to this high service of the College Beautiful into which we enter with a new insight this year, that we bid you. It is to the privileges of this service that we welcome you.

II.

DURING the present year the Wellesley alumnæ have been drawn very close indeed to the interests of their Alma Mater in the effort which they have been making to raise the heavy debt of the College, and in the end to insure for her a permanent endowment fund. It is with great pleasure that we publish in this number of the Magazine an account of what the alumnæ have already done, because we feel that the undergraduate world does not always realize fully the very live and substantial interest which the alumnæ have in the affairs of the College to-day. We believe that it would be of great advantage to us all if there might be a freer exchange of opinion between the alumnæ and the present student body in regard to the every-

day college affairs. As THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE offers the only common meeting ground for such an exchange of opinion, the present Board again reminds both the students and the alumnæ that the department known as Free Press is open to them for such discussion. We would like to repeat the earnest invitations of many previous Boards to all former and present members of the College, urging them to make good use of this department of the Magazine. It is hoped that the free discussion of college matters in this department may bring about a closer sympathy and understanding between the alumnæ and the students of to-day.

FREE PRESS.

I SHOULD like to say a word about the use of this department, for, in spite of its name, it seems sometimes that it is not freely used. It should contain the record of the problems that must come for solution before a growing and changing college world. Here we should find the student way of meeting our own difficulties, and here we should find, more than all, student ideals. If only we could more fully realize that the Magazine is a manifesto of our ambitions, our ideals and our activities—that it reflects indifference as well as interest. LUCY WRIGHT.

I.

Is a word to the wise sufficient? Then let that word be spoken—to the seniors! We wish to protest most strongly against the careless use of the senior cap and gown, especially against the wearing of the cap without the gown, or *vice versa*. The academic dress is not a convenient cape and cap provided for our use. The girl who thinks this misses the true spirit of the whole thing. To use the cap and gown carelessly is to degrade it from the honorable garb of a scholar to a prosaic and purely utilitarian purpose,—to put it on a par with our golf capes and tam o' shanters. If we are to wear the scholastic dress at all, we ought to wear it as it was intended to be worn. Moreover, if we now rob it of its meaning, we do it not for ourselves only, but for those who shall come after us. Let 1900 establish a glorious precedent for all seniors to be.

MARJORY BURBANK, 1900.

II.

I WISH that it might be possible to start the custom of never clapping in the Chapel, now that we have one that is used only for dignified occasions. It is not wholly Episcopalian prejudice, I think, that asks a greater reverence for the place. Certainly the appreciation expressed by the "clap, clap" after a speech like Miss Hazard's at the inauguration jars against one's sense of the fitness of things. Does not silence seem most fitting in a building dedicated to the worship of God? FRANCES ROUSMANIERE, 1900.

III.

MAY we not enjoy the new Chapel without the intrusion of applause upon our meditation and our worship? M. W. C.

IV.

ONE of the most welcome changes made in the college surroundings during the summer is the new cinder walk between the Main Building and Stone Hall. A few years ago this walk was a narrow, winding path. Each year it was widened one or two feet on either side by thoughtless students who preferred to walk on the grass, until last spring the path had become almost an avenue. Now that the walk has been so carefully made and the borders sodded, the old privilege of walking on grass has been carried into lawlessness. Of course the excuse is urged that the path is not wide enough to accommodate the crowds after chapel. But this wanton haste can make only a few seconds difference in time, and if constantly repeated it will soon kill the grass. Should we not all feel enough interest in the beauty of the grounds to protect this stretch of woodland? B., 1900.

V.

WE are all proud of Wellesley as the College Beautiful, and often wish that we could do something to add to its reputation. But we often forget that there are little matters which make or mar the appearance of neatness, which goes so far toward making the buildings attractive. One of the ways in which we really do much harm, is by shaking ink from fountain pens all over the floors of our lecture rooms. This may seem a slight matter, but to an outsider a floor spotted with ink seems far from neat, and is suggestive of carelessness among the girls. The College cannot afford to

replace often expensive floors like that in the Art Lecture Room, while it would be a very slight expense to the girls to supply themselves with blotting paper. Can we not, in loyalty to the College, do this much to keep her recitation rooms as neat as we would our own rooms? M., 1900.

VI.

I BELIEVE that we are not sensitive enough in our college life to the significance of our student deeds and misdeeds. Our walking on newly sodded borders, our polka-dotting the floors with ink, may be looked upon as signs of a lack of culture—the carelessness of the crowd. It seems to me that in carrying out the schemes for student government we have a practical way of learning to control the thoughtless activities of ourselves, and of coming to feel with greater sensitiveness the interdependence of the individual and the social organization. 1900.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Richard Carvel, by Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Co., London, 1899.

Winston Churchill has made an interesting and important addition to that group of books which deal with the colonial period in America. At the beginning and again at the close of "Richard Carvel's" memoirs he has pictured the life in Maryland,—the stately and dignified life of the esquires and ladies in and about Annapolis. The greater part of the story, however, has not the American setting, and we learn to know "Richard Carvel" as well in the bustling London life as in his colonial homestead, Carvel Hall. This changing of the scene has its advantages, for by it we are able to get a clear and well-rounded view of the times. We see in the political attitudes of the different characters the feelings of the Whig and Tory in America toward the Whig and Tory parties in England as well as toward each other, and we have brought clearly before us the attitude of England toward all her colonies in the New World.

The contrasts and resemblances between the life in the mother country and the American life of the same period, are brought out in Richard

Carvel's description of his feelings in going from one continent to the other. "There in London," he says, "the luxury of the life was something to startle a provincial, even if he came, as did I, from one of the two most luxurious colonies of the thirteen. Annapolis might be said to be London on a small,—but on a very small scale."

The most remarkable feat of Mr. Churchill's in the book is the lifelike description of the two widely different characters of John Paul Jones and Charles Fox,—a creative effort which combines rare literary and historical power. Accounts of Mr. Churchill's own tastes and training in early life lead us to consider the outdoor atmosphere of the book as a reflection of the author's love of life in the open air, and his knowledge of fencing and naval tactics as results of cadet life at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. One of the most satisfying features of "Richard Carvel" is the evidence it gives of careful study of every detail that has to do with the last part of the colonial period in America and the England of Fox and Walpole. We do not need to be told by those who know the author that Mr. Churchill is a "painstaking, conscientious, healthy-minded young man." It is the hard and systematic work he has put on his book that has insured its success, and makes us look forward to future work of even greater literary power from the same source.

The Lady of the Flag Flowers, by Florence Wilkinson. Herbert Stone, Chicago, 1899.

The name of Miss Wilkinson's book, the appropriate design of its cover, the rough-edged pages with clear type and wide margin,—the general effect of the exterior, in fact,—invite the eye of the book lover to this new publication. The story itself,—the life history of the Creole girl, Yvoune,—in the treatment it has received at Miss Wilkinson's hand, completes the charm of the book, and makes the whole a most artistic production.

The Lady of the Flag Flowers is a legendary maiden who flits in and out the story in the will-o'-the-wisp style peculiar to her visionary kin. At the beginning of the book her blighting presence among the Flag Flowers on the river bank brings out the strong contrast that must necessarily exist between the Creole heroine romantic and superstitious, and her lover, the young American, who is visionary, perhaps, as regards his social theories, but practical and unsusceptible to all such fancies as this of the Lady of the Flag Flowers.

Miss Wilkinson has shown us the development of the Creole girl, Yvoune, as she works her way from her native village into the world. This character drawing is by far the best of that work in the book, although there are the old Creole priest, the counsellor and friend of his community, and others who play minor parts whom we come to know as more than mere book characters.

In one respect we would criticise Miss Wilkinson's book. We refer to the overloading of its pages with incidents, bits of so many phases of life. She has given us between the covers of "The Lady of the Flag Flowers" a glimpse into Creole life, American life in the country and the city, in the East and the West, in the cottage and the bank, English stage life, high life and low life, politics, social schemes,—what not! We wonder that the author has not saved some of her experiences for another book, and so relieved our over-satiated minds of some of its burden. However, there are many more experiences in life than those Miss Wilkinson has touched on in this book, and when her pen will put itself to the task of recording these we shall be glad to welcome the successors of the *Lady of the Flag Flowers*.

Aside from its story, the book must possess for us a close and peculiar interest, since Miss Wilkinson is a Wellesley girl, a graduate of the Class of '92.

E. J. N.

CURRENT ART NOTES.

We are indebted to the *Critic* this month for a short sketch of Mr. Ernest Haskell, the young artist so well known to most of us through his illustrations in *Life*. Mr. Haskell is of our own time in years, in spirit. A ready versatility is his, by virtue of which he can turn from inane but striking caricature to the illustration of an artist mind such as Poe's? But in one particular is he pre-eminently a characteristic product of to-day. Mr. Haskell is, in the best sense, a "jack of all trades"; rather, "jack of all parts of his own trade." He is an etcher, portrait and genre painter, photographer, lithographer, and has even invented a new process of his own for artistic reproduction in monotype. He has taken the new attitude in art, not startling, nor epoch making, but practical and worth while: he is pushing his art, which with him is a science, too, on lines where the

natural advantages of his medium may be utilized. There is an economic conservation of energy in such a scheme which appeals to us moderns. We feel confident of a bright future for such a young artist as Mr. Haskell.

To be strictly up to date one must know something of the artistic side of the Dewey celebrations in New York, even if one is living in Boston. Now, as we go to press, the great processions are marching through the triumphal arches and streets made beautiful by the Mural Decoration Society. It is, indeed, a pity that these fair arches and decorations must so soon be destroyed. But, even so, the Dewey arch will not have existed for nothing. As it stands to-day, the arch is one hundred feet high and seventy feet broad, the colonnade extends a block north and south, and the effect is continued by the Mural Society's poles up to 34th Street. The main group only we shall attempt to describe. It is the conception of Mr. J. Q. A. Ward. Nike stands in a sea-chariot surrounded by sea-horses and Gaul-featured Tritons. Mr. Ward has made good use of classic models, the figure of the Nike being a mere adaptation of the Winged Victory of Samothrace with the head of the Venus of Milo. At the base are four groups, entitled The Call to Arms, The Combat, The Return, and Peace. Among these Mr. Ruckstutil's figure of Victory in the group of the Army is considered perhaps the best work of the whole. It is, we believe, still a mooted question whether this gratuitous work of our American sculptors shall be perfected and preserved in some more lasting medium than mortar and canvas. Let us hope that this may be done.

Those of us who grew enthusiastic over the Bowtet de Monvel paintings from the life of Joan of Arc, exhibited at the Museum last season, will regret to learn from the pen of an authority like Henri Frantz, in the *Magazine of Art*, that "Bowtet de Monvel has gone quite astray in his Joan of Arc at Chinon." This derogatory criticism of those wonderful pictures is distressing when we recall the fervent delight which we felt last season.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

THE eyes of the College world have been turned of late to no less an interest than the activity of American college presidents, and to recent president making. Not only we, but the nation, looks with pride to the representatives of our country chosen from these ranks. It is but two or three month since ex-President Andrew D. White of Cornell and President Seth Low of Columbia met among our six representatives at The Hague. Even now we are listening to the report of President Schurman of the Philippine Commission.

One of our recently inaugurated New England presidents said not long ago that the duty of a college president is much like that of a central guidepost. This fall finds throughout the country the inauguration of a large number of these important guides, and we may look for the opening up of many new roads and the introduction of many new methods of getting over them in the way to education. In New England alone four new presidents are inaugurated this month; among the first our own president, and in rapid succession, Dr. William Faunce of Brown, Prof. George Harris of Amherst, and Prof. Arthur T. Hadley of Yale. It is interesting to note that each of these three men is returning to his Alma Mater. Among the sketches which have lately been published we read:—

"Brown University twenty years ago bestowed upon him she has now made president, then a senior in the college, a premium annually awarded to two members of the senior class who 'shall, in the judgment of the faculty, unite in the highest degree the three most important elements of success in life,—ability, character and attainment.'"

Of Professor Harris, who has occupied the chair of theology at Andover since 1883, the *Outlook* says: "He is the minister, teacher, author and student of social subjects. His long service at Andover, recognized as of the highest type, eminently fits him for his new responsibility."

At the luncheon following the Wellesley inauguration President Hadley responded to the toast, "The spirit in which one puts on his armor: may the new college presidents of 1899 receive it in equal measure." We must all appreciate the force of the first words of his speech, "It may be that in

twenty years from now, when we are called upon to write our autobiographies, we can tell better how we feel; just now we have too much to do." Indeed, work has already begun, and with the beginning of work necessarily changes are coming. In the inauguration at Yale the Latin salutatory, which has formerly been an important part of the programme, is to be omitted, as is the customary undergraduate address. The chief feature of the day is to be the president's address. Of President Hadley himself the *Review of Reviews* says: ". . . Professor Hadley has become distinguished as a political economist, but his special studies rest upon the desirable basis of a very broad scholarship and a genuine interest in all departments of learning. . . . At the time in the early eighties, when he began as a post-graduate student to devote himself to political and economic subjects, the transportation question was an absorbing one in the United States. . . . Professor Hadley, though still under thirty, wrote a book on the subject which did more than any other one thing to make the transportation problem really comprehensible to the American public. . . . He is a writer of rare clearness and persuasiveness, and a public speaker whose success lies in the fact that he always has something to say that is worth while."

The University of California is being congratulated upon its wise choice of president. Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Cornell, who has been called to that position, has been more broadly known than ever this year past through his papers in the *Century Magazine* on Alexander the Great.

The University of Ohio and the Iowa State University have elected new presidents this fall. Dr. William Oxley Thompson, who has been the successful head of Miami University, is to preside at the Ohio College, and Dr. George Edward MacLean at Iowa.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Thursday, September 21, the college year began. The entering class numbers about two hundred and thirty.

Four new buildings were begun during the summer. It is hoped that Wilder Hall, the new dormitory between the Art Building and Wood Cottage, will be ready for occupancy the first of January. The white marble observatory, on the hill near Fiske, is almost completed. In the woods

near Tupelo the Societies Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha are building their houses. Phi Sigma's house, which is after the style of an Italian villa, will be finished by December first, while Zeta Alpha's colonial house will probably be in use by November.

Many changes have occurred in the Faculty of the College. Professor Katharine Coman, of the History and Political Economy Departments, has succeeded Miss Stratton as Dean. Miss Stratton is now abroad for her sabbatical year. Professor Roberts is also abroad. Professor Bates, Professor Chapin, and Professor Kendall have returned to Wellesley after a year's absence. Miss Bates spent most of her time in Spain, while Miss Chapin has been at Athens, where she has been giving a course of lectures at the American school. In the Art Department three new instructors have been added : Professor Edmund Von Mach of Harvard as instructor in Greek art, Miss Alicia M. Keyes of Concord, and Charles H. Woodbury; in the Physics Department, Miss Grace E. Davis and Miss Grace Langford; in Zoölogy, Miss Bertha M. Ballantyne and Miss Mary A. Bowers; in Chemistry, Miss Louise T. Penney and Miss Florence Jackson; in English, Miss Laura Lockwood and Miss Olive Rumsey as instructors, and Miss Katharine Bates as assistant; in Biblical History, Professor Rush Rhees of the Newton Theological Seminary; in German, Miss Elizabeth W. Fette; and in French, Miss Emma Reusch and Professor La Meslee of Radcliffe.

The Christian Association gave its annual reception Saturday evening, September 23, in the centre at College Hall. The receiving party consisted of Mrs. Durant, Miss Hazard, Miss Woolley and Miss Harding. Miss Hazard made a little speech of welcome to the Freshmen, and the Glee Club added to the pleasure of the occasion by singing several times.

On Flower Sunday the Rev. A. T. Pierson preached from the text "God is love." The long vesper service in the evening was particularly beautiful.

We were most fortunate in having for our first lecturer this year a man of such eminent distinction and scholarship as Dr. A. M. Fairbairn, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, England. On Tuesday, September 26, in the College Hall Chapel, Dr. Fairbairn lectured before a large and interested audience on "Philosophy in the East and West in Religion and

History." After the lecture a reception in the Horsford parlor was given by the Biblical and Philosophical Departments, at whose invitation Dr. Fairbairn came to Wellesley.

The first Barn Swallow meeting of the year, a hurdy-gurdy dance, was enthusiastically attended by the College as a whole. The President, Miss Schoelkopf, 1900, made a charming address of welcome to the newcomers.

Rev. Charles R. Brown, of Oakland, Cal., preached in the Houghton Chapel, October 1. The communion service which followed was a touching and impressive ceremony. Dr. Pauline Root spoke on medical missions in India at the usual vesper service.

On October 3 Miss Caroline Hazard was formally inaugurated as President of the College. An account of the inauguration exercises is given elsewhere.

SOCIETY NOTES.

On Friday evening, October 6, Society A. K. X. held an initiation meeting, at which the following members were received into the society: Florence Hamilton, 1900; Katherine Hotz, Elizabeth Campbell, Frankie Sullivan, Edith Behrhorst, Florence Osborne, and Caroline Pulsifer, of 1902.

Society Tau Zeta Epsilon held a meeting on Saturday evening, October 7, at which the following members were initiated: Marian Lowe, Anna Snyder, Clara Lorenzen, and Anna Vail, all of 1902.

Ground was broken for the T. Z. E. house on October 4. The site is in the Simpson Meadow, below the new Wilder Hall. The house is to be in the Doric style.

At the first regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society, held on October 7, the following members were initiated: Harriet Goddard, Claire Conklin, Alice Spink, Jean Gregory, Frances Hoyt, Constance Draper, Anna Carlisle, and Frances Hughes, of 1902; Marian Cook, Bertha Doane, and Bertha di Zérèga, of 1901. The following programme followed the initiation:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . Mary Davis.
II. Paper. Story of Max and Thekla Compared with Romeo and Juliet . Jessica Sherman.

III. Dramatic Representation, "Romeo and Juliet," Act III., Scene 5.

Romeo	Anna Blackmer.
Lord Capulet	Rowena Weakley.
Lady Capulet	Sue Hall.
Juliet	Alice D. Knox.
Nurse	Ethel Bowman.

On Saturday evening, October 7, at the first meeting of the Phi Sigma Fraternity, the following members were initiated: Cecelia Faile and Alice Logan, 1901; Mary Storm, Mae Rice, Martha McAlarney, Alice Wilcox, Elizabeth Lennox, Marinette Lombard, Jessie Burnham, Emily Pitkin, Caroline Pitkin, Bessie Manwaring, Julia Wells, Amy Adams, and Georgia Silver, 1902.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Miss Mary C. Wiggin, '85, is teaching this year in Miss Barstow's school, Kansas City, Mo.

Dr. Julia Bissell, '86, the college missionary, has been very dangerously ill in India, but is now slowly recovering. In addition to the anxiety which Dr. Bissell's illness has caused all her friends, it has been a serious event in her district of India, for the plague is increasing, and the people depend upon her to help them fight against it.

Miss Elizabeth H. Palmer, '87, has been appointed instructor in Greek at Vassar College for the year 1899–1900.

Sixty of the illustrations in Crawford's "Ave Roma Immortalis," are the work of Miss Lucia D. Leffingwell, '89.

Miss Harriet Constantine, '89, Miss Clara Burt, '92, and Miss Frances Lance, '92, are teaching in one of the High Schools in New York City.

Miss Louise Pope, '91, Miss Emily Briggs, '92, Miss Maria G. Webber, '92, are among the graduate students at the College this year.

The address of Mrs. Alice Newman Nauchtmann, '93, is 326 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Caroline Randolph, '94, is one of the principals of a private day school for girls in Plainfield, N. J. Miss Marian Randolph, '92, is one of the teachers.

Miss Clarissa Benson, '94, is teaching in a High School in Chicago.

Miss Elizabeth Hardee, '94, is doing graduate work in Mathematics at the College, and at the same time instructing one division of the freshmen.

The engagement is announced of Miss Winifred Augsbury, '95, and Mr. Craig Cook, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Miss Kate Nelson, '95, is spending the winter at 80 Pinckney Street, Boston.

Miss Lilian Brandt, '95, is at Bradford Academy this year, where she is both teacher of History and librarian.

Mrs. Mary Chapin Bowen, '95, is in Columbus, Ohio, where her husband has a church.

Mrs. Lydia C. Auten Armstrong, '95, is assisting her husband in the High School at Princeville, Ill.

Miss Frances Hershey, '96, is teaching at home in Sterling, Ill.

Miss Charlotte F. Burnett, '96, is on the stage. She is playing this season in Richard Mansfield's Company.

Miss Mary McLean, '96, continues her work in the High School at Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. George Franklin Burt (Cornelia Marie Janssen, '96), is at home, 23 Cross Street, Westerly, R. I.

Miss Elizabeth Wylie, '97, has the position of instructor in Mathematics and Science in the Young Ladies Seminary of Montana, a Presbyterian State School.

Miss Harriet Marvell, '97, is teaching at home this winter in Fall River.

Miss Talulah Maine, '98, is teaching in Chelsea, Mass.

Miss Mary Malone, '98, has a position in the High School at her home, Fort Worth, Texas.

Miss Amelia G. Ely, '98, and Miss Mary Goldthwaite, '97, are studying at Oxford University, England.

Miss Margaret B. Merrill, '99, is teaching in Mrs. Mead's school, Hillside, Norwalk, Conn.

Miss Lydia Southard, '99, is at home this winter in Griggstown, N. J.

Miss Ethel S. Norton, '99, is teaching in the Deering High School, Portland, Me.

Miss Caroline J. Porter, '99, is teaching Latin and Science in Mary Washington College, Norfolk, Va.

Miss Lucile C. Reynolds, '99, is teaching in the Cambridge Latin School.

Miss Florence Kellogg, '99, is at home this winter.

Miss Louise E. Baldwin, '99, is teaching English Literature at the Centenary Collegiate Institute, Hackettstown, N. J.

Miss Grace Allen Frazee, '99, has a position in one of the Newark, N. J., public schools, as teacher of fifty children under ten years of age.

Miss Grace P. French, '99, has been admitted to the Brookline Training Class for the year 1899–1900.

It will be of interest to many of the older alumnæ to know that Mrs. Henrietta Middlekauff Gates is spending the autumn in Dorset, Vt.

Also those who were students in the College when Mrs. Case was associated with it, will be glad to know that she is still occupying the post of Secretary of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union in Columbus, Ohio.

MARRIAGES.

TRAVELL–DAVIDSON.—In Albany, N. Y., June 29, 1899, Miss Janet Davidson, '92, to Dr. John Willard Travell. At home at 55 E. 11th Street, New York City.

MEREDITH–SPENCER.—In Stoneham, Mass., June 29, 1899, Miss Adelaide Spencer, '97, to Mr. Albert B. Meredith.

ALLEN–GILCHRIST.—In Laurens, Iowa, June 29, Grace Gilchrist to Mr. Joseph H. Allen.

JONES–WOODWARD.—In Enfield, Conn., June 29, 1899, Miss Mary Adelaide Woodward, '96, to Mr. Albert Marshall Jones.

ARMSTRONG–AUTEN.—In Princeville, Ill., July 4, 1899, Miss Lydia C. Auten, '95, to Mr. James Ellis Armstrong.

WEAKLEY–WILLCOX.—At Kobe, Japan, July 11, 1899, Miss Gertrude May Willcox, '88, to Mr. William Richard Weakley. At home, after October 1, at Oita Kinshin, Japan.

MASON–LEWIS.—In Kinsdale, N. H., July 17, 1899, Miss Blanche Bancroft Lewis, '98, to Mr. Francis Eugene Mason.

SMITH–CHIPMAN.—In Berwick, Nova Scotia, July 19, 1899, Miss Ina Maria Chipman, '96, to Mr. G. Wilder Smith, of Boston. Address corner Washington and Prospect Streets, West Newton, Mass.

SMITH–RITCHIE.—In West Barnet, Vt., August 10, 1899, Miss Emily Gibson Ritchie, '96, to Mr. Selden Cornelius Smith, of San Francisco.

WHEELER–JAMES.—In Portland, Ore., August 24, 1899, Miss Edith Myra James, '89, to Mr. Alvin Sawyer Wheeler. At home after October 10th, at 53 Wendell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

SHARP–LEDYARD.—In Danville, Ky., September 4, 1899, Miss Alethea Ledyard, '95, to Rev. Alexander Sharp.

MEANS–BLANCHARD.—In Brookfield, Mass., September 5, 1899, Miss Abby F. Blanchard, '98, to Rev. Oliver W. Means.

STAPLES–WOODIN.—In Oneonta, N. Y., September 13, 1899, Miss Mary Woodin, '96, to Mr. Charles G. Staples. At home after October 10th, Cadillac, Mich.

GIDDINGS–RAMSDELL.—In Housatonic, Mass., September 20, 1899, Miss Edith Ramsdell, formerly of '99, to Mr. Charles Giddings.

BARBER–ANDREWS.—In Shelburne, Mass., September 27, 1899, Miss Elvira Kingsbury Andrews, '90, to Mr. William Russell Barber.

BENTLEY–DAVISON.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., October 12, 1899, Miss Mabel Estelle Davison, '95, to Mr. Wray Annin Bentley. At home on Thursdays in December, Rockville Centre, Long Island.

TURNEY–YOUNG.—In Flatbush, N. Y., October 4, 1899, Miss Olivia Viola Young, '99, to Mr. John Alfred Edward Turney, of England.

KING–SNOW.—In St. Louis, Mo., October 1, 1899, Miss Ella Elizabeth Snow to Mr. Horace F. King.

BIRTHS.

On March 6, 1899, a son, Norman Wight Metcalf, to Prof. W. V. Metcalf, of Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., and Mrs. Caroline Soule Metcalf, '80.

In Rochester, N. Y., July 6, 1899, a daughter, Marion Parker, to Mrs. Marion Parker Perrin, '91.

In Litchfield, Mass., July 24, 1899, a son, Francis Underwood, to Mrs. Grace Underwood Perry, '92.

DEATHS.

In Des Moines, Iowa, April, 1899, Mr. Joseph Stewart, father of Miss Mary Stewart, '88, and Mrs. Emily Stewart Howard, '92.

In Norwich, Conn., July 24, 1899, Mrs. L. L. Smith, mother of Miss Alice M. Smith, formerly of the Art Department.

At Lake Placid, N. Y., August 17, 1899, Frances Palen, '89.

In Brookline, Mass., September 3, 1899, Mabel Mansfield Blakeslee, formerly of '98.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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IN PILGRIMAGE TO SANTIAGO.

"In Galice at Seint Jame, and at Coloigne,
She koudé muchel of wandrynge by the weye."
—*Canterbury Tales.*

"Pilgrimes and palmers plihten hem to-gederes
For to seche seint Jame."
—*Piers Plowman.*

FROM Leon to Coruña is a journey of some eighteen hours by rail. Degenerate pilgrims that we were, we had taken a first-class carriage reserved for ladies; not so comfortable as the average third-class carriage on an English road. We hoped for space, at least, and solitude, but people who choose to pry into out-of-the-way corners of Spain need not expect to find any slavish deference to rights of place and property. The conductor had planned to dine and sleep in this particular compartment, which was a

shade cleaner than the rest, and removed his kit from the rack with natural disappointment. Why should ladies be going to Galicia? But the general first-class compartment, next to ours, was unoccupied, and he resignedly transferred his belongings thither. The numerous third-class carriages were crowded with raw recruits, who had all jumped down, boy fashion, on the Leon platforms, and came scrambling back at the starting bell in noisiest confusion. Just as the train was puffing out, a station official threw open our door with a smiling "Only to the next stop, ladies!" and precipitated upon us three belated warriors. We groaned inly with dark foreboding, for third-class occupancy of a first-class carriage is apt to leave lively souvenirs behind. Our three young soldiers, each with his personal effects bundled up in an enormous red and yellow handkerchief, were of the rudest peasant type, hardly lifted above animal and clod. Only one was able to spell out anything of the newspaper we offered. He labored over a large-lettered advertisement with grimy thumb, twisting brows and muttering lips, but soon gave it up in sheer exhaustion. The hulking fellow beyond him was continually on the point of spitting,—a regular Spanish pastime in travel; but determined that the carriage should not suffer that offense, I kept strict watch on this chrysalis hero and embarrassed him into stark paralysis with questions on the landscape whenever he was quite prepared to fire. The third conscript was a ruddy, fair-haired boy of seventeen, who had in rudimentary form the social instincts of a Spaniard, and in his intervals of blue-eyed staring at the tawdry splendors about him hammered our ears with some harsh dialect, his one theme being the indignities and hardships of a Spanish soldier's lot. Yet dull as they were and ignorant of railway customs, they knew enough to prefer broad cushions, whose variety of stains did not trouble their enviable simplicity, to the rough and narrow benches of the over-crowded third-class carriages, and at the "first stop" they unanimously forgot to change. But they were not unkindly lads, and after I had explained to them a dozen times or so that my friend was suffering from a headache and needed to lie down, and had, furthermore, lawlessly suggested that they could make themselves equally comfortable in the other first-class carriage, which was not "reserved for ladies," they promised to leave us at the second station; but their slow peasant hands fumbled at the door so clumsily that the train was under way again before the latch had yielded. It was

not until we had been fellow-travelers for two or three hours that they finally stumbled into the neighboring compartment. From this the conductor, who had been blind and deaf to past proceedings, promptly ejected them, having no mind to let them make acquaintance with his wine bottle, and our poor exiles cast reproachful glances at us as they were hustled off to their own place.

We have sometimes talked enthusiastically of democracy, but we did not discuss such exalted subjects then. Indeed, we had enough to do in guarding our doors, often by frank exercise of muscle, from further intrusion, and in trying to provide ourselves with food and water. A struggling mob of soldier boys besieged the refreshment stalls at every station, and drained the jars of the water-venders long before these could arrive at the car windows. At last, by a union of silver and violence, we succeeded in gaining from an astounded little girl, who was racing after the departing carriages with a new supply, all her stock in trade, even the great russet jar itself with its treasure of cold spring water. Miss Coman possesses a special genius for cooking over an alcohol lamp on a rocking mountain train, and having augmented our knapsack stores with scalded milk and knobby bread from a tavern near one of the depots, we lived like feudal barons "of our own" for the rest of that memorable journey.

Reminders of the pilgrims were all along our route. Overflowing as those young knights were with martial and romantic spirit, when the brigands did not give their steel sufficient sport they would break lances for the love of ladies or on any other conceivable pretext. We passed the bridge of twenty arches, where ten companions in arms once posted themselves for ten successive days and challenged to the tilt every cavalier who came that way in journey to the Santiago jubilee.

All the afternoon we were climbing into hill-country. The waste slopes were starred with purple clumps of heather, and crossed by light-footed maids who balanced great bunches of bracken on their heads. The patches of green valley, walled in by those barren steeps, held each a few tumble-down old houses, while elsewhere we noticed human dwellings that seemed scarcely more than nests of mud plastered to the stone. Yet the soil appeared to be cultivated with the most patient thrift,—wheat and potatoes growing wherever wheat and potatoes might. The view became a bewildering medley of Scottish hills, Italian skies and Gothic castles,

with occasionally a tawny and fantastic rock from the Garden of the Gods. The city of Astorga, whose cathedral was founded, so the pilgrims used to say, by St. James in his missionary tour, greeted us from the midst of flinty hills. These are the home of a singular clan known as the Maragatos; perhaps an isolated survival of some old Keltic stock. They wear a distinctive dress, marry only among themselves, and turn a sullen look upon their neighbors.

As night came on the road grew so rough that we had to cork our precious water-jar with a plump lemon. Miss Coman was sleeping off her headache, except as I woke her at the stations to aid in the defense of our ignoble luxury. We remembered that queen of Portugal who made the pilgrimage to Compostela on foot, begging her way. In those close-packed third-class carriages it must have been a cramped and weary night, and we did not wonder that young socialists occasionally tried to raid our fortress. But we clung stoutly to the door-handles, lustily sounding our war cry of "Ladies only" in lieu of "Santiago," and early in the small hours had the shamefaced pleasure of seeing the herd of drowsy conscripts, with their red and yellow bundles, driven into another train, where they were tumbled two or three deep, the under layer struggling and protesting. One little fellow, nearly smothered in the hurly-burly about the steps, cried out pitifully; but the conductor silenced him with angry sarcasm: "Dost mean to be a soldier, thou? Or shall we put thee in a sugar-bowl and send thee back to mamma?"

There was less need of sentry duty after this, but the night was too beautiful for sleep. We were crossing the wild Asturian mountains, the Alps of Spain, and a full moon was pouring down white lustre on crag, cascade and gorge. By these perilous ways had streamed the many-bannered pilgrim hosts,—men and women of all countries and all tongues seeking the Jerusalem of the West. Each nation had its own hymn to Santiago, and these, sung to the mingled music of bagpipes, timbrels, bugles, flutes and harps, must have pealed out strangely on many a silver night. The poor went begging of the rich, and often a mounted crusader cast his purse of broad gold pieces on the heather, trusting Santiago and his own good sword to see him through. Up and down these sheer ravines stumbled the blind and lame, sure of healing if only they could reach the shrine. Deaf and dumb went in the pilgrim ranks, the mad, the broken-hearted, the sin-oppressed; only

the troop of lepers held apart. Some of those footsore wayfarers, most likely the raggedest of all, carried a secret treasure for the saint. Some staggered under penitential weights of lead and stone, and others bore loads of bars and fetters in token of captivity from which St. James had set them free.

But these pathetic shapes no longer peopled the moonlight. Since it was the nineteenth century a first-class passenger might as well lie down and watch the gracious progress of the moon across the heavens,—

> "Oft, as if her head she bowed,
> Stooping through a fleecy cloud."

But the clouds perversely made of themselves wayside crosses, urns, cathedral towers; and just as one sky-creature, "backed like a weasel" but with the face of Santiago, began to puff a monstrous cigarette, I roused my dozing senses and discovered that we were entering Lugo, the capital of Galicia, and once, under Roman rule, of all Spain.

This city of tumultuous history, stormed by one wild race after another, and twice sacked in our own century, first by the French and then by the Carlists, lay very peacefully under the white dawn. While the chivalrous Spanish sun rose unobtrusively, so as not to divert attention from the fading graces of the moon, Miss Coman made sustaining coffee, and we tried to look as if we liked Galicia. This far, northwestern province is the Bœotia of Spain; its stupid, patient peasantry are the butt of all the peninsula, and to be called a Gallego is to be called a fool. The country, as we saw it from the train, was broken and hilly, but the Alpine majesty of Asturias was gone. In the misty drizzle of rain, which soon hushed the pipings of the birds, all the region looked wretchedly poor. Yet it was a wooded, watered, well-tilled land, with tufts of heather brightly fringing every bank, but the houses were mere cabins, where great, gaunt pigs pushed in and out among bedraggled hens and half-clad children. Women were working in the fields by five o'clock in the morning, their saffron and garnet kerchiefs twisted into horns above the forehead. Women were serving as porters at the stations, carrying heavy trunks and loads of valises on their heads. Women were driving the plough, swinging the pickaxe in the quarries, mending the railway tracks. Short, stout, vigorous brownies they were, and most of them looked old.

It was mid-forenoon when we reached Coruña, the seaport whence sailed the Invincible Armada. We had meant to rest there for the afternoon and night before undertaking the forty-mile drive to Santiago, but the hotel was so filthy that, tired as we were, there was nothing for it but to go on. Tarrying only for bath and breakfast, we took our places in a carriage which, setting out at one, promised to bring us into Santiago in time for the eight o'clock dinner.

This conveyance was a species of narrow omnibus, which an Andalusian, an Englishman, a son of Compostela, returning home after a long sojourn in foreign parts, his young wife of Jewish features, and our weary selves filled to overflowing. Our Jehu had agreed to transport the six of us, with our effects, for the sum of sixteen dollars; but deep was our disgust when he piled our handbags, shawl straps, and all our lesser properties in upon our wedged and helpless forms, and crammed six rough Gallegos, with a reeling load of trunks and boxes, on the roof. Remonstrance would be futile. The places in the regular diligence were not only taken for the afternoon but engaged for several days ahead, and carriages are rare birds in Galicia. The Spanish gentlemen merely shrugged their shoulders, the Englishman had but that morning landed in Spain and could not speak a word of the vernacular, and feminine protest was clearly out of order. The four puny horses took the top-heavy vehicle at a rattling pace down the granite-paved streets of Coruña, but hardly were we under way when our griefs began.

On our arrival that forenoon a fluent porter had overpersuaded us to leave our trunk at the station, letting him retain the check in order to have the baggage ready for us when we should pass the depot *en route* for Santiago. We had been absent scarcely three hours, but meanwhile the trunk had disappeared. A dozen tatterdemalions ran hither and thither, making as much noise as possible, all the top fares shouted contradictory suggestions, and our porter, heaping Ossa-Pelions of execration upon the (absent) railroad officials, declared that they in their most reprobate stupidity had started the trunk on that eighteen-hour journey back to Leon. They were dolts and asses, the sons of imbecile mothers; but we had only to leave the check with him, and in the course of an indefinite number of "to-morrows" he would recover our property. We had grown sadder and wiser during the last five minutes,

however, and insisted on taking that soiled inch of paper into our own keeping. At this the porter flew into a Spanish rage, flung back his fee into my lap, and so eloquently expressed himself that we left Coruña with stinging ears.

It was Miss Coman's trunk, stored with supplies for the camera, as well as with sundry alleviations of our pilgrim lot, but she put it in the category of spilled milk, and turned with heroic cheerfulness to enjoy the scenery. The horses had now drooped into the snail's pace which they consistently maintained through the rest of their long, uphill way, for the city of the apostle stands on a high plateau. As we mounted more and more, Coruña, lying between bay and sea, still shone clear across the widening reach of smiling landscape. Maize and vines were everywhere. So were peasants, who trudged along in family troops toward Compostela. But whether afoot or astride donkeys of antique countenance, they could always outstrip our lumbering coach, and we were an easy prey for the hordes of childish bandits, who chase vehicles for miles along the pilgrim road, shrieking for pennies in the name of Santiago.

About two leagues out of Coruña we did pass something,—a group composed of a young Gallego and the most diminutive of donkeys. The peasant, walking beside his beast, was trying to balance across its back an object unwonted to those wilds.

"Strange to see a steamer trunk here!" I remarked, turning to Miss Coman, but she was already leaning out from the window, inspecting that label-speckled box with an eagle gaze.

"It's mine!" she exclaimed; and in a twinkling had startled the driver into pulling up his horses, had leapt from the coach and was running after the peasant, who, for his part, swerving abruptly from the main road, urged his panting donkey up a steep lane. Nobody believed her. Even I, her fellow-pilgrim, thought her wits were addling with our penitential fasts and vigils, and did not attempt to join in so mad a chase. As for the scandalized Spaniards, inside and out, they shouted angrily that the thing was impossible, and the señora was to come back. The coachman roared loudest of all. But on she dashed, ran down her man and bade him, in inspired Galician, bring that trunk to the omnibus at once. He scratched his head, smiled a child's innocent and trustful smile, and, like a true Gallego, did as he was told. By this time masculine curiosity had been too much for the

driver and most of the fares, and they had scrambled after, so that the few of us who kept guard by the carriage presently beheld an imposing procession advancing along the road, consisting of a Galician peasant with a steamer trunk upon his head, a group of crestfallen Spaniards, and a Yankee lady, slightly flushed, attended by an applauding Englishman.

Beyond a doubt it was her trunk. Her name was there, a New York hotel mark, which she had tried to obliterate with a blot of Leon ink, and the number corresponding to the number of our check. "By Jove!" said the Englishman. As for the peasant, he said even less, but in some way gave us to understand that he was taking the trunk to a gentleman from Madrid. Thinking that there might have been a confusion of checks in the station, we gave this childlike native a *peseta* and a card with our Santiago address in case "the Madrid gentleman" should suspect us of highway robbery. Our fellow-passengers took the tale to Santiago, however; it made a graphic column in the local paper, and none of the several Spaniards who spoke to us of the matter there doubted that the trunk was stolen by collusion between the porter and the peasant.

Our next adventure was more startling yet. The coachman had been heard, at intervals, vehemently expostulating with a roof passenger who wanted to get down. "Man! By the staff of Santiago! By your mother's head! By the Virgin of the Pillar!" Whether the malcontent had taken too much wine, whether he was under legal arrest, whether it was merely a crossing of whims, we could not learn from any of the impassioned actors in the drama; but, apparently, he found his opportunity to slip unnoticed off the coach. For suddenly the driver screamed to his horses, and, like a bolt from the blue, a handsome, athletic fellow leaped to the ground and rushed back along the dusty road, brandishing clenched fists and stamping his feet in frenzy. In mid career he paused, struck a stage attitude, tore open his pink shirt, gasped and shook with rage. "Irving isn't in it," quoth the Englishman. Then appeared, lurking by the roadside, a slouchy youth on whom our tragic hero sprang like a tiger, threw him down, and stood panting over him with a gesture as if to stab. An instant later he had seized his victim by the collar, dragged him up, and was running him back to the coach. "You hurt me," wailed the truant, "and I don't want to go." But go he must, being bundled back in short order on the roof, where

harmony seemed to be immediately restored. While the men were struggling, a lordly old peasant stalking by surveyed them with a peasant's high disdain. We had already noted the Irish look of the Galicians, but this magnificent patriarch, with dark-green waistcoat over a light-green shirt, old gold knickerbockers and crushed strawberry hose, had as Welsh a face, dark and clean-cut, as Snowdon ever saw.

Long sunset shadows lay across the hills; we had shared with our companions our slight stores of sweet chocolate, bread and wine, and still we were not half way to Santiago. It was nine o'clock before our groaning equipage drew up at a wretched little inn, incredibly foul, where it was necessary to bait the exhausted horses. Our host welcomed the party with pensive dignity, and served us in the midst of all that squalor with the manners of a melancholy count. Shutting eyes and noses as far as we could, and blessing eggs for shells and fruit for rind, we ate and gathered strength to bear what St. James might yet have in store for us.

The diligence had resumed its weary jog; we were all more or less asleep, unconsciously using, in our crowded estate, one another as pillows, when an uproar from the box and a wild lurch of the coach brought us promptly to our waking senses. One of the wheel horses was down, and the others, frightened by the dragging harness, were rearing and plunging. Out we tumbled into the misty night, wondering if we were destined, after all, to foot it to Compostela in proper pilgrim fashion. The poor beast was mad with terror, and his struggles soon brought his mate to the ground beside him. The coachman, so pompous and dictatorial at the outset, stood helplessly in the road, at a safe distance, wringing his hands and crying like a baby: "Alas, poor me! Poor little me! O holy Virgin! Santiago!" The top fares, who had made good speed to *terra firma*, were wailing in unison and shrieking senseless counsels: "Kill thou the horse! Kill thou the horse!" one of them chanted like a Keltic dirge. The coachman supplied the antiphon: "Kill not my horse! Kill not my horse! Ave Maria! Poor little me!" "Fools! Sit on his head," vociferated the Englishman in his vain vernacular. The horses seemed to have as many legs as centipedes, kicking all at once. The coach was toppling, the luggage pitching, and catastrophe appeared inevitable, when Santiago, such an excellent horseman himself, inspired one of the roof passengers to unbuckle a few straps. The

effect was magical. First one nag, and then the other, struggled to its feet; the coachman sobbed anew, this time for joy; the Spanish gentlemen, who had been watching the scene with imperturbable passivity, crawled back into the diligence, the little wife followed with the heavy bag which her husband had let her carry all the way, and the Anglo-Saxon contingent walked on ahead for half an hour to give the spent horses what little relief we might.

The clocks were striking two when we reached the gates of the sacred city, where fresh hindrance met us. The customs officials were on the alert. Who were we that would creep into Compostela de Santiago under cover of night, in an irregular conveyance piled high with trunks and boxes? Smugglers, beyond a doubt! But they would teach us a thing or two. We might wait outside till morning.

Delighted boys from a peasant camp beyond the walls ran up to jeer at our predicament. Our coachman, reverting to his dolorous chant, appealed to all the saints. The top fares shrilled in on the chorus; the Spanish gentlemen lighted cigarettes, and after some twenty minutes of dramatic altercation a soldier sprang on our top step and mounted guard, while the coach rattled through the gates and on to the *aduana*. Here we were all deposited, bag and baggage, on the pavement, and a drowsy, half-clad old dignitary was brought forth to look at us. The coachman, all his social graces restored, imaginatively presented the three Anglo-Saxons as a French party traveling to see the country. "But what am I to do with them?" groaned the dignitary, and went back to bed. An appalling group of *serenos*, in slouch hats and long black capes, with lanterns and pikes, escorted us into a sort of luggage room, and told us to sit down on benches. We sat on them for half an hour, which seemed to satisfy the ends of justice, for then the *serenos* gave place to porters, who said they would bring us our property, which nobody had examined nor noticed in the slightest, after daybreak, and would now show us the way to our hotel. Our farewell to the coachman, who came beaming up to shake hands and receive thanks, was cold.

We had engaged rooms by letter a week in advance, but they had been surrendered to earlier arrivals, and we were conducted to a private house next door to the hotel. After the delays incident to waking an entire family, we were taken into a large, untidy room, furnished with dining table, sewing

machine and a half dozen invalid chairs. There was no water and no sign of toilet apparatus, but in an adjoining dark closet were two narrow cots, from which the four daughters of the house had just been routed. Of those beds which these sleepy children were then, with unruffled sweetness and cheeriness, making ready for us, the least said the better. Our indoor hours in Compostela, an incessant battle against dirt, bad smells and a most instructive variety of vermin, were a penance that must have met all pilgrim requirements. And yet these people spared no pains to make us comfortable, so far as they understood comfort. At our slightest call, were it only for a match, in would troop the mother, four daughters, maid, dog and cat, with any of the neighbors who might be visiting, all eager to be of service. The girls were little models of sunny courtesy, and would have been as pretty of face as they were charming in manner, had not skin diseases and eye diseases told the tale of those hideously unsanitary conditions in which all their young lives had been passed.

But we had come to the festival of Santiago, and it was worth its price.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

AT WELLESLEY.

Here by your golden woodland fenced from care,
  And the loud roar of mammon's molten tide,
  Hearts strong from loss, by sorrow sanctified,—
Knowing how Nature can with mortals share
Her grace of wise tranquility—did prepare
  Homes for high thought where love and light abide,
  Whence issuing, clad in power that knows no pride,
True woman should to help the wide world fare.

And as from lawn to quiet lawn I rove
  By tranquil mere, and still autumnal bowers,
    Upon my spirit falls a wondrous balm.
There comes a voice from lawn and lake and grove
  Saying, "Behold one ministry is ours,
    The gift of love's incomparable calm."

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

SLOPPY ANNE'S SAIRA.

THE LAY OF THE LAND.

EAST HATCHAM lay flooded in the late November twilight,—flooded with pink and purple haze from sky and sea. All the gray, tumbling sand dunes had turned a tansy gold in the evening light, and in the distance seemed tied together by the pale green ribbons of sky that lay rifted between their weirdly formed summits. Down behind this ever-shifting ocean chain lay the cranberry bogs, growing darker and darker with the hastening dusk, changing gradually from deep crimson to the purple of sky and ocean. Over beyond the road that ran from north to south the hills loomed up, black with undergrowth of briars and stunted pines. Down there in the hollow—there near the deepest cranberry bog, between the sand dunes and the deep sandy road—lay Sloppy Anne's shanty. From the top of any sand dune you could see the smoke from the chimney of this place, and off in the distance the smoke from other more prosperous chimneys of East Hatcham. Only the muffled roar of the ocean and the distant screams of the sea-gulls disturbed the silence that brooded over this lonely place. Every once in a while the buoy out beyond the farthest sand-bar would give a swinging whistle, and then subside till the wind swept another whistle in shore. The gulls screamed less and less, and now only their soft night cries, crooning and cooing as they slept on the calm surface of the little inlet near Sloppy Anne's bog, could be heard. Suddenly, shrill and nasal, "Eezekiel! Eezekiel!" was wailed over the dunes, all the force being spent on the Ee, and the rest subsiding into a decrescendo wail; then with renewed force, "Eezekiel Codds! Eezekiel Codds!" pierced the air and died in a moan on the far-away hills, where the echoes vibrated to K—Odds for a few seconds.

"Waal, yer needn't split yer throat. I ain't ter sea in a fog; and if I wuz, I wudn't hev no damned fog-horn like thet ter wake the dead and drive the boat ashore. Soon's I clean th' guts outer this polluck I'll come in; till then yer can beat ter wind'ard of me with that stinkin' frying-pan."

The door went to with rattling slam; the latch fairly shook with the force of the bang. Again the lonely place was silent, with just the quiet swish of Ezekiel's knife as it traveled in the dark skillfully up and down the day's catch: a chop, and off went the head; a rip, and the fish lay open; a jerk, and

out came the liver; two more skillful cuts and the fins were deftly skinned from the back; then a thud as the fish, cleaned and ready for salting, was slung into the vat. All the while Codds was gazing at the starlit sky; at the moon with its wide circle of mist, and the milky way shimmering more hazily than usual across the whole arch of the sky.

"It's er blow, an' it's er bad one. There waan't no weather signals up ter the East Hatcham station, nor ter the New Leorns station nuther. It's er blow, jest the same; it's er blow. Ain't never heard thet buoy scream so oneasy like, 'cept for a blow. Thar's things in the water thet knows more'n the Weather Signal Service. That water'll suck in more'n one hollerin' man 'fore dawn. It's er blow, an' it's er bad one."

I. AT BREAKFAST.

Ezekiel was sitting at the bare, spotted table in the kitchen of Sloppy Anne's shanty. He gazed stupidly ahead of him at a 1750 print of Jonah and the Whale, which had unfortunately come into the care of Sloppy Anne as a Codd's heirloom. Perhaps the pictorial agonies of Jonah as he came spouting forth from the whale's jaws into the boiling sea aroused in Ezekiel a sense of the night's horrors. Suddenly he burst forth: "Waal, ain't yer going ter give me no breakfast? Yer'd think I worked hard enough fer my vittles if ye'd been on thet shore all night in sech a screechin', howlin' blow. I ain't hed one thing ter eat the hull time 'cept one soppy piece of hard-tack that washed ashore with the other stores."

Here Jonathan and Saira looked beseechingly at their mother, who, in a ragged mother hubbard, her hair still straggling on her shoulders, was cooking some cods' tongues in a sputtering, smoking frying-pan. The smell of pork fat and old lard completely covered up any odor of the good, fresh tongues bubbling in the dirty pan. Sloppy Anne gave the handle of the skillet an angry jerk, and bade the wide-eyed, puny Saira "ter stop that coughin', er ye'll get goose-greased inside and out."

Saira looked even wider eyed, and the corner of the little mouth went down, down, down, while she moved nearer Jonny on the bench and continued to look beseechingly at Sloppy Anne, who was finally turning the tongues. With one last angry jerk she swung the skillet from the rusty stove to the spotted table. With a tin spoon she scraped the entire contents

of the pan—pork, lard, tongues and all—into a big earthenware dish in the middle of the table. With a flourish she flung a tin plate full of dark-looking bread onto the table and said:—

"There, Jonny, don't yer make a hog of yerself, fer I ain't goin' ter cook no more breakfast fer none of yez."

Ezekiel regarded Sloppy Anne contemplatively for a few seconds. Perhaps he saw Sloppy Anne lying blue and stiff on the thundering shore, as the bodies from the wreck had been washed up in the past night. It seemed a pleasant thought, for the corners of his mouth twitched. Then, with his fork, he stabbed a tongue. Still looking contemplatively, though now at his plate, he went on with the account of his night's adventure:—

"A great keg of rum wuz washed up with thet hard-tack, an' the bung wuz jest as tight as aboard ship. But Cap'en 'Kiah gut thet. It waan't more'n three hours after them rockets went up thet the cargo began ter wash ashore. Gosh! but yer ought ter see th' way it lies down there toward th' New Leorns Savin' Station and the East Hatcham Station. Jonny, yew and Saira better go long see it after yer eats yer breakfast. Waal, it wuz less'n three hours 'fore them bodies begun to drift ashore, young uns an' old, men an' women. Last I heerd, as I cum hum, wuz fifty an' more hed already cum in shore. They'll keep cumin' now fer two weeks, off an' on."

Here Saira doubled up her little claw-like hands and moved still nearer Jonny. Her eyes were fast filling with tears, and the trembling little mouth hung open with the horror of it all.

"Yup, they begun ter cum abaout midnight, an' they cum all night. I didn't leave till after the sun rose. Here, Jonny, give me thet bread! My! but they looked queer rollin' in, 'specially the women folks, with their skirts and hair washing around them. A lot of them hed on life preservers which didn't do no good, an' all of them wuz marked with 'Plymouth.' One little kid, dead as a nail, cum ashore with two of them preservers strapped around it. Ye couldn't see nuthin 'cept its little yaller head."

By that time the tears were running down Saira's cheeks. She sniffled piteously, and little dry sobs shook the little head and chest as she stooped over to wipe her eyes on her ragged, greasy calico petticoat. Jonny, holding on to the bench with one hand and to Saira with the other, ejaculated

"My sakes!" every minute or two. Only by holding her hand and saying "My sakes!" very often did he manage to keep the tears from the manly blue eyes of twelve years old. Sloppy Anne had returned to the stove and the sink, and was flinging pots, kettles, dishes, and knives and forks into a battered old dish-pan. The last article to go in was the skillet, which smashed against a china bowl. Saira jumped at this, drew a long quivering breath, and clinched her little hands tightly together.

"There waan't no fog, nuthin' but screechin' wind an' the spittin' rain. Them crews worked like niggers fer six hours, and not one live man did they get. Onct I went out in th' boats, but not a single boat gut farther than the outside bar. It waan't no use. Toward mornin' I helped long with th' rest ter pile up the wreckage an' lay the drowndèd behind the station in the lea of the wind. Ther' wuz a line of dead more'n six rods long. Gosh! it wuz awful. When I cum home they wuz puttin' in the lifeboats an' the briches buoy. Nuthin' did no good."

II. JONATHAN AND SAIRA.

Jonathan stood on the tips of his toes to take his shabby round cap off the high peg where it hung. Sloppy Anne was scolding Saira about the thin little black cape that covered the calico dress. She would not let her wear her best clothes out on such a stormy day. Saira seemed puzzled, and the wide, bewildered eyes looked pleadingly at her mother. She knew that it was very cold outside, and that she had none but these best "clothes." Years ago even Sloppy Anne had been sensible of the value of clothes, and "store clothes" had danced before her eyes in happy day-dreams. She remarked once to one of her neighbors that she was going to Boston to see two things,—"Jonathan Marshes" and the "Musleum." But she had never gone, and little Saira had inherited one rag after another from Sloppy Anne. Jonny noticed that the scolding was running down.

"Come, Saira, come. The wind ain't goin' to last long, and there's a fog to th' east, Dad said, would shet out every thin'. Won't yer hurry, so's we kin see it all? If yer caan't wear yer cape, yer kin hev my coat. We'll run, an' I don't mind."

Saira dropped the cape regretfully and moved slowly toward Jonny, who promptly ripped off his own coat, energetically put Saira in it, shoved

her out the door, which he slammed to with a jerk till the old door-latch rattled. Then, like the fleet-footed rabbits that haunt the furze along the shore, they ran up the rolling sand dune behind the house, over the top, down the other side and on to the beach. Crossing a stretch of sand covered at high tide they ran up the sand-bar toward the North and the East Hatcham Life Saving Station. Several miles beyond they could see the New Leorns Station. Jonathan's face was red, and his blue eyes fairly danced with the excitement of the storm and the wreck. He felt Saira tugging harder and harder on his hand. His coat kept slipping away from Saira's little throat, and leaving it bare and cold. She breathed very hard and tried bravely to keep up with him, but at last Jonny heard the thin little voice,—

"Jonny, I ain't keeping up much, are I? Yer bigger than I be. P'r'aps yer better try to run without me."

Jonathan only held the frozen little hand tighter and walked more slowly. All the time his eyes were riveted on the shore where they were running. He could see spars and ropes, barrels, boxes, life-savers, and every once in a while a few pieces of boards nailed together,—all cast high and dry on the shore by the thundering waves that drove through the night over the sand, legions strong. He let go Saira's hand to pick up a wicker flask with a little silver plate on it marked H. F. He unscrewed the top; the stuff smelt horrible to him, so he threw it into the water again. When he looked for Saira she was hurrying toward a small platform just behind the station where, with a few sails flung over them, the drowned were laid. Only the feet, some bare and some with shoes still on, could be seen below the canvas. The tears were streaming from Saira's eyes, and she had just put one little hand on a huge soggy boot when Jonny pulled her angrily away.

"Aw! yer little loon. I told yer not ter run away from me. I knowed yer cry ef yer saw them drowndèd folks. Now yer kin come right along with me ter th' shore agin. I ain't goin' ter hev yer dreamin' things nights about dead folks."

Saira drew one of the coat sleeves over her wet eyes, and with lagging steps followed the irate Jonathan past the men, who shouted, "Hello, kids!" past the carriage on which the boats were placed, past a huge heap of wreckage, to the shore where Jonny once more released her hand.

Saira watched the wreckage come in with the waves and then recede with them. She ran to the edge of the last wave and followed a little square box that was floating out with it. Back she ran as a wave chased her in. Just then she spied a child's tiny shoe, and out she ran again. Careless of the bitter cold water, she thrust in one hand and grabbed the shoe. No sooner had she run in with the shoe than she saw tumbling and rolling in on the next big wave a little round, gray object which the wave washed to her very feet. She looked at it, then pitifully at Jonny, and again at the object. Then, with a little wail, "O Jonny, the kitten, the kitten!" Sobbing she flung herself face downwards on the sand. Jonathan leaned over her.

"There, Saira, there, yer ain't er-goin' ter cry. It ain't nuthin' 'cept a cat. There, Jonny won't let nuthin' hurt yer, an' it ain't nuthin' 'cept a cat."

Away in the distance, faint and shrill, came Sloppy Anne's nasal tones.

"Jon-nee! Jon-nee-e-e! Jon-nee, whar be yer?"

Jonny leaned still farther over Saira, and put one grimy hand on her damp, yellow hair.

"Come, Saira, come. Mother's call'n'."

III. THREE WEEKS LATER.

It was now the first week in December, and the shore, although it was still free from snow, was bitterly cold. All the fishing boats had been hauled out high and dry on the sand. There in the little inlet in front of the dunes which protected Sloppy Anne's shanty from the northeast winds were dozens of these little cat-rigged fishing boats. Ever since the wreck, three weeks ago, Saira had haunted the shore, following the bar and looking with troubled, piteous eyes out to sea. She saw everything that came in, even the pieces of broken crockery which were constantly washing up. She would walk till she could walk no longer, then sit down in the lea of a catboat, her little arms clasped about her knees and the wide gray eyes still gazing mournfully on the ocean. Jonathan was always with her, constantly watching her. Saira had never played very much with him, but now she refused entirely to play; even their favorite game of breaking bottles with big clam shells brought forth no response. Her drawn, thin little face was blue with cold, and the frail little body shook under the ragged calico dress and the black cape, which at last she was allowed to wear.

This fall Ezekiel Codds had had good luck with his fishing; the Boston market had paid him better prices than the year before. Now he had a little fortune on hand to meet the bleak winter. In his heart there was a very tender place for his weak little daughter. When he looked at her thin, wistful little face he thought of his own sisters he had played with when a boy. He thought of the respectable, even cheerful home life of his boyhood, of the days before he met Sloppy Anne. What of good there was left in him went out in love for Saira. He noticed her ragged, dirty dress, and that she was paler and quieter than ever. He went to the extent of having words with Sloppy Anne about the shivering child. What more natural than that he should want to spend some of the money on Saira. He decided that he would walk to the village of East Hatcham, buy her a warm dress, shoes, a new hat and even a new coat; then, if her Aunt Amanda Codds wanted her, she should go to New Leorns on a long visit. That night at supper he was crosser than ever. When Sloppy Anne called him in from the fish shed behind the house he snarled out something about "Screechin' gulls." In the smoky, dirty kitchen he told Jonny he would give him a licking if he kept knocking the head off the hatchet. For the rest of the time he ate in silence. After eating three large platesfull of fried cod he pushed his plate away.

"Waal, ain't yer gut nuthin' 'cept this everlastin' cod, mornin', noon an' night? Gosh! anyone 'cept yew 'ud think of somethin' else. It's cod every place yew go; till I ain't smelled anythin' 'cept cod, an' it seems as if I ain't tasted nuthin' 'cept cod. Lord! yew'd better be dead than in this God-forsaken, fishy Cape." Sloppy Anne rattled a pan in the oven, and, with the nearest semblance of pleasantry which she had shown in years, put a large dish of corn-meal pudding on the bare table. All Ezekiel said was "Phew!" and a pleased look crept about the irritable mouth. He scooped out a deep plateful of this corn-meal and molasses mixture, then looked attentively at Jonny.

"Help yerself, sonny; help yerself; yer most a man, an' must hev er large appetite these freezin' days. If yer'd like yew kin go with me ter East Hatcham ter-morrer. I'm goin' over ter buy somethin' fer Saira." Here Sloppy Anne looked around reproachfully and flung a large tin pan with a bang into the sink, then dropped the stove lid in the back part of the stove.

"Here, Saira, yer lazy gaal, come wash these dishes yer helped ter

dirty." Saira dropped her big eyes from her father's face, where they had been fastened in rapt attention and curiosity. With a hanging head she walked to the sink, and reaching up as high as she could she began patiently to wash the dishes in the large dish pan which was on a level with her chin.

IV. DREAMS.

The next morning Saira crept slowly downstairs. Her little hand followed the side of the wall as if she were too tired to walk without guiding herself. The eyes were dark and the thin cheeks flushed. She went off into the corner and sat down on a soap box. With her arms clasped about her knees she thought about the night, about the dreams that had haunted her little mind with horrible shapes since the Plymouth wreck. Sometimes it is the ship breaking to pieces, but oftenest it is of the line of dead under the canvas; then the kitten that rolled to her feet,—she dreams always of the kitten. Last night she dreamed something new; it was something she sang as she sat on the sand-bar near the station. Her head bent lower on her knees as if she were catching the sound of the words; then in a faint monotone she began with childish accents to repeat the song:—

"The big ship sailed on the big, big sea,
And the waves ran on the shore;
A storm blew up and tossed the waves,
And the big ship sails no more,
And the big ship sails no more.
The great waves washed the dead ashore,
And covered them over with foam;
Now the Shepherd Good with helping arms
Has taken them all back home,
Has taken them all back home."

That sounded like something she'd heard before—it must have been in the schoolroom. For a few seconds Saira tried to remember everything Miss Mitchin, their school-teacher, had taught her to sing. She could remember the hymns, but the rest she had forgotten. With a weary little shake of the head she began again to think of the night. So many times she had dreamed she was walking on the sand-bar between New Leorns and East Hatcham. It was all dark except for the stars and the shining water where

she walked along the edge, touching the drowned with her frozen fingers. When she put her hands upon the cold faces of the men, women and children they opened their eyes, and, rising, followed her. As far as she could see behind her walked a line of the dead she had touched. Their eyes shone like the stars, and ever the water shone like a torch along the edge of the sand. Once she had started to tell Jonny about this, but he only muttered, "Stuff!" and she was afraid to tell him any more. The next minute he gave her his only penny, because he said there was a hole in his pocket. Saira knew he did not mean to be unkind. She decided to keep it all to herself, and day and night the line of the drowned followed her, and the song kept repeating itself in her thoughts, particularly the last line, "Has taken them all back home." Saira wondered where "home" was; perhaps it meant the heaven the school-teacher read about the first thing in the morning. Saira hoped it was, because then they would stay there forever, and always be happy. With this last thought the little head bobbed forward, and she fell asleep on the soap box till breakfast time,—till the big sun looked in the window and warmed the little body and touched the yellow hair.

JEANNETTE A. MARKS.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

OMAR KHAYYAM.

O gloom-enshrouded questioner of the past,
  Who, groping after truth grasped falsity,
  Our age's poets claim fellowship with thee,
Through unsolved mystery and baffled quest!
Boldly rebellious under Fate's decree,
  Thou strovest to undo the tightening knot
  We pluck at still, or drown thy haunting thought
With luring wine, and joyless revelry.
Our age's poets claim fellowship with thee;
  Yet though disheartened by perplexing thought,
They join the strife for good unfalteringly,
  Nor search for rest in some sequestered spot;
And in the midst of life's activity,
  Peace comes oft-times to those who seek her not.

ANNA PERKINS CHANDLER, '98.

GEORGE MINOR.

On the day that George Minor came home, I was only a child playing in the street. When Mary Anne Beckwith cried, "Oh, look at the man!" I looked up obediently from the mud pie I was busily patting into shape. In our sluggish village any stranger was a novelty to be stared at; but this man had really something of the unusual about him. As he came toward us he rolled a little in his gait, sailor-fashion; but instead of the sailor's open frankness he had an air of shrinking, as if he were afraid. His clothes were very shabby, stained by wind and weather, yet we did not take him for a tramp. Before our straightforward stares his eyes shifted, and sought the ground uneasily. As he passed on up the street, Mary Anne whispered shrilly, "I'll bet he's a pirate!"

The next day our quiet town was more aroused than my few years had ever seen it. The stranger, it appears, claimed to be Squire Minor's long-vanished son,—and Squire Minor refused to own him. An old story was awakened by the event: Over twenty years before, the ship Alabama had sailed from the neighboring port southward, on her first voyage, with a rich cargo. On board were the newly collected crew, a few passengers, the captain and his wife. Squire Minor's son George, who was a cousin to the wife, had been one of the crew. The ship had set sail under a favoring wind, and been spoken by a homebound sloop not far beyond Long Island. From that moment it vanished from men's knowledge as completely as if the waters had opened and engulfed it. Throughout all those twenty years no word had come to solve the mystery of the disappearance. And now, when it was almost forgotten, this George Minor had come home.

But was he George Minor? On that point there were two opinions, and some ground for each. In looks he was far different from the George Minor of earlier days; but that was to be expected. A scar, like one George Minor had borne, appeared on this man's bronzed cheek, slightly shifted in position, but no more than scars will shift with lapse of time. This man—most convincing proof of his identity—could recount hundreds of instances and trivial details from George Minor's boyhood; yet some important events he seemed to have forgotten. But what caused him to be eyed askance was his refusal to unlock the mystery of the Alabama's fate.

When hard pushed he gave various accounts, no two of which agreed, and he finally confessed that they were inventions. Naturally, ill deeds were suspected at the bottom of this strange silence. Squire Minor, in his shame at the fellow, refused to acknowledge him as son. Squire Minor's married daughter received him as her brother, cared for his needs, and harbored him at her house. The whole village was sharply divided into the credulous and the incredulous.

We children were even more excited than our elders. We were terribly afraid of George Minor; and when we saw him coming down the street with his sailor-gait, we fled precipitately into friendly dooryards, and looked forth from behind palings and window panes with round eyes of fright. He even ousted from its place our favorite bugbear; instead of the beggarman it was George Minor who would catch you if you didn't behave.

It chanced, however, that I lost my terror by a closer acquaintance with George Minor. My father was a zealous believer in the man's claims, and consequently George Minor called at our house frequently. It was thus that I heard from his lips what, so far as I know, he told to no other soul in the village. Why he should have chosen me for his hearer I never was able to conjecture, unless it was that his thoughts had been turned to the subject, and he must let them out to some one, it hardly mattered to whom, merely to free his mind.

He had come to see my father one rainy afternoon, and found only my small self at home. We sat down to await my father's home-coming in the musty gloom of the front parlor,—he leaning back in the old armchair by the window, I perching uncomfortably on the slippery height of the horsehair sofa, from which I was continually at the point of sliding down, and recovering my balance only by the utmost agility and care. A protracted silence, during which he had been staring fixedly at the driving rain and black sky without, was broken by his asking me if I would like to hear a story. He looked so strange that I was frightened a little, and hastened to assent.

"Twenty-five years ago," he began,—I remember the very tones of his voice,—"I was a young chap, no better nor worse than most others, I guess. I was just living along, happy and peaceful, beginning to fall comfortably in love with my cousin Hetty, when along came that Captain Loomis and snatched Hetty away from me just as I was thinking of taking her. I hated

him—how I hated him!—more than I loved Hetty when I found I couldn't have her. Well, they were married, and I danced at the wedding and helped eat the dinner, though every bite of victuals I took fairly stuck in my throat. After that I didn't amount to much,—kind of lost my sand,—so that when I wanted to sail in the Alabamy with Hetty and her husband, father was pretty willing to let me go. Aunt Martha told me she hoped I'd help take care of Hetty, and I said I would—I said I would.

"There was something queer happened just before we sailed. About half an hour before the time of leaving, a man came on board that had engaged passage. I saw him stop and look at a place on the deck as if he was scared. When I went up to him, says he, 'For the love of Heaven, what does that blood mean?' 'What blood?' says I. 'Why, there, right at your feet; are ye blind, man?' he fairly yells. 'Are you crazy?' says I. 'There's no blood there, nor nothing else.' Then he shrieks: 'Can't you see it? It's wet—raw blood, I tell you! Where's the captain?' With that he starts off to get the captain to look at it. Well, of course the captain can't see it, for there's nothing to see. And what does that man do but get himself off that boat in a hurry, leaving his baggage, even, and his face white as your handkerchief.

"His cutting up so made me feel sort of uncomfortable, specially as I didn't like the looks of some of the new crew. They were queer, foreign-looking customers, and half the time talked some lingo I couldn't make head nor tail of. But I stayed aboard, and sailed with the Alabamy just the same.

"The third day out I woke up from my turn at sleeping, and heard shots and screams. Well, I guess I thought it was a dream,—no, I didn't either, —but anyway I lay snug in my bunk and waited till the shots and the hollering stopped. Then I crept up on deck, and—it wasn't a pretty sight! Right where that man had seen the blood—right there—was a great raw pool of it, creeping down along the cracks toward me, and part of it was sort of wiped around where something had been dragged away. It made me all sick and trembly. I stepped in it, too, before I saw.

"Then the foreign men caught sight of me and came up, flourishing their knives and pistols, and jabbering their outlandish talk. I—well, they let me get up, and didn't kill me, though I guess t'would have been about as well if they had. Hetty was in the cabin. They broke the door open with an axe. She was kneeling on the floor praying, and she had a knife. I was careful

not to step in,—in that,—I tell you. When we lifted her up, I almost had to, but I was careful, very careful.

"There's a bit which I don't seem to remember very clear. Then they sank the ship, and we came to land in the boats. They took me with them to their country for a while, but I got away at last and went to sea again. I've been at sea ever since. Say—do you think people would say I was to blame about—that? I promised her mother to take care of her."

He stopped short, and drew a deep breath. Then, suddenly, he had darted from the room, leaving me weak and faint on the sofa. Next day he had left the village, nor did he ever return. Now it is all many, many years ago.

BESSIE W. MANWARING, 1902.

CITIZENSHIP IN COLLEGE LIFE.

IF we have not done so already, it is full time, I think, for each one of us to reflect to good purpose upon the ideal of citizenship in college life. I believe that it is an ideal which we, for the most part, cherish little and for which we sacrifice nothing. When the sore need of the nation is for nobler and yet nobler standards of citizenship, how dare we, college women, so soon to be among the active citizens of the greater world, give this matter so small a place in our thought and life here? Furthermore, I believe that, with the constant inspiration which we have at college to the best expression of ourselves, it is within our power to live up to an ideal which shall ennoble our work here, and fit us for the high place we should maintain when we leave college.

In reflecting on this subject disagreeable things must, of necessity, occur to one's mind. Perhaps that is the reason why we have postponed the discussion of it so long. Many of our failures show most plainly and sadly in undercurrents dangerous to the happiness of our student life. Surely, if we fail to recognize them openly we shall never change their course.

I believe that just here is one of our fundamental curses, the one which most grievously hinders us in attaining to our ideals of good citizenship—we have heard of it before—lack of frankness. The gift of criticism, so

persistently cultivated in us throughout our college course, lives in the form of a shamefaced, whispering ghost, rather than of clear-voiced flesh and blood. Such a creation can live only in an unnatural atmosphere, and that atmosphere we certainly find in college about many of our academic and social relations. The point I wish to maintain is this, that suppressed criticism leads to a false idea of our relations one to another,—relations which have become distorted, but which a little frank speech might reduce to their proper proportions. With all the common interests that people within college have, we ought not to be reflecting upon our relations. But we do, and in our very murmurings about the requirements of a course, or whatever the theme may be, we pass criticism on ourselves in that final utterance of mistaken martyrdom, "At men's colleges they say they would never in the world stand it!" With the assurance of our own good citizenship we ought at least to have the courage of our convictions.

The point where we may naturally be threatened with the most unhappiness, if we have not the ideal before us, is in the matter of student organizations. In the relation between societies, and between societies and the rest of the College, we have need of a higher standard of citizenship to lift us not merely from narrowness but from pettiness. For one illustration, I would refer definitely to the discussions which precede and follow the time of class elections. A marked tendency to partisanship has thrust upon us the disagreeable phrase, "college politics." It is surely a recognized fact that societies are factors which have given emphasis to this expression. While the good work of the societies ought to be an object of honest pride to everybody in college, is it not clear that when society feeling rises above that of class or college at the time of class elections, we have but an instance of the consequences of a low or narrow ideal of citizenship? It is a sad thing when we can compare our own affairs, even laughingly, with national politics. It seems to me that college is one of the places where we ought to fulfill more of the ideals of community life than in almost any other group of people of the same size in the world. That we half recognize this is evident from the way we cherish and hand down our precious college festivals,—the traditions that belong to all of us.

The final test of our good citizenship comes, I believe, with experiments leading toward student government. Some day we must be recog-

nized as self-governing. It is inevitable. No other form of control is compatible with our work and our womanhood. How swiftly that day shall come depends wholly upon the ideal of citizenship each one of us attains to. It is a delightful thing to realize that if everyone were keenly conscious of her own part, the laws we make for our own protection would be carried out without the need of officers appointed to enforce them. At least we must recognize in this system of self-government a supreme opportunity for practical culture in the work of the citizen here and outside of college. Realization of our good citizenship here, and its relation to the ideal of citizenship for our country, will ennoble our work, our organizations, and our enthusiasms.

LUCY WRIGHT.

SLIP SHEETS.

I. THE CENTAUR.

IT was an August afternoon, blinding with sunlight and drowsy with heat. The house was stilled in its noonday siesta; the distant hum of city noises came up faintly to my balcony hammock, and lulled me into a half sleep, as I lay looking down into the park below. I should have been lonely had it not been for the centaur; but a centaur can be excellent company, especially during the dog days. I speak as one having authority, for I lived all summer in plain sight of one who stood in the middle of the absurd little park lake below my balcony. Not that I can lay claim to more than bowing acquaintance, for, to be quite honest, he paid slight attention to me, being engrossed in the task of holding aloft the neck of a serpent, from between whose wide open jaws rose glittering sprays of water. This absorption was natural enough, but not so his calm and lordly indifference to the serpentine coils wound round his body. How often, as I gazed at him, did I envy him that lofty superiority to discomfort; that self-assurance; that power in repose. It was evident that he was to the manner born; that countless generations before him had vanquished boa constrictors in park ponds; that it all came with practice and heredity. On hot days like this he was good to see; his bronze back gleamed with wetness, and the breezes blew the water about him in sheets of rainbow mist. As I swung and looked at him between

half-shut lids, a quaint and delicious fancy took hold of me. I would leave this stifling hammock, and would climb upon his cool, wet back, and the spray from the serpent's mouth would cover me like an umbrella. So we would gallop down the quiet park alleys, where the children would cease their play in wonder, and down the ravine roads, where forest on forest would hang above our heads and the smell of the earth would rise to us from hidden brook-edges, and out again upon the sunny boulevards where the carriages rolled. We would not mind them, but would gallop on—my showery umbrella playing over me all the while—until we reached the shore of Lake Erie, and the blue water stretched out and out and beyond until it cut the setting sun. Here, just as we paused before the soul-satisfying plunge, there came a voice, "Miss ——— is wanted at the telephone."

E. B. L.

II. AT WOHL'S.

If you are so fortunate as to own a brother, or uncle, or cousin who belongs to the famous "Wednesday Night Club," you may some day be invited to lunch in the clubroom at Wohl's. It will be for you a Red-letter Day,—an experience. He will take you down Seneca Street, past the last warehouse and the last substantial office building, into the heart of the shanty land of decayed elegance. Here and there grimy old mansions, given over to the tribes of cheap boarding houses, stare forlornly through smoky sunshine at the blue reaches of lake waters that neither time nor smoke can change. The thought that some day these relics of the past will give way to warehouses lends to them a melancholy interest. And here I warn you, let not your heart sink with dismay at the first glimpse of Wohl's; leave your uptown standards where they belong—a good mile from this end of Seneca Street. For Wohl's, at least, is honest within and without; it has no Queen Anne pretenses; its architecture is of the order known as shanty, the primitive kind that you sketched upon your slate in early years by means of a square capped with a triangle. You enter with some trepidation; the odor of cooking, also honest and unmistakable, greets you at the threshold. You have a blurred vision of a long, low room filled with long tables, of countless masculine faces and black coats. And you are not quite sure that it would not have been better to lunch at the Hollenden. But one step, and you are in a little room, closed off from the vulgar herd, where

the green baize walls are covered with clever sketches and water colors signed by well-known hands. Quaint German pottery fills the corner shelves; odd pipes beckon you from the wall. You lunch upon mysterious Hungarian dainties served on the club linen in the club china and silver; and in after days there steal back to you reminiscences of very good rye bread, sweet butter and delicious coffee. And you sigh that your sex forever debars you from the wise and witty meetings of the "Wednesday Night Club"; from the good talk heard over coffee and tobacco; from the good fellowship of mature and brilliant men, which must be best of all.

E. B. L.

III. THE MAN WITH A HOD.

FROM my window I can watch the men at work on the new Wilder Hall. There is one old codger in a red-flannel shirt who interests me particularly. I am grateful to that flaming shirt, for it helps me to find him as he plods back and forth among the other masons. His expression is always one of unquestioning contentment and healthful unconsciousness. He doesn't know, bless him, that he is a "proletariat." If, by chance, he should ever find it out, I feel sure he would not be troubled about it. He knows nothing about the social aspects of history. The "onward march of labor" means for him just the monotonous carrying of his hod from the brick pile up the ladder into the building. He hasn't even heard of Markham's "Man with a Hoe." If I knew how I would write an optimistic poem about my "Man with a Hod,"—a L'Allegro to Mr. Markham's Il Penseroso.

M. G. G.

SPECTATOR.

IT is restful and reassuring, in a year which has made such great demands upon our interest for the turmoils of the world, to turn to the noble projects and achievements in the quieter world of Art. Many of us have not known that within the year past two conferences of the most eminent architects of the world have been held,—one in Antwerp, September, 1898, and one in San Francisco, September, 1899,—to secure an ideal, permanent plan for a home for the University of California. We are told that Mr. B. R. Maybeck, of the department of architecture of that University, has long had in

mind the splendid possibilities for such a plan for the site of the present disorganized group of buildings at Berkeley. Through the activity of Mr. Reinstein as regent, and through the generosity of Mrs. Phebe Hearst, it became possible to carry out his idea and to hold the Hearst Architectual Competition, which has been attended by such happy results.

It is interesting to read in full the history of this competition, the plans for equalizing the advantages for the competitors, the appointment of the international jury and the details of its work. At the first meeting at Antwerp, Belgium, ninety-eight plans were submitted. By a process of elimination this number was reduced to eleven,—three from Paris, one from Vienna, one from Zurich, five from New York and one from Boston. In San Francisco this fall it was announced that of these, the first prize had been awarded to Monsieur Bénard, of Paris.

Needless to say, pen pictures can in nowise do justice to the noble conception of Monsieur Bénard, but a glance at the view of the campus to-day, and then at the classic proportions of the ideal university, leaves us with a sense of his inspiration. The plan, which includes buildings for every department, from those for electric light, postal and telegraph service to the gymnasia, library and auditoriums, is made for a university of five thousand students. The architect chose for his detailed study the gymnasium. Indeed, the keynote of the French plans lies in the buildings for physical training. The splendid amphitheater for games and contests is one of the classic interests in his scheme. In the American plans the dormitories had often been the keynote, but in this accepted design they are scattered, so that students may live near the colleges in which they have the most work. In every detail, in fact, it seems that the splendid symmetry of the architecture is equalled by fitness to the practical needs of the University. It is remarkable with what keen satisfaction the friends of art and education are already looking upon this prospective university home.

EDITORIALS.

I.

In this number of the Magazine the Board of Editors announce an offer of prizes for short stories. It is our purpose, in making this offer, to stimulate, if possible, a more lively interest in short-story writing among undergraduate students. The eagerness with which the announcements of elective courses in English are awaited each spring, in the hope that a course in short-story writing may at last be offered, seems to indicate that all interest in the subject is not dead. But it is certain that whatever interest does exist needs sadly to be aroused. The degeneration of the college magazine story into a mere sketch, hastily thrown together while the printer calls for copy, is a matter which calls forth alarmed editorial comment almost every month in some one of our exchanges. This steady deterioration of college fiction seems almost inevitable here at Wellesley, where we have no impulse given to serious writing of stories by English courses designed to include training in such work. It must be a matter of regret to us that each year the prizes which the *Century Magazine* offers to college graduates for stories and for poetry go to other colleges, and a Wellesley name never appears in the list of the prize winners. In the face of the lethargy which has overtaken us the Magazine can hope to accomplish very little; but if it succeeds, by this offer of prizes, in awaking even a passing interest in the matter of short-story writing, the competition will have been to good purpose.

II.

The Barn Swallows, in their turn, are endeavoring to create an interest in original playwriting. At a recent meeting of the club the announcement of the prizes which the executive committee offers for short dramatic pieces suitable for a Barn Swallow entertainment was received with enthusiasm. It is unfortunate that we should have allowed our interest in the writing of little plays for our own amusement to sink to a low ebb. It was one of the fond hopes of the founders of the Barn Swallows that the character of the frequent meetings of the club would give some impetus to original work in this sort of composition. We have let slip our opportunities. With only one exception the most that we have done has been to make a few crude

dramatizations, and to content ourselves with them. There is almost no better training to be found than that which comes with practice in dramatic writing, where plot-interest and characterization must be presented in action and sustained dialogue, and where one's audience is a very real and responsive one. We hope that the enthusiasm which greeted the announcement of the competition will be carried into the actual writing of the plays themselves.

PRIZE OFFER.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE announces the following offer of prizes:—

1. For the best short story submitted, a prize of $10.

2. For the next best short story submitted, a prize of $5.

The competition is to be governed by the following conditions:—

1. The competition is open only to undergraduates.

2. All stories submitted must be sent through the mail to THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, on or before Tuesday, Jan. 16, 1900.

3. Stories for competition must be sent unsigned, but accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the title of the story and the author's name in full.

4. Stories for competition must contain no less than twelve hundred and no more than twenty-five hundred words.

5. The Board of Editors will decide upon the best four of the stories submitted. These four stories will be published anonymously in the February number of the MAGAZINE. An opportunity will then be given to the readers of the MAGAZINE to vote upon them. The story receiving the largest number of votes will be awarded the first prize, that receiving the next largest number the second prize.

6. The names of the prize winners will be announced in the March number of the MAGAZINE.

FREE PRESS.

I.

I SHOULD like to make an appeal to the seniors and juniors on the matter of chapel attendance. It is not upon the moral, but rather upon the æsthetic side of the question that I wish to lay especial stress, though there is undoubtedly much to be said upon the former score also. We all realize,

sometimes, that the singing would go far better if the voices were farther forward, where they could catch the leadership of the organ. Moreover, we cannot help feeling the general dreariness and emptiness of the place when the majority of attendants are over in the transepts, or back in the nave, and only a scattered few occupy the most prominent seats in the chapel. It lies with the seniors and juniors, then, to make or mar the beauty of the chapel service to a great extent. Can we not more fully realize our responsibility in this matter, and fulfill it better? 1900.

II.

A WORD to the seniors about attendance at chapel. Day after day the seats reserved for the seniors are but very sparsely filled. The fact is noticeable to anyone who attends at all regularly. We seniors, as a part of the College, are bound to support this part of the life. Whether we will or no we do set an example to others. Are not these two suggestions sufficient? Shall we not as a class attend chapel regularly?

EDNA L. SEWARD, 1900.

III.

THERE is one habit which is becoming altogether too general among us, especially in lecture appointments. It is the habit of taking the bell at the end of the hour as an invariable signal for bustling preparation to depart. We do this regardless of the fact that the lecturer may be giving us the rounding out of the thought she had begun the half minute before the bell. It is true that the bell ends the period for that appointment, and that the time should not be lengthened; but even though the time is prolonged unreasonably, respect demands that we should not take it upon ourselves to end the hour. Above all, we should not fail to give every instructor our courteous attention while she takes the fraction of a minute to finish her subject in hand. M. A. L.

IV.

ONE if not the very chiefest of the charms of life at college is its unconventionality. Even here, however, there are a few conventions we are all bound to respect. They may seem so trifling and trivial that compliance with them is neither necessary nor profitable. Yet they are the very things, the unwritten laws, as it were, to whose observance is due much of the dignity of

our life at Wellesley. One of these conventions has to do with the wearing of the cap and gown. This senior dress is, of course, strictly academic, and as such is most fitting when worn within the college grounds. But outside, in the village, it has no place, and loses its meaning. It seems worn for mere protection, and such a use is certainly no proper one.

One more subject we would mention. To those of us who have a love for the beauty of our college grounds, it seems a bit like desecration to use any parts of the grounds, other than the roads, for bicycling. The grounds must be used, and their use necessitates travel over them. But there is a fitness in walking on the grass that is entirely absent in riding over it. The observance of these conventions will do much, we think, to add to the dignity of our life without decreasing in the least its charm. 1901.

V.

WE all heard what President Eliot said concerning women's colleges. Perhaps we do not agree with this experienced educator on all points, but we are forced to acknowledge one fact: in the matter of class yells we certainly do try to imitate men's colleges. Yes, and we follow blindly, never stopping to ask whether the attempt at arousing thunder claps of cheers is consistent with our conception of the more attractive characteristics of the ideal end-of-the-century college girl. The musical Wellesley cheer is indeed most acceptable; when it comes to class yells the less said the better. We appeal to the promising Class of 1903 to consider taking a step in the right direction.

M.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

On the evening of October 26 the Christian Association held its first business meeting of the year. Ninety-five new members were received into the Association, including three members of the faculty, of whom President Hazard was one, one graduate student, three special students, two members of the Class of 1900, three members of 1901, twelve members of 1902, sixty-eight members of 1903 and three members of 1904.

Under the direction of the Committee on General Religious Work the Association has undertaken this year one entirely new branch of work.

It has instituted something in the nature of a bureau of exchange, through which those who seek employment of various kinds may find it, and to which those who wish "odd jobs" done may go for assistance. Clerical work, polishing of tea-kettles, putting on dress-braids and the like are some of the kinds of work with which this bureau will concern itself. It is hoped that the College at large will avail itself freely of the services of the bureau.

The Board of Directors of the Christian Association for the year 1899–1900 is as follows: President, Alice E. Harding, 1900; vice president, Pauline Sage, 1901; recording secretary, Edith C. Young, 1900; corresponding secretary, Chloe Curtis, 1900; treasurer, Frances F. Bussey, 1901; chairman Missionary Committee, Elizabeth N. Hume, 1900; chairman Temperance Committee, Ellen Hayes, Faculty; chairman Committee on General Religious Work, Susan E. Hall, 1901; chairman Devotional Committee, Helen A. Merrill, Faculty; chairman Reception Committee, Hannah Hume, 1900; chairman Bible Study Committee, Margaret F. Byington, 1900; chairman Mission Study Committee, Imogene M. Cook, 1900.

BOOK NOTES.

Henry Worthington, Idealist, by Margaret Sherwood. The Macmillan Co., 1899.

Wellesley people will count it a privilege and a rare pleasure to read Miss Sherwood's novel. Since they can proudly claim acquaintance with the author, as well as with her earlier work, they must take up the book with eager interest; and it is easy to predict that they will read it with increasing delight. That unaccountable disappointment which so often gathers like a dark cloud about us as we read a book written by some one we know, is here mercifully withheld. We even go so far as to forget the author for the sake of her story. It is, indeed, precisely because of this dominating power of the story that *Henry Worthington* must take its place far in advance of *An Experiment in Altruism*. The book has the prime merit of being interesting, and it gains in interest as one reads.

The secret of the story's power lies in the deft character drawing, and in the delicate adjustment of the characters to one another. The persons in

the book live; their relations are true and inevitable. The minor characters are not less clearly and boldly conceived than the hero and heroine, yet they remain carefully subordinated. How distinctly they all troup back to one's mind! There are Mrs. Appleton, and Professor Penrose, and sturdy, wise old Benedict Warren, and Gordon the complacent, who always wore clothes too large for him, and that fine scholar and gentleman, Professor Worthington; and perhaps best of all, there is Mary Burns, the shopgirl, kind, proud, merry, courageous, and at last desperate, as she walks the streets in her worn skirt braid and untidy shoes. I have said that these characters stand in true relations to one another. I must add that they seem, nevertheless, to be almost too independent in habit and demeanor. They are more distinct than people in real life. This impression is due partly to the method by which we come to know what they think of themselves, and partly to the fact that they are not made to react upon one another. In real life it is only the willfully eccentric people, like Benedict Warren, whose sharp corners are not rubbed off a little by contact with their fellows. In *Henry Worthington* almost everybody appears to be eccentric, and Professor Penrose is just saved from caricature by a clever appeal to our sympathy. The analysis is so acute that sometimes the characters seem to be over-individualized. Yet it is this very distinctness of character that lends a charming variety to the task, and brings out strong contrasts among social groups and individuals alike. Mrs. Appleton's academic dinner party gains added austerity by comparison with Gordon's glittering and silent meals, and both seem absurd when we remember the paper-bag luncheons of the shopgirls. The most interesting contrast in the book, however, is that between father and son and father and daughter. The passionate tenderness of Professor Worthington's love for his son is something to be grateful for in literature. The delicacy of this intimate sympathy is skillfully offset by the continued misunderstanding between Gordon and his daughter. The dominating power of paternal feeling in these two unlike men, and the hereditary traits seen so clearly in the son of the one and the daughter of the other, serve to strengthen one's appreciation of the depth and breadth of conception which inspired the book.

The clever working out of plot through the meeting of young Worthington with Annice Gordon gives opportunity for an idyllic love story

which, while remaining the love story of an idealist, has warm human passion in it. Indeed, it is just this humanity, this reality of Henry Worthington's struggle against the conventions he respected, the reality of Annice Gordon's spirited, if somewhat morbid, revolt against her father's plush chairs and self-complacent unconsciousness of dishonor, the reality of the love between these two young, very young, people, that forces one to attend to the story. This is not the place to indicate plot, or to comment on the right or wrong of our young idealist's decision. Wellesley readers will soon be discussing these points with clamorous interest. I can only beg every one to read this good story, which is, at the same time, so pregnant with thought on subjects in which we are all deeply interested. The plot, in its details, is a modern plot, belonging to our present decade; its resolution gives rise to problems economical, sociological and moral, which concern us all to-day. Yet while its thought on these grave questions is deep and genuine, *Henry Worthington, Idealist*, will appeal to most readers as first of all a fascinating tale of human experience, and only secondarily as a novel with a problem. G. L. C.

Janice Meredith, by Paul Leicester Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co., 1899.

And again a story of the American Revolution! Surely this is a pleasant and instructive device that so many of our modern writers are adopting,—this scheme of giving us our own history in attractive form. We thank them, but beg them not to forget all other forms of literary activity in their zeal for historical novel writing.

Janice Meredith gives us more fancy than fact. The design of the cover is an idea to the book. It shows a beautiful girl's face in a locket, with four swords crossed behind it, and a crown above the picture. In the book we find the same perspective, Janice herself occupying the foreground, with the locket,—the mystery of the story,—and the swords making a fitting background, or advancing boldly to the middle distance, but always surrendering the foreranks of interest to the colonial maiden. Perhaps to be more truly symbolic this design of the cover should have many more crossed swords to set off Mistress Meredith's face,—as many, at least, as she had suitors. But the one crown above the picture tells the sad tale that but one real choice is possible for even so vascillating a maiden as our heroine, and

to one brave soldier falls the prize,—if it takes over five hundred pages to bring it about. Are we wrong in expecting more than a love story and a mystery in Mr. Ford's book? On the answer to this question depends the attitude of our criticism. If we look for a second *Peter Sterling* in this new novel there is one thing of which we can be certain—we will be disappointed.

E. J. N.

The Literary Study of the Bible, by Richard G. Moulton. D. C. Heath & Co., 1899.

The general reader, as well as the biblical and literary student, will welcome heartily this revised and enlarged edition of Professor Moulton's interesting "Literary Study of the Bible." It comes to most people as a novelty, as Professor Moulton says in his preface, to hear that the Bible is made up of epics, lyrics, dramas and the like. It is due to this book of Professor Moulton's, and to his work in editing the *Modern Reader's Bible*, that, with literary students at least, this novelty has worn itself into an accepted tenet. "The morphological analysis of Scripture" is the purpose to which Dr. Moulton has applied himself with such success in this present work. It is, as it announces, "An account of the leading forms of literature represented in the sacred writings;" and its underlying principle is that "a clear grasp of the outer literary form is an essential guide to the inner matter and spirit."

In the present edition the order of the six books, into which the discussion falls, has been altered somewhat, and the matter of the first two books, which have to do with the first principles of biblical literature and the lyric poetry of the Bible, have been recast to good purpose. The old appendices have been considerably revised, and in an entirely new one (III.) Dr. Moulton has made an interesting attempt to reduce to a definite system biblical versification, with all its elaborations.

The easy style in which the book is written, the absence of formidable technicalities, and the masterly way in which Dr. Moulton treats his subject, will recommend it to a wide audience of readers, who will find the book full of deep spiritual suggestion as well as of literary interest.

M. G. G.

How to Swim, by Capt. Davis Dalton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1899.

In this little book Captain Dalton, of the United States Life-Saving Corps, gives a very clear description of the way to learn to swim, to do rapid and fancy swimming, rescue and resuscitate those half drowned, etc. The book although not claiming rivalry with personal instruction, will yet be found helpful to beginners or to those who wish to improve their strokes. Its best feature is its simplicity; the directions are clear and easily followed; the accompanying illustrations are satisfactory. Altogether there is much good, practical suggestion, and we should say that as an athletic text-book Professor Dalton's little treatise eminently fulfills its mission.

It is interesting to note that the *Zeitschrift d. Physiologie u. Psychologie d. Sinnesorgane* concludes a notice of "Short Studies in Memory and in Association from the Wellesley College Psychology Laboratory," with the observation that the report "offers an interesting suggestion to the teacher of psychology."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Macmillan Co. *Henry Worthington, Idealist*, by Margaret Sherwood.

Reprint from *The Psychological Review, Attributes of Sensation*, by Mary Whiton Calkins.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. *How to Swim*, by Capt. Davis Dalton.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. *The Literary Study of the Bible*, by Richard G. Moulton. Revised and partly rewritten.

Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston. *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and other poems, by Lowell. Edited by Ellen A. Vinton. *Evangeline*, by Longfellow. Edited by Agnes Lathe.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. *Janice Meredith*, by Paul Leicester Ford.

BOOKS RECENTLY ADDED TO THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Handbook of Greek Sculpture. E. A. Gardner.

Century Cyclopædia of Names.

History of England. Spencer Walpole.

History of the City of Rome. Ferd. Gregorovius.
Poems by the Way. William Morris.
New Essays Toward a Critical Method. J. M. Robertson.
Dryden's Works. Revised by Professor Saintsbury.
Pepy's Diary. Edited by Wheatley.
Les Origines de la Poesie Lyrique en France. Alfred Jeanboy.
Zur Kunstentwicklung der Englischen Tragödie. Rudolf Fischer.
Luther's Works.
Shakespeare vom Standpundte der Vergleichenden Litteraturgeschichte. W. Wetz.
Studies in Dante. E. Moore.
Italy and Her Invaders. T. Hodgkin.
Studies in Song. A. C. Swinburne.
La Fin du Paganisme. Gaston Boissier.
How to Write Fiction. Anonymous.
The Life of Richard Cobden. John Morley.
Mediæval Europe. Ephraim Emerton.
The Life and Letters of Paul. Lyman Abbott.
The Life of Henry Drummond. Geo. Adam Smith.
Wagner and His Works. Henry T. Finck.
Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars. John Healy.

ART NOTES.

WHISTLER'S PAINTINGS IN THE BOSTON ART MUSEUM.

THE recent stir of interest in the work of James Whistler has awakened us to the fact that we may at least enjoy the three paintings of his which are to be found in the Boston Art Museum. These comprise a marine and two portraits. The marine is small and very simply treated, giving the impression of the limitless depth and expanse of the sea, rather than that of sparkling light and color. Harmonizing with the clear, deep bluish-green of the water and the line of light along the horizon, are the warm, delicate tints of rose and lavender glowing from the clouds which drift across the cool gray sky.

Of the two portraits, "The Blacksmith" is less pleasing at a casual glance, for there seems to be in it almost an entire lack of color. A little study, however, reveals the most delightful combinations of grayish greens and browns, darkening into dusky olive and black. "The Blacksmith" looks out at us across his folded arms with stern, quiet self-reliance,—indeed, the whole atmosphere of the picture is one of unobtrusive strength.

The last, a portrait of "Little Rose," is a charming study in child-life. The small subject meets your eyes with a direct, sober, unaffected gaze, whose innocence is intensified by the curves of the childish mouth. Her soft brown hair, without any gleam of light and shade, falls straight down at the sides of the face. The tender flesh tints are brought out by the dull red of apron and background.

These two pictures are very good examples of Whistler's general method in portrait painting. The colors are light and dry, there is no shine or gloss of oil, no intensely black shadows or exaggerated high lights. The paint is so delicately and gradually put on, layer by layer, that no trace of brush-work is to be discovered. Unlike a number of the modern painters, Whistler does not aim to make his figures stand out boldly from the canvas; he prefers to let them sink back behind the frame. Here they look out upon the beholder as from a window, secure in their quiet atmosphere of harmony and refinement.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

THE recent choir movement in our own College strikes an answering chord in other college circles. Yale proudly announces that her choir is to be a vested one this year, and that a new vestiary, directly opposite the chapel, is now being furnished. We can offer congratulations to Yale and our sympathy to Princeton, struggling under some of the same difficulties in forming her choir that confront us in our own attempts in that line. She appeals for a heartier response to the first call of the musical organizations. However, she may find some solace for such troubles in the gift of Mr. William Dulles, Jr., Princeton, '78, who bestows $1,500 toward advancing the musical interests of the university. Besides her musical welfare Princeton's other interests are being cared for by her alumni. Mr. Henry Little,

of the class of '44, has generously provided for the establishment of a public lecture course on current topics. Ex-President Cleveland has consented to deliver the first lecture in the course during the coming year.

We await with interest the result of the Conference on Intercollegiate Debating, which was to be held this month at Yale, by representatives of Princeton, Yale and Harvard. There has been considerable criticism, during the past, of the management of debates. The debaters themselves, as well as their partisans, have felt that there was distinct need of an established standard by which the judges could render their decision. Any such settled regulation demanded the settling of several questions: "Shall the merits of the question have any weight in the final decision, or shall the merits of the speakers be deemed of more importance? Shall the material set forth count equal with its exposition, or shall one overbalance the other?" And also, "Of how much importance is mere oratorical power?" It is hoped that the conferences on debating will lead to a definite agreement with regard to these points, which shall govern all intercollegiate debates.

EXCHANGES.

THE best essays of the month are to be found in the *Yale Literary Magazine*. The writer of Ibsen's "Master Builder" treats with a singular appreciation the subtle anti-materialistic work of Ibsen. An article on "Théophile Gautier" brings out finely the materialism of the poet's nature and his creed of æsthetics.

The stories of the Exchange are more than usually varied in kind,—tragic, fantastic, romantic, clever, humorous, morbid,—some with originality of conceit or treatment, and a few that are simply and strongly told; such a one, for instance, as "Pierre's Mountains," in the *Harvard Advocate*. The plot of "La Mère Houdin," in the same magazine, fits almost too closely its model, "La Mère Sauvage."

The *Vassar Miscellany* has some well-written fiction. The "Haunted Tarn" is a story full of original fancy.

The season of the year is the chief inspiration of the verse. Autumn is treated somewhat to the exclusion of other subjects. But a sonnet of the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly* is worth notice.

FRANCE.

Almost I charge thee with all villainy,
  O France, and yet thy history, all as crook'd
  And jagged as the lightning's course, hath look'd
Aflash with lightning's glory; but for thee,
Though men deplore, no final hate can be;
  Thou compassest the antipodes of good
  And bad. Although the world aloof hath stood,
Not once, nor twice, nor thrice, contemptuously,
Shunning thy baseness, thou hast wooed it back.
  There is a siren charm about thee yet;
  We scorn, we look again, and we forget.
Yea, we forget and dream that still the black
  Of centuries shall be whitened in an hour,
  And virtue triumph o'er thy natural dower.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Oct. 8.—Rev. Judson Smith, of Boston, conducted the usual morning and vesper services in the Houghton Chapel.

Oct. 9.—At 7.30, in the College Hall chapel, Mrs. Blattner gave a very interesting lecture, illustrated by stereopticon views. Her subject was "Landscape in Art."

Oct. 13.—The Class of 1901 elected the following officers for the year 1899–1900: President, Margaret Mills; vice president, Catharine Dwight; recording secretary, Elizabeth Fernald; corresponding secretary, Marian Cooke; treasurer, Minnie Pappenheimer; executive committee, Susan Hall, Auguste Helmholtz, Louise Williams; factotums, Bertha Doane, Bertha Batting; member of executive board of athletic association, Emma Seward.

Oct. 14.—The annual athlectic rally took the place of the Barn-Swallow meeting. The president, Miss Helmholtz, gave a short address of welcome, and Miss Woolley spoke of athletics from the standpoint of the Faculty. An innovation this year was the giving of tableaux representing the various sports, instead of having the usual speeches. All the odd moments were occupied by dancing.

Oct. 15.—In the absence of any clergyman Miss Hazard conducted the morning service in the Chapel. At vespers Canon H. D. Rawnsley, of England, preached.

Oct. 16.—In the morning Canon Rawnsley spoke on "Wordsworth and the Wordsworth Country" in the Horsford parlor. At 7.30, in the College Hall Chapel, Mr. Frank Chapman, the well-known bird student, lectured.

Oct. 19.—The officers of the Class of 1900 were elected as follows: Vice president, A. E. Chase; recording secretary, Caroline Locke; corresponding secretary, Chloe Curtis; treasurer, Oriana Hall; executive committee, Mary Rockwell, Elizabeth Towle, Nina Poor; factotums, Agnes Fairlie, Lelia Eaton; athletic association member, Edith Moore.

Oct. 20.—The Sophomore elections were: President, Frances Hughes; vice president, Mae Rice; corresponding secretary, Jessie Hutsinpillar; recording secretary, Bessie Manwaring; treasurer, Clara Lorenzon; executive committee, Jessie Burnham, Constance Draper, Amy Adams; factotums, Jean Gregory, Agnes Brown; athletic association member, Gertrude Foster.

Oct. 21.—The Sophomore reception given to 1903 by 1902 took the form of a German. The efficient carrying out of the plans and the success of the dance were due in great measure to Miss Ethel Sanborn, the leader of the various figures.

Oct. 22.—At eleven o'clock, in the Houghton Chapel, Prof. B. W. Bacon, of Yale, preached. The evening service was given over to the delegation of Hawaians, who were present and made speeches in Hawaian.

Oct. 23.—Professor Wright, of Harvard, lectured on Botticelli's picture of Calumny, and gave his conception of the lost picture of Apelles. Stereopticon views made the lecture doubly interesting. The Art Department gave a reception to Professor and Mrs. Wright in the faculty parlor later in the evening.

Oct. 25.—The first meeting of the Philosophy Club was held in the Horsford Parlor. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Miss Ethel Bowman, president; Miss Case, vice president; Miss Edna Seward, secretary and treasurer.

Oct. 27.—The officers of the College Settlement Chapter are: Faculty vice president, Miss Bowen; Senior vice president, Margaret Coleman; Junior

vice president, Mary Smith; Sophomore, May Matthews; Freshman, Miss Crombie; secretary and treasurer, Sara Tomkins; librarian, Elizabeth Fernald.

Oct. 28.—The "Smith Family" was the Barn Swallow entertainment. Miss Poor, 1900, was the manager, and Miss Sylvester the accompanist. The following girls took part:—

Miss Walker, 1900	Pa Smith.
Miss Luff, 1903	Ma Smith.
Miss Donner, 1901	Sissy Smith.
Miss Raymond, 1903	Sonny Smith.
Miss Wheeler, 1902	Bubby Smith.
Miss McCrellish, 1902	Infant Prodigy.
Miss McCaulley, 1901	Widow Smith.
Miss Franc Foote	Uncle John.

The success of the evening was due in great part to Miss Alice Chase, 1900, who was chairman of the committee.

The evening's entertainment was preceded by a business meeting, in which an amendment to the constitution was offered, proposing that meetings shall occur every three weeks instead of fortnightly. At the close of the business meeting Miss Schoellkopf announced the offer of two prizes for short original plays.

Oct. 29.—The Rev. Mr. Webb preached in the morning. Miss Davies, of the Philadelphia College Settlement, spoke in the evening.

Oct. 30.—The first meeting of the Wagner Club was held in the College Hall Chapel. It was an open meeting, to which all members of the College were invited. Fraulein Müller gave the lecture, "A Pilgrimage to Bayreuth," and musical selections from Wagner's operas and the overture to Tannhäuser were played by Fraulein Müller, Miss Sylvester, and Miss Bogart.

SOCIETY NOTES.

[NOTE.—The secretaries of the several societies are reminded that all notices of meetings must be sent to the Magazine on or before the 25th of each month, if the matter is to be printed in the next month's issue of the Magazine.]

The regular monthly programme meeting of Alpha Kappa Chi was held in Elocution Hall, Saturday evening, October 14. A paper on "Beginnings

of Roman Literature" was given by Miss Fletcher, as an introduction to the year's work.

On Saturday evening, October 14, at the first meeting of Society Zeta Alpha, the following members were initiated: Miss Julia Park, 1901; Miss Alden, Miss Faber, Miss Forbes, Miss Grover, Miss Henning, Miss Ihlder and Miss Libby, of 1902. Among the alumnæ members present were Mrs. Emily Brown Preston, '95; Miss Barrows, '91; Miss Willis, '96; Miss Howland, '97; Miss Gordon, '97; Miss Hayward, '98, and the Misses Breed, Cady, Coonley, Tewksbury and Read, of '99.

On Saturday evening, October 28, at a regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Fraternity, the following programme was presented:—

A standard by which to judge the American Short Story.

1. History of the Short Story . . Miss Gordon.
2. French Stories of de Maupassant . Miss Anderson.
3. Reading from Kipling . . . Miss Abercrombie.
4. Music . . . . . Miss Anderson.
5. Objective Treatment in Stevenson's Stories . . . . . Miss Hemingway.
6. Reading of "The Rebound" . . Miss Sperry.

At the first meeting of the Agora, on Saturday evening, October 7, the following members were initiated: Caroline Locke, 1900; Mayannah Woodward, 1901; Mary Brooks, Mary Brown, Jane Button, Rachel Haines, Jessie Hutsinpillar, Ethel Noyes and Annie Stocking, of 1902.

At the meeting of Tau Zeta Epsilon, held Saturday evening, October 28, the following programme was given:—

I. Music . . . . . Clara Lorenzen.
II. Survey of American Art to 1825 . Jessie Cameron.
Pictures Studied.
1. Death of Wolfe (West).
2. Portraits of Gilbert Stuart.
3. Historical Paintings of Trumbull.
4. Religious Paintings of Washington Allston.
5. Genre Paintings of Inman.

III. Survey of American Art from 1825 to the Present Day . . . . Edith J. Norcross.
Schools of Painting Considered.
1. Landscape School of Thomas Cole.
2. French-American School of Inness and La Farge.
3. Marine Paintings of Hamilton.
4. Animal Paintings of Hinkley and Beard.
5. Genre Paintings of Sargeant, Blashfield, Thayer, Vedder.

IV. Music . . . . . Mabelle C. Phillips.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT NOTES.

DENISON HOUSE.

THE work of the clubs and classes of Denison House is just beginning. Miss Spaulding, a graduate of Wellesley, the assistant head worker, has started sixteen clubs for boys and girls from ten years old upward. Miss Druley has charge of six clubs of younger children. The value of manual training is emphasized more than ever in this club work. The children will be taught Sloyd, clay modeling, leather work, chip carving, drawing, cooking and sewing. A new room for Sloyd is being fitted up in the next House. Physical culture will be taught by Miss Farmer, a resident of the settlement, who has had seven years' hospital and nursing experience, and is now studying at the Boston Normal Gymnasium. There will also be Reading and History clubs and two large groups of children in Kitchen Garden.

The Katherine Club of older girls continues to meet with Miss Withington, and the members of the Boys' Dramatic Club are rehearsing the play of "Damon and Pythias," which they hope to present this fall.

The opening meeting of College Extension classes was held October 23. The English classes, as usual, are most popular. Miss Drake, a graduate of Smith, will teach a class in English novels and composition. Miss Scripture, of Radcliffe, will teach a Shakespeare class, and Miss Fellows, of Radcliffe, will continue with her Chaucer class. Elocution is to be taught

by Miss Palmer, of Boston University, and the Travel class will be guided through Paris and some of the French cathedral towns by Miss Lovett, of Radcliffe. Miss Drew will continue with the Art class.

Four evening cooking classes have been formed, and the embroidery class promises to be full to overflowing as usual.

The College Settlement notes with pleasure a steady increase in the registration for these classes from year to year. The majority of the teachers are college graduates. Their aim is to offer instruction in elementary subjects to people deficient in early education, and also to extend to those whose occupation keeps them busy by day, some of the delightful privileges of the enjoyment of literature and art. At the end of the year certificates for faithful attendance are awarded; these certificates also make an honorable mention in cases where a certain amount of reading or study has been accomplished outside of the class room.

A Social Science Club is to be formed, composed of residents and some of the most thoughtful girls, under the leadership of Mr. Woodworth, who has studied in Berlin, and has lived at Toynbee Hall, London.

On Saturday, October 28, the electoral meeting of the College Settlements' Association was held at Denison House.

On Monday, October 30, there was a public meeting at Copley Hall, which was addressed by President Hazard of Wellesley, Professor Nash of Cambridge, and the head workers of the New York, Philadelphia and Boston Settlements.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Dr. Julia Bissell, '86, is now rapidly recovering from the illness that was recorded in the October number of the Magazine.

Miss Harriet Constantine, '89, is teaching in one of the Annexes of the mixed High School, 144th Street and Mott Avenue, New York City. Her address for the winter is 33 West 130th Street.

Miss Grace Andrews, '89, is studying at Columbia University.

The present address of Mrs. Edwin S. Martin (Hora Hall, '91) is Suffolk Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maude W. Straight, '92, to Mr. Albert Pruden Carman, Professor of Physics at the University of Illinois.

Miss Grace Rickey, '93, is doing graduate work at the college this year.

Miss Clara Count, '93, is teaching English in the Brockton (Mass.) High School.

Miss Florence Converse, '93, author of "Diana Victrix" and some short stories, is teaching English Literature at Dana Hall and editing one of the departments of *The Churchman*. Her second novel is now in the hands of the publishers.

Miss Jane K. Weatherlow, '91, Miss Antoinette Bigelow, '93, and Miss Gertrude Angell, '94, are teaching respectively English Literature, English and Mathematics in the Buffalo Seminary, Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Theodora Skidmore, '94, is still at Northfield. She is this year at the head of Weston Hall.

Miss Emma Christy Brooks, '95, has entered the Library School at Albany, N. Y.

Miss Sarah Weed, '95, and Miss Elizabeth Hardee, '94, are spending the winter together in Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Josephine E. Thorpe, '95, is in Dallas, Texas, preparing a student for Wellesley. She may be addressed in care of Mrs. Gano, with Gano, Gano, Gano.

Miss Annie E. Cobb, '96, is teaching Greek and Latin at Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga. Miss Julia A. Ellis, '84, is also teaching there; and Miss Mary L. Dodd, '98, is the corresponding secretary of the institution.

Miss Virginia Sherwood, '96, and Miss Florence Painter, '97, have opened a small school in Scranton, Pa.

Miss Isabel Fiske, '96, has returned from Europe, and is living at home in Wellesley Hills.

Miss Josephine Batchelder, '96, Miss Mary Hefferan, '96, and Miss Nellie Auten, '98, are registered for advanced study at the University of Chicago.

Miss Harriet H. Brown, '97, is teaching German and English in the High School, Plymouth, Mass.

Miss Lillian F. Haines, '97, is studying at the State Normal School, Plymouth, N. H.

Miss Alice Sherburne, '97, is teaching at Science Hill, Shelbyville, Ky.

Miss Miriam Hathaway, '97, has returned to her position as head of the Mathematics Department in Red Springs Seminary, Red Springs, N. C.

Miss Helen Chandler, '97, sailed for India, October 18, to engage in missionary work.

Miss Mary Hamblet, '98, is teaching at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Edith Ames, '98, has charge of the Preparatory Department of Red Springs Seminary, Red Springs, N. C.

Miss Grace I. Post, '98, is teaching English, Chemistry and Biology in the Sioux Falls High School, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Miss Ruth Goodwin, '98, is not teaching this winter, but living at home in Greenwich, N. J.

Miss Edna Sanderson, '99, Miss Alice L. Smith, '99, and Miss Mabel E. Leonard, '99, are studying at the State Normal School, Albany, N. Y.

Miss Louise Sturtevant, '99, has entered the Medical School of Boston University.

Miss Alice Mason Reeve, '99, is at home this winter in Camden, N. J., where she is doing College Settlement work.

Miss Ethel Hubbard, '99, is living at home in Wellesley.

Miss Grace Cook, '99, and Miss Grace Andrews, '99, are registered as graduate students at the College this winter.

MARRIAGES.

Elder–Morse.—In Foxboro, Mass., October 10, 1899, Miss Mabel Ernestine Morse, '99, to Mr. Albert Henry Elder.

Saylor–Ransom.—In Buffalo, N. Y., October 11, 1899, Miss Martha Louie Ransom, formerly of '98, to Dr. Edwin Stanton Saylor. At home, after January 1, 1900, at 1602 North 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHAMBERLIN–BIXBY.—In Concord, Mass., October 19, 1899, Miss Anne Locke Bixby, '98, to Dr. Theodore Chamberlin. At home, after November 1, 1899, Concord, Mass.

LEAVENS–BRIGGS.—In Pawtucket, R. I., October 24, 1899, Miss Jenny Sherman Briggs, '95, to Mr. George Davison Leavens.

BIRTHS.

In Three Oaks, Mich., June 16, 1899, a son, Allen Owen, to Mrs. Opal Watson Gordon, '95.

DEATHS.

In June, 1899, at Fort Fairfield, Maine, Rev. Earl B. Wood, husband of Maude Ware Wood, '92.

On October 16, 1899, at Columbus, Ohio, Edward Orton, Ph.D., LL.D., father of Mary Orton, '91, and Louise Orton, '99.

On October 13, 1899, at Saco, Maine, Mrs. Wm. Emery, mother of Sara Sumner Emery, '98.

On October 19, 1899, at Portland, Maine, Mrs. B. P. Laughlin, mother of Gail Laughlin, '94.

GEMS OF THE MONTH.

Messrs TIFFANY & CO. have issued a brochure on NATAL STONES, in which are treated:

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Martha G. McCaulley, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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GIVE US REST.*

Whether I wander thro' fair Wellesley's wood,
  Or seek Bryn Mawr's stone sanctuary gate,
  Or Barnard, sharer of Columbia's state,
Or Harvard's unassuming sisterhood,
I find one voice; one presence seems to brood
  Above the gathered scholars; one estate
  Held queenly; on the throne one potentate,—
One sympathetic heart that seeks all good.
Ah, gentle maidens, who one day shall be
  The tender mothers of a happier time,
    When men shall rest and watch their children play,
To you is given the power to set slaves free,
  Unbind our yoke, and with your calm sublime
    Hold back the wheel of Mammon swift to sway.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

* This sonnet on the four American colleges for women in which he was most interested, was written by Canon Rawnsley shortly before he sailed for England, and was sent by him to Miss Hazard, who has kindly given THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE permission to publish it.

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JOE.

NIGHT was coming on in the Hungarian quarter. The black letters on the white sign over the clubroom door could be only faintly distinguished. Across the river, low along the horizon, stretched long ribbons of angry red. In the south against the dark velvet of the sky hung the curve of the new moon. The air was crisply cold. A small boy on the steps of the clubhouse shrugged his shoulders until they touched his ears, and then beat his hands upon the nearest post to warm them. Every now and then he looked longingly toward the lighted window. Through a hole in the curtain he could see into the room.

It was comfortless enough with its bare, unpainted floor, its hard wooden benches, its tiny, wheezy melodeon, its soiled white walls, broken by patches of gaudy color where the pictures illustrative of Bible stories hung. But to Joe there was a red glow in the door of the little stove which meant warmth, and there was also—Miss Millaird.

The light from the hanging kerosene lamp struck full upon her as she sat leaning eagerly forward, a glow in her cheeks and a soft "shine" in her eyes, which Joe knew meant the deepest interest in what she was saying. The boys were sitting round her in a circle, their eyes fixed on hers, and their usually stolid little faces reflecting her animation. Israel, the Jew, was working his mouth sympathetically from side to side as she talked; his black, beady eyes softened for a moment as he listened. Steve sat with a half-eaten apple arrested in its progress to his mouth, and a rapt, intent expression on his face. Joe giggled. "Wish I could knock it outer his han'," he whispered. Then his eyes grew wistful again. Miss Millaird was talking rapidly, turning from one to another of the boys, now and then throwing out her hands in a pretty gesture of impatience as the words failed her. Joe gazed at her hungrily, and his face grew hard. "I'm goin', anyway," he muttered.

He opened the door and stumbled in with a defiant air. The boys looked around resentfully at the interruption.

"Shut up, Joe Cardish; you make too much noise!" one said angrily, as Joe clattered into a seat.

"Shut up yourself," Joe returned, doggedly, evading Miss Millaird's eyes.

"Take off your hat, then," growled Steve, taking the delayed bite out of his apple and shying the core at Joe.

Joe ducked to avoid the core, caught it nimbly as it passed, and was about to return it with vigor when Miss Millaird interposed.

"Joe, drop that core and take off your cap. Steve, if you throw anything again you must go right out of the room. Boys, shall we let Joe stay?"

"You said he couldn't last week, Miss Millaird," said Steve.

"No;" "Yes;" "No;" "Aw, let 'em stay; we'll put 'em out if he ain't still;" "It's Christmas Eve; let 'em stay," came from one and another of the boys.

"Very well, you may stay, Joe; but remember, you must be quiet. Where were we?"

"It was de kings," shouted one. "Wid de smelling t'ings and de gold," eagerly put in another. "And de comet," added a third.

"O yes. Well, these three kings saw the great burning star just as the shepherds had, but they knew what it was. They knew if they followed it they would find the One they had sought for so long. So they urged on their tired camels and hastened forward through the night, following the shining white path which the star made for them across the hills and valleys. And by and by they came to a little town under one of the hills, and the star seemed to stop. They hurried through the silent, sleeping streets, and there, at one end of the town, directly under the star, they saw a faint light glowing. It came from some torches at the entrance to a cave cut out from the hill itself. Within the cave was a gray-bearded man, and in one corner lay a woman with a tiny new baby——"

"Huh, I knowed that story," broke in Joe; "I heard it before. Tell anudder."

"Shut up," said Steve again, without taking his eyes from Miss Millaird's face.

"The three kings dismounted from their camels and ——"

"I knowed dat; tell anudder," repeated Joe, drumming with a stick on the back of Miss Millaird's chair.

"Joe," she said, warningly, "remember what we said." Then turning to the boys again, she went on, "They entered the cave, and kneeling down before the baby they——"

She stopped short. Joe was crouching down behind her chair. His face had grown low and wicked; his half-shut eyes gleamed dangerously. From between his closed teeth came an insinuating, long-drawn-out catlike whine.

The boys responded with an answering growl, which grew threateningly louder: "Put 'em out!" "Get out, Joe Cardish!" "Lemme shove him out, Miss M'la'rd!"

She raised her voice: "Keep quiet, boys. Joe, leave the room."

Joe sprang up, his eyes aflame, his little brown face distorted with fury. "I won't!" he screamed, stamping with all his might on the floor, but edging slowly toward the door. He opened it with a jerk, flung himself out, and, turning, stamped once more furiously and screamed at the top of his lungs. Then he banged the door behind him. Once outside he lifted the lid of a letter box, which was let into the door panel, and shouted through it a volley of threatening Hungarian.

The boys listened aghast for a moment, and then Steve, with an expression of shocked virtue, said: "He's swearin' at yer an' callin' yer awful names, Miss M'la'rd. Shall I tell yer what he says?"

"No, Stevie," she answered, wearily; "I don't want to know. But I'm afraid we can't finish the story to-day. I will tell you the rest next time. That was almost all, anyway."

The boys looked disappointed. "Huh," said Israel, "that warn't much for 'em to see. We got a new baby to our house."

"This were a different kind, though, weren't it, Miss M'la'rd?" A pale boy with a huge forehead, who had not before spoken, asked this question.

"I don't know—yes, Andrew," she answered. "Good-night, boys; shake hands, and a merry Christmas to you all."

They crowded round her, thrusting out dirty, chilblained little hands for her to shake, then rammed on their ragged caps and tumbled over one another out of the door.

It was dark when Miss Millaird started home. Steve and Andrew walked a little way, but soon dropped off, shouting "Merry Christmas" as they turned down a side alley.

She hurried on alone. From one side of the street, lined with characterless, unpainted wooden houses arrayed in blocks, flashed now and then a ray of light across her path as some door opened and shut to let in a late home-comer. On each corner was a brilliantly lighted saloon. Groups of men hung around the doors, and stared curiously at her as she passed.

On the other side of the street lay the sluggish river, its dark surface glistening with countless tiny stars. Now and then a long, glittering tongue of flame shot down into its depths, reflected from the electric lights on the other side. Between the street and the river stretched the railroad embankment, the long, polished rails starting out of the darkness as the light from a saloon fell across them.

Helen quickened her step. It was late, and the air was growing uncomfortably cold. As she turned a corner a small figure came hesitatingly toward her.

"How do, Miss Helen," a sweet voice said timidly, and a thin little face peered up at the girl from the folds of a huge shawl.

"Why, Sophie, it is too cold for you to be out to-night. What are you carrying?" She touched a misshapen bundle in the child's arms as she spoke.

"It's the baby, Miss Helen; she's sick. Do you want to see her?" and she started to turn back the shawl.

"No, no." Helen put out a detaining hand. "The night air isn't good for her. Why did you bring her out?"

"I wanted to see you, Miss Helen." The face was wistful and the voice pleading.

"And I'm glad I met you, dear. But you must hurry in now. I will try to come to see your mother to-morrow. No, to-morrow is Christmas—the next day, then. Don't forget the girl's club on Saturday! Good-by."

"Good-by, Miss Helen." The child flashed back an answering smile, and was lost in the shadows.

Helen turned and started on again. One of the shadows, a diminutive one, detached itself from the rest and moved after her. Then it stopped a second, crossed the street, and mounting the railroad embankment ran along the ties until it was parallel with her. The little figure, dimly silhouetted against the lights beyond the river, kept swiftly and silently abreast of the girl as she passed rapidly down the long street. Once it stumbled and nearly

fell, but regained its balance. After that it limped a little, but still followed. Finally she turned from the river street into one at right angles with it. The shadow stopped.

"G'night, Miss M'la'rd." The voice was muffled and shamed, but Helen heard it. She turned quickly, in time to see something dodge behind a dimly outlined telegraph pole.

"Joe," she called; "Joe, is that you?" There was no answer, and she could see nothing clearly in the darkness. "Joe, will you walk home with me a little way?"

A pause followed, and then the shadow slipped from the shelter of the pole and moved slowly toward her. She started to walk on and it followed, keeping just off the sidewalk in the gutter.

"I heard that story, Miss M'la'rd,"—the voice had a defiant ring now. "Miss Blake, she told us that in school 'bout Jesus. He was borned different from me. My mudder, she went down to de river when de tide were out and picked me outer de mud. Dat was how I was borned. Everything was borned dat way. But Jesus, he borned hisself. Miss Blake, she told me so."

Like many others, Joe had regained confidence with speech. He stepped out of the gutter and trotted along by Helen's side. She looked down at him curiously. She was vaguely conscious of a re-establishment of the college habit of analysis. That was an odd superstition—that of the child left in the mud by the tide. Whence had it arisen? Could it have any connection with the Moses in the bulrushes story? For a moment Joe was only an interesting specimen that had suddenly shown a new phase of development. Then she noticed his uneven step, and he was Joe again,—her worst, most unmanageable boy.

"Have you hurt yourself, Joe?" she asked, stopping him under a lamp and looking down at his feet. The sole of one shoe was loose, and flapped as he walked. The upper part was torn away, leaving five bare toes—one of them much swollen—exposed to the keen air.

"O Joe, I am so sorry!" He shook off her hand, and hopped along on one foot, wagging the other in front of him to show that it felt all right.

"Wait a moment, Joe; I want to speak to you. To-morrow is Christmas, you know; I shouldn't wonder if Santa Claus would bring you some shoes for a Christmas present. Would you like that?"

"Ain't dat a long string?" Joe answered irrelevantly, pulling one from his pocket and holding the ends as far apart as his arms would reach. A key dangled at one end.

"Why, what is that?" Helen asked.

"My house," Joe responded briefly.

"Your house?" Helen looked at him in surprise.

"My mudder, she have a key an' I have a key. My mudder, she work all day an' don' come home till late."

On the street all day, and he was only six years old! Helen's heart swelled within her. No wonder he fought and swore so that even the other boys shunned him.

She stopped at the corner. "You must go back now, Joe," she said. "But I want to ask you something first. Would you give me a Christmas present if you could?"

"Ain't got nothings," Joe said, balancing himself on the curbstone.

"But you would if you could, wouldn't you? And you can. Listen: you know why the other boys don't like you. You fought Danny last week and made his nose bleed, so we said you couldn't come to-day. And to-day, when we let you in because it was Christmas Eve, you interrupted and spoilt our story and had to be put out. I am the only one who stands up for you, Joe, and I want you to show the other boys that I am not mistaken when I do it. Joe, I want you to give me *yourself*."

She stopped a moment. Joe was scratching vigorously in the gutter for something or other. Yet Helen thought he was listening, and she went on. "You mustn't fight or swear if you are my boy, Joe. You mustn't tease the girls, or throw stones at the babies, or make fun of the mothers. You must be the kind of boy you are Sundays when your mother is at home, or at the club when I am there. Will you give me that Christmas present, Joe?"

Joe lifted his head excitedly from the gutter. "See, Miss M'la'rd, I found a cent!" He held up a silver quarter. The light from the arc lamp had caught its bright surface, and Joe's quick eyes had perceived the glitter.

Helen looked at him despairingly. "Good-night, Joe," she said, holding out her hand.

Joe thrust his fist still tightly closed over the quarter into hers. "G'night, Miss M'la'rd," he said.

That evening Helen curled herself into the big chair before the open fire.

"Are you tired, dear?" her mother said, touching the soft hair just above the forehead.

"A little. I want to think. I don't believe I will go out with you to-night, mammy."

A shade came into her mother's eyes. "I wish you wouldn't go down among those Hungarians so much, dear; they tire you, and, besides, I don't think it's quite hygienic."

Helen laughed a little, looking fondly up into the troubled face. "I don't believe it is either, mammy. But, when you come to think of it, what is? It is a choice between hygiene for the body and hygiene for the soul. You can't seem to get both together." She finished with her eyes fixed musingly on the fire.

"You're a queer child, Helen;" and Mrs. Millaird sighed a soft, well-bred sigh, and rustled gently away.

The room seemed a little haven of peace after the clamor of the street. The only light came from the driftwood fire, and this half hid, half revealed the soft silken hangings, the few rare paintings on the walls, the calf-bound books in the cases between and beneath the windows. A single cluster of roses in a slender emerald-colored vase filled the room with a subtly sweet fragrance. Before the fire stretched a white bear-skin rug with a stuffed head. Helen slid down from her chair upon this rug, and folding her arms against the head laid her cheek down upon them and gazed into the fire.

After all, wasn't her mother right? Why should she spend time in that sordidly wretched quarter of the city playing for an hour or more with those boys? Miserable, misshapen little creatures they were, some of them, with abnormally developed skulls, or repulsive open sores on hands or faces. They were so dirty, too. She looked down at her right hand with an expression of fastidious disgust. She had helped Danny when his nose bled after Joe's assault. She rubbed her hand instinctively against her skirt and then laughed. "Lady Macbeth up to date," she thought. She snuggled down closer into the rug. The soft fur caressed her cheek, and the subtle sense of harmonious color and perfumed warmth satisfied and soothed her tired nerves.

Why not give it all up? She had not gone through college for the sake of teaching small Magyars to take off their caps when they entered a room or to give her a chair when she wanted to sit down. Nor had she read the Iliad and Odyssey, and the Nibelungen Lied and Malory, solely to serve up the tales in a simple and digestible form to these lads, who did not more than half understand them anyway. Would they remember what she taught them, when she did teach them anything? Did they care whether she came or not? There was Joe Cardish. Her eyes grew wistful. She did so want to help Joe, and he did not seem to notice a thing she said or did. Boys in the concrete were not so satisfactory as boys in the abstract—presented by college-settlement pamphlets or speakers.

She lay for a while dreamily watching the wonderful red, blue and green flames which played about the logs. This atmosphere of luxury and peace was hers by right of inheritance and taste. Why should she force herself to leave it, even for a little? She loved the touch of the soft fur, the quaint old blues and greens of the curtains, the odor and "feel" of the dear books,—the books which had been her friends ever since she could remember. Why not go to Europe next year and study, as her father said she might? She could perhaps do something worth while then. That delightfully vague something would be at least clean and "hygienic." Other girls did not care for club work. They went abroad or—married. The thought brought a flush to her cheek. She might marry—yes—she was quite sure she might if she wanted to. Did she want to? Dick was all very nice to dance with and golf with, and talk with and read with, but—to marry! And yet, why not? He would give her the things she liked. He would take her abroad. She would like to see the art galleries of Europe for the first time with Dick, he knew so much about the old masters. She would like to study poetry—Browning, for instance—with Dick, he was so sane and wholesome in his criticism of life and those who lived it. But——

She did not hear the door open behind her and the maid's announcement of "Mr. Strong." She did hear the deep voice, however.

"Did you say Miss Millaird was in here?"

With a little startled exclamation she sprang to her feet and confronted him, her cheeks flaming and her eyes brilliant. "I—I thought you were at the Leslies. Won't you sit down?"

"And I feared for a moment that you were there, too, and had escaped my notice. Thanks!" as he seated himself in a Morris chair across the fireplace from her. "Don't let us have any more light,"—this to the maid who was adjusting the shades. "The fire is quite enough, is it not?" and he turned appealingly to Helen.

"Yes, if you think so." She laughed a trifle nervously as she slipped back into her old chair. "Isn't it a glorious Christmas Eve?" she went on, recklessly. "I was down at the Hungarian Club this afternoon, and the sky and river reflections were wonderfully beautiful."

"Have you been down again in that quarter of the city alone, Helen?" The tone was a trifle proprietary, and Helen resented it.

"Yes, I have; why not? It is perfectly safe."

Dick Strong noticed the change in her tone, and his own grew a little softer. "You know your—friends don't like to have you do that, Helen."

"I am sorry." Helen set her mouth firmly.

Dick saw the expression. "Helen, don't let us quarrel again over those wretched Hungarians. I did not come to talk about them. I came to ask you—to tell you ——" He paused a moment, then collected himself and went on more calmly: "Helen, it is Christmas Eve, you know, and I came to ask something from you—a gift. I have been waiting to ask it for four long years, ever since you entered college, and I can wait no longer. Helen, will you give me the thing I want most in heaven and earth? Will you give me yourself, Helen?"

He leaned forward. The firelight struck full in the strong face, with its firmly cut mouth and chin, and the honest eyes, deep now with intense feeling.

Helen sat perfectly still. Between her eyes and the fire was little Joe Cardish's face, with its Mongolian race marks,—the low forehead, wiry black hair, slanting dark eyes, and olive skin. In her ears her own words were ringing: "Joe, will you give me yourself? Will you be my boy, Joe?"

"Helen!" The voice was pleading and insistent.

She rose slowly and stood before him with clasped hands and bent head. He rose also and moved toward her. Then she raised her head. Her eyes were shining. "Dick," she said softly, "dear Dick, I am so sorry, but—I cannot!"

Down in the Hungarian quarter an arc light hissed and snorted and sputtered just outside a window in one of the meanest houses on River Street. The light shone directly into the room. In one corner was a wreck of a bed, covered with tattered clothing. On it lay a six-year-old lad fast asleep. One hand tightly clutched a paper. On one side was drawn a crude picture of what another child would call a "doughnut boy," and underneath was scrawled in big letters "Joe Cardish." On the other side was written, "Merry Christmas to Miss Millaird, from Joe."

MARGARET B. MERRILL, '99.

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MAURICE HEWLETT AS INTERPRETER OF THE SPIRIT OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

A STUDY OF THE "LITTLE NOVELS OF ITALY."

ONE can hardly read these tales—gay, tragic, sweet, or fantastic as they are, bright with the vari-colored life of the fifteenth-century Italy—without feeling in them a spirit remote from that which rules to-day; a spirit that has shaped modern life and thought, but which has so gone out of them that it is only with difficulty that we can recall its influence. But this spirit is of such a subtle interest, such supreme value to our mental life, that we have made the recapture—the resurrection of it, one might say—one of the chief ends of the best culture. Consciously or unconsciously we seek from the arts and literature suggestion of a beauty we feel must once have been the common property of all living, else those arts and that literature could never have attained their consummate perfection. At one time real life must have been more closely linked with ideal beauty than it had ever been since the flowering time of Greece, and to this period of Italy in the fifteenth century we have given the name of Renaissance—the awakening to the realization of the dignity and beauty of natural human life.

Toward this, which we call the Renaissance spirit, we of to-day stretch our hands in vain longing, and are grateful for whatever can bring into our fretted nineteenth century, with its vast problems, its intricate machine-working, some overflow of that full life of old Italy when cities were

pageants of color, when passions were keen and hot, when men were so intensely, so gloriously alive. Of all the many aspects of this Italian Renaissance, religious, political, scientific, artistic, literary, Mr. Hewlett has selected the phase which takes firmest hold of our sympathetic imagination—the all-pervasive, joyous paganism of it. And perhaps this is why these stories appeal to us as something vivid and delightful, for they lead us, not only into a world of dramatic interest and variety, but to a new point of view; or rather to a point of view so old that the world has passed it, and must retrace many steps before it can win back the old, clear understanding. It will, I think, be worth our while to study the methods by which Mr. Hewlett has given warmth and color and the breath of life to our abstract conceptions of this period, gathered from written and painted records with such painstaking effort.

It is not unfamiliar ground upon which Mr. Hewlett enters. George Eliot and Browning and many others have made marvelous studies of Renaissance material, and have infused this material with their own spirit of moral and psychological analysis, of pictorial suggestion, or dramatic intensity. Mr. Hewlett resembles them only in so far as he selects his subject-matter from the same historical period; but the phases he illumines, and his treatment of these phases, are of entirely different nature. Moral problems have no place with him; psychological analysis he pursues only to a certain point, never for its own sake; he seeks to tell a story in simplest, most direct way possible, yet at the same time with the utmost presentation of sensuous charm.

The purely external aspect of the Renaissance—that which strikes the senses, and the historical aspect—what we have learned from the written records of the time, Mr. Hewlett portrays with what we feel must be delicate accuracy of touch: all the scenic background of those old Italian "cities of the Lombard Plain, set deep in trees, domed, belfried, full of gardens and fountains and public places,"—Ferrara Pistoja, Nona, Verona, where in the narrow streets "the great tattered wings of tall houses spread toward each other in skies of evening green and blue and violet"; and Padua, "set in meadows full of light, well-spaced, plentifully watered, arcaded, green with gardens. Here the streets are like cloister walks; . . . the poplar shows the city blushful in the spring and thrilling all summer

with the memory; . . . a place of brick and marble painted orange, yellow and warm white, where every corner stone and every twig is printed sharply on a sky of morning blue." Truly the lines of these old Italians were cast in pleasant places where our memories must linger lovingly. And in this setting of populous streets and of great, cool villas behind garden walls passes a variegated life; a crowd of all grades of society,—the common people, soldiery, sleek priests, young exquisites, poets, great ladies in their stiff brocades. A motley crowd it is, fitfully darkened by shadows of political intrigue and of cruel crimes and lawless tyrannies,—all the pathos of gay lives and tragic deaths. Here walk Can Grande, Borso d'Este, Cesare Borgia, Ludovico Sforza, no longer names but real personalities; and rising behind them, dominating all for our imaginations, the puissant outlines of Lionardo and Dante, faintly discerned. Nor must we omit the sketches of the life of the goatherds on the hills with their suggestion of idyllic charm. All this, with infinitely delicate touches, Mr. Hewlett has painted in such pure, clear, unshaded color as might have been used by Giotto, or Fra Angelico himself.

This varied life is informed with such light and beauty, with such a peculiar freshness and youthful charm, that the darker side of the picture is lost in the overflow of color and sunshine. Only in the "Duchess of Nona," probably the most powerful of all the tales, are we conscious that this smiling life has an undercurrent of treachery and horror and of double-dealing that begins and ends in bloodshed. For the rest, the impressions we gather of the worldliness of the church, the corruption of the clergy, the very free and easy morality of all classes, from the highest down, stand out with no painful distinctness; good and bad are both part of the texture of the tales as they are of reality, and in all the evil is subdued, swept out of sight by the spirit of blithe paganism. "These were times of artless art and of franchise—immoral, yet mainly innocent. . . . There were those who saw that tuneful time in the shaping. We, alas! look down on the splintered shards." But even we can attain some understanding of this happy naturalism through the story of Ippolita, the poor girl who escapes from the bondage of unaccustomed grandeur to the free air of the hills, where, in boy's disguise, she leads a happy life among the goatherds. She is like a sweet, petulant child of larger growth,—as, indeed, all of Mr. Hew-

lett's heroines seem children, whose power lies in gentleness and innocence. We could as little think of attaching moral significance to their acts as to those of the shy creatures of the fields: they are good because it is their nature to be so; and for the rest they are children of impulse, of bright sunlight and the warm winds of the South, impetuous, yet with a grave purity,—the gentle elusive dignity of certain old Florentine pictures, giving to these slight creatures of a day an earnestness for all times.

We gain from these tales the mingled impression of a life fully sensuous, rejoicing in the beauty of human flesh, of bright landscape, of gorgeous ritual and pageantry, stepping out from the gloom of ecclesiastical authority into the sunshine of a renewed antiquity. This is a world in which Beauty is worshiped; in which Ippolita, the stonecutter's daughter, held a court of noble youths and poets and garlanded ladies, all because she was classically fair and had eyes "the color of the Adriatic when a fleeting cloud spreads a curtain of hyacinth over the sheeted turquoise bed"; in which Molly Lovel is made Duchess of Nona for the sake of "her sweet, long body and the tired grace with which she carried her lovely head." It is the love of beauty and vigor, of "superb, healthy corporeality;" the assertion of the body's life not contrasted any longer with the soul's. It is a renunciation of mediæval, ascetic ideals,—a renunciation none the less complete for glimpses given of gorgeous ceremonies and church ritual; of fierce and sudden superstitions which find the Madonna in a wandering outcast, and turn all Verona to a place of prayer and contrition.

Through all this tissue of "brilliant sins and exquisite amusements," of dramatic intrigue and of brisk, chattering popular life, runs a thread of the finer side,—the purely intellectual movement of the fifteenth century. Here is apparent, not only the worship of beauty and vigor, but the love of intellectual activity for its own sake,—burlesqued, it is true, in the tales of "Ippolita" and "Messer Cino," but none the less true and refined. For all his absurd contradictions, the comical blending of commonplace actuality and of poetic aspiration, Messer Cino, with his prosaic wife and five children and his dreams of an ideal love, is a figure not without serious and even pathetic significance. Poor Messer Cino! so chagrined, because for him Love refuses to be a "Lord of terrible aspect," but becomes quite tame and mild and all too accommodating. After all, he is but the burlesque of

Dante and Petrarch, and of the great multitude of men in this century who sought to live their ideals, to invest material reality with the fine essence of imagination and passion. Laughable as he is, he has our respect for what he has in him of their high seriousness. Even so we can laugh at the fashionable young poets of the Collegio d'Amore, whose eternal versifying and lovemaking have, to the healthfully ignorant heroine, "an aftertaste of stale sugar;" but our amusement is tinged with a half regret for any sweetness of living that has vanished from the earth.

Something better than this, a further refinement of feeling, is hinted in the first tale of the "Madonna of the Peach-Trees,"—something of what is apparent to us through all Italian art,—the awe and reverence of all souls, even the most sordid and degraded, before the mystery of beautiful motherhood. Vanna is called for reproof before the Prior of the Carmelites, "a fat and flabby old man with a sour mouth." Through some trick of crossing lights "he saw, or thought he saw, a tall, smiling lady, hooded in blue over white, holding up a child; he saw, or thought for a moment he saw, the Image of all Mothers displaying the Image of all Sons. His fingers pattered over the scapular. 'Eh, my lady, the Virgin! What dost thou here, glorifying this place?' Vanna stood, her long form like a ripple of moonlight in the dusk, cooing under her voice to the baby. . . . Her large, gray eyes loomed upon him to swallow him up; her color of faint rose glowed over him and throbbed. 'By her presence ye shall judge her,' quoth the Prior, and hid his eyes."

So Mr. Hewlett has depicted his scenes of old Italy, and has made a vivid reality all we have read of that strange contradictory period when body and soul were reconciled in a life of supernal beauty; a time not without its grossnesses that shock and its sensualities that disgust, not without a forecast of evil to come, yet taken at the moment when "life's morning radiance had not left the hills." We are grateful to Mr. Hewlett that he has sought to give us this time as it was, quite frankly, simply, straightforwardly, with touches of the humorous and the farcical, with no apologies for the coarseness, no explanations of the wickedness. For in so doing he has worked toward an effect of dramatic completeness the warm reality of a life actual, but still remote.

EDITH B. LEHMAN, 1900.

MOTHER OF MYSTERIES.

TO THE SEA.

O mother, mother, mother of mysteries,
Time's secret bride in days that were cycles,
Thou whose dim nuptials Nimbus ruled over,
O'ershadowing where, side by side, thou wert sleeping,
Young Time and thou, in young love all unschoolèd,
His savage breath 'gainst thine inner ear placèd,
Long-breathing of life in the formless earth bounded,
Unraveling the dark skeins for the three Sisters weaving,
Plotting deeply together for harvests and famine,
For birth and death, and the strong tides from thy bosom—
Destructive waters for men-folks' undoing,
Tell if thou wilt, thou great Mother of Mysteries,
What hast befallen those shapes of the mighty
That once hid in thy stillness their wonderful treasures,
When first on thy face, in the blackness of darkness,
The great Spirit stirred in the Beginning,
When Day still moved in the womb of the Midnight?
Where have they gone, those shapes of the mighty?
Where have they gone, those Children of Chaos?

List, to the Mother of Mysteries give answer,
"Deep unto deep," still she is calling,
Still she is calling the Children of Chaos.

EDITH M. WHERRY, 1901.

THE HOOSIER POET.

WE cannot thoroughly appreciate a poet by reading him at any time or place. We want to take him, if possible, in his own atmosphere, there to read and read; there to get into the very spirit of his work. This way of making an acquaintance seems especially fitting with Riley. His verse has a distinct setting. "Knee-Deep in June" is not for December. The beloved "Goblin" poem is most effective "when the blaze is blue, an' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!" Then, too, we must have whole books, not selections from them. "Under some old apple tree, jes'

a restin' through and through," may suggest the theme of the poem, but it scarcely hints at the idyllic charm of "Knee-Deep in June." We must open the pages of "Afterwhiles," we must look into "Old-Fashioned Roses," to truly interpret their author.

Open-air freshness, simplicity, unbounded faith in man and nature, all greet us at every turn of his pages. These qualities, mingled with an inviting wholesomeness and common sense, make Riley's verses as democratic as his native Western air. They are born of an experience among the people. Those that do not treat of this experience are full of a plaintive longing to live again those truant days when nature, the country "folks" and he were close kin.

> "Heigh-Ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger!
> Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;
> Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger
> Back to the lotus lands of the far-away!"

A Eugene Field note of yearning, untinged, however, by sadness, runs through his reminiscence; a note found more than once in "The Land-that-used-to-be," "Time's Golden Yesterdays," "The Land of Where-away." A hunger to hear again the lilting melody of the brook, to nestle in the clover bloom, to be one with the bee and the cricket—the "plebeian minstrel of the hearth"—speaks through all his poems.

This general fellow-feeling with nature many poets have shared. Few, however, have been gifted as has Riley with a threefold faculty—acute observation, loving interpretation, pleasing expression. The dragon fly's wild, bewildered flight, the shrilling locust's dagger voice, the bat staggering athwart the gloom, the beetle as he booms adown the glooms and bumps along the dusk—how wonderfully fitting is every epithet! How we see and hear the insects with Riley's own eyes! "The johnny-jump-ups, so fresh and sassy-like, the hollyhawks and sich," savor of the country soil. In freedom and joyousness there is nothing else to compare with the "South Wind and the Sun."

> "O the south wind and the sun!
> How each loved the other one!
> Full of fancy, full of folly,
> Full of jollity and fun!"

The "Brook Song" is a little idyl, while "Knee-Deep in June" makes us think of Lowell, so full is it of earth warmth and heaven sunshine. Riley surely is the answer to his own question:—

> "Who's got the lovin' eye and heart and brain
> To recko'nize 'at nothin's made in vain;
> 'At the Good Bein' made the bees and birds
> And brutes first choice, and us-folks afterwards?"

In speaking of Lowell we are reminded of a certain charm in Riley's verse which he shares with the New England poet. The humor in our American life, which constitutes no small element of our democracy, appeals to them both. Riley has given us no lengthy "Biglow Papers," yet his many short poems in dialect are lacking in neither wit nor philosophy. They are full of droll sentiment and simple common sense. They display, too, the striking story-telling knack of their author. The characters in them are essentially realistic. There's "Old John Henry," who

> "Hain't refined as he'd ort to be
> To fit the statutes o' poetry,"

but who

> "Feeds hisse'f when the stock's all fed,
> And dreams o' heaven and home-made bread."

Whose

> "Doctern's jes' o' the plainest brand—
> A smilin' face and a hearty hand,
> 'S religen 'at all folks understand."

We hear the unharmonied melodies of "The Little Man in the Tin-shop." We sympathize with old Fluke, out of his element down at the Capital brooding on the pathetic side of "jes' a bein' rich." "Tradin' Joe" and "The Raggedy Man" are other delightful products of American soil. The humor in them, as we have said, savors of Lowell. The glad-pathetic strain in many of these narrative poems is characteristic of Holmes. In fact, Riley seems to be a composite of all our American poets, the true poet of our democratic land.

His strains are not all humorous or half serious. Sometimes we get a purely sad note intensified by the homeliness of the theme, unrelieved except by the music of his verse. This is evident in those lines on the death of a little girl friend:—

"'Little Haly! Little Haly!' cheeps the robin in the tree;
'Little Haly!' sighs the clover, 'Little Haly!' moans the bee;
'Little Haly! Little Haly!' calls the killdeer at twilight,
And the katydids and crickets holler 'Haly!' all the night."

The poem "Bereaved" is replete with the same tenderness:—

"Fain would I be of service—say something,
Between the tears, that would be comforting;
But ah! so sadder than yourself am I,
Who have no child to die."

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Yet Riley's philosophy is never mournful,—

"Fer the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips fer me and you."

He loves childhood with its laughter and truant days; he reveres the silver hair of the child older grown. All that is best in the lives of the people, all that is familiar in the world of nature, he chooses for his theme. We call him the Hoosier Poet. But he is more than this. Like Tiny Tim, his creed is universal. "God bless us, every one," is his prayer. He seems to be to-day's fulfillment of his own prophecy:—

"O the Poet of the Future! He will come as man to man,
With the honest arm of labor, and the honest face of tan,
The honest heart of lowliness, the honest soul of love
For human-kind and nature-kind about him and above."

ELIZABETH H. SEELMAN, '98.

SLOPPY ANNE'S SAIRA.

(Concluded.)

V. IN NEW LEORNS.

"MY text for to-day is taken from the twenty-third psalm, the fourth verse: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'"

The Rev. Thaddeus Atkins looked up shyly and repeated his text,—"'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'" Then he accidently dropped his eye-glasses as his hands fumbled with the manuscript in front of him. Mr.

Atkins was young, in earnest, and shy. He found it very hard to preach in this small rectangular church to a small rectangular audience—it was all so very different from the St. Cuthbert Divinity School; but Mr. Atkins was in earnest, and this place must prove a promise for the harvest of the coming years. Again he bent his head over his sermon, his cheeks crimson with confusion, and began: "'The valley of the shadow of death!' What a much more terrible picture that must have suggested to the men of David's time than to us to-day. Then death stalked by the wayside in the shapes of plagues and enemies, and Egypt hovered over the people like a great vulture. Then the land was girt about with war and violence, and the children of God walked in the midst of foes and pestilence." The Rev. Mr. Atkins looked up and over his pulpit into two wide gray eyes that were regarding him with feverish eagerness. "How different is that picture now! Warfare we do not fear and the pestilence is checked; the old barbaric forces are dead. Still, my friends, the valley of the shadow of death lies at our feet, and in God's providence we go down into the depths of that valley whence we may never return. At God's voice the winds blow and the waves rise, and the feeble life of man is forever quenched in the rage of the storm." The wide eyes regarded him with terror, and the little cheeks were fairly livid. "But eternal life as well as death is God's providence, and with serene hearts and high courage we need fear no evil, for He is always with us. This morning I wish to consider with you this fearlessness in the face of death. I wish first to contrast this spirit in the Old Testament with that in the New. Secondly, to see what effects it had upon the life of the men and women of those days. Thirdly, what part fearlessness of death plays in our lives to-day, and——" Saira's eyes closed, and the little head swung to one side. Her aunt, Miss Amanda Codds, who sat bolt upright next to her, gave her one disapproving glance and turned her eyes, in which shone out all the hungry zeal of a narrow life, back to the Rev. Mr. Atkins. "Thirdly," buzzed in Saira's ears for a moment or two, and the next thing she heard was the soft voice of the minister saying: "Let us conclude our service with singing hymn 395. After this the Ladies' Parish Aid Society is asked to remain for a few minutes." Saira struggled to her feet to sing the hymn. She thought it very strange that the pulpit and all the platform went round and round, but by holding on to

the back of the pew in front of her, and to one half of the hymn book that Aunt Amanda thrust at her, she steadied herself. The hymn book kept tilting her way, and every few seconds her aunt would right it and cast a chiding glance at her.

VI. MISS AMANDA CODDS.

At last the Ladies' Parish Aid Society adjourned, and Aunt Amanda helped Saira into the high yellow road wagon, slapped the reins on the horse's back, and they were off for the gray house, two miles out of New Leorns. The cold east wind blew against the pinched little face, and turned the little nose a purple red. Saira felt cold and warm at the same time, and shivers ran up and down her back. She looked up wistfully into her aunt's long, gentle, care-worn face and cuddled up closer; then gazed wistfully down the bare cold road. The old gray house was looming up out of its vast background of tossing sea. Saira clasped her hands a little tighter, and sighed with contentment. The old house meant warmth, comfort, and oh, such a happy home, not at all like the shanty in the hollow! Aunt Amanda, whose face was mottled with the cold, and whose thin hands were stiff from holding the heavy reins, took the thick horse blanket from Saira's lap and helped her climb out of the high wagon, and gave the reins to the hired boy.

"Now, Saira, now ye can run in an' warm yer by the stove. Yer look sick, child. I'll come in as soon as I tend to ther chickens." Miss Amanda Codds heroically hurried off to the chicken coop, still nearer than the house to the great, shining, bleak ocean. For a minute you could hear her weak, high voice, "Here, chick, chick, chick, chick, chick!" The chicken-coop door slammed and she came hurrying into the kitchen, her amiable, gentle face lined and seamed with the bitter cold. With unabated vigor she shook up the stove, put some fresh water to boil, whirled a chair near the fire, fetched a heavy shawl and produced a large demijohn, by no means full, of a weak concoction of ginger-root and pepper.

"Now, Saira, ye can sit ye right down on this chair, put yer feet in the oven door, keep the shawl tight round ye, and in less than ten minits ye'll be warmer than a live coal in the ashes. I'll mix ye some of this remedy of Grandmother Codds', and then we'll hev some dinner."

Saira's dark-ringed eyes looked up gratefully at Aunt Amanda. This loving attention was new to her. She did not know how the heart of Miss Amanda Codds swelled with happiness over these small offices. Saira was very different from what Aunt Amanda had supposed any child of Sloppy Anne's would be. On principle she had never visited her disreputable sister-in-law, so she did not know the children. The wide, pathetic eyes, the drawn, thin face, the frail body of this little niece called out the tenderest love Miss Amanda Codds could give, and came perilously near absorbing a devotion and adoration she had hitherto given to no one except the Rev. Mr. Thaddeus Atkins. From time to time she glanced anxiously at Saira, whose eyes were too dark and bright, her color too high. When she would eat no dinner Miss Amanda Codds decided the child must go to bed. All the afternoon she dozed and tossed and turned, and when Aunt Amanda looked in at nine o'clock she found Saira sleeping, the old patchwork quilt thrown away from her shoulders and the little arms tossed above her head. Miss Amanda rearranged the coverlets and lingered over the child for a few seconds, a hungry mother-look in the gentle eyes.

"She can hev a home with me so long as Ezekiel will let her stay. She's worth more'n her vittles an' her clothes. I ain't never seen a kinder child. She's got her Grandmother Codds' disposition, an' them same hauntin' eyes. She looks now s'if she might be sick a spell." Amanda's lips muttered a few words more, and her thin, rough hand strayed over Saira's yellow hair,— "Them same hauntin' eyes."

Saira moved as the other softly tiptoed out of the room, and the lips muttered, "The—valley of the—shadow—of—" while she turned over. With a start Saira awoke; the wheezy old clock in the kitchen was striking eleven. She had been dreaming strange things. From north to south the great sand-bar stretched, the sands gleaming golden in the high moonlight, the water shining along the edge like a great flaming torch, and all the shadowy dunes strewn with chalk-white bones, that glimmered like flickering lights. The ocean was glistening silver, and the deep, black heavens above were banded with chain after chain of huge stars. In the very midst of the sky floated an angel, above him in flaming letters, written in a trailing white cloud, "Death." His arms were outstretched, and his wings shimmered and shone like the torch along the water's edge. Above his head was a halo,

and behind him swept his flowing robes shaking out a myriad of stars as he floated nearer and nearer, hovering over the shore and the long, winding, crimson line of dead that marched by the flaming torch of the water's edge. To be sure this was like the angel on the Christmas card Aunt Amanda gave her, only that was all white and silver spangles. Then Saira remembered the dead she had touched and brought to life; it was the same following crimson line. She must dress quickly now for it is cold, and the bodies must be weary of lying on the frozen sand. To-night the great angel will be there to help her.

The little hands shook as she silently put on one thing after another. At last, throwing the thin black cape about her shoulders, she stole softly out, past Aunt Amanda's room, and latched the kitchen door. Her little feet flew down the path over the dune at the back of the house and onto the sand-bar.

VII. THE SAND-BAR.

Gathering the thin black cape tightly around her, Saira fled faster and faster down the sand-bar away from New Leorus toward the East Hatcham Station. Following her, as she looked behind from time to time, was the horrible crimson line of the dead. The water's edge still shone like a torch, and above the huge stars grew nearer and nearer. At every dark-looking object Saira stopped, sometimes following it into the water, and then fled on faster, faster. Soon her wet feet became stiff and frozen as she sped in and out of the waves and down the edge of the sand-bar. She could not find a single body, though the line of men and women following grew longer as she stooped over each new object. She was leaning over a barrel stave that looked long and black in the water, when she heard a faint me'ow. It was a stray cat from the hut of the hermit, who kept about thirty of them for company. Saira picked up the kitten, and fled on toward East Hatcham. On and on she went till the stiff and weary little feet could support her no longer. She sank almost unconscious onto the side of a great, purple, ragged sand dune. The little lips muttered over the words of the song she heard in her dream:—

"Now the Shepherd Good, with helping arms,
Has taken them all back home,—
Has taken them all back home."

The cat felt warm against her side, and as she panted and rested on the sand dune she hugged it closer to her. Saira was growing colder and colder; she thought this very strange, for the kitten seemed to be growing warmer. She had almost forgotten the lines of the following dead, but there it stretched far behind her, shimmering and crimson along the edge of the shining water. She could trace her way from Aunt Amanda's house by their glowing eyes, huge like the great stars above, that were drawing nearer every minute. She remembered that much of the way must still be covered before she could reach the East Hatcham Station. But she felt so drowsy, and the kitten was so warm under the thin black cape, and she heard somebody singing. She would rest and listen for a minute:—

"Rolling and tossing we float on the deep
Where the waves wash,
Wash!
Turning and burning the huge stars still sleep
While the wind sings,
Sings!
Speeding, not heeding, we haste on our way
And the sands blow,
Blow!
Gleaming and dreaming we heavily sway
Where the weeds grow,
Grow!"

VIII. SLOPPY ANNE'S SHANTY.

"Fetch me the heavy horse blanket. Yew and Uncle Hiram can go down the bar, an' I'll take th' road ter East Hatcham. Now run quick; Saira may be dead 'fore yer reach her." Miss Amanda Codds dispatched the hired boy in one direction, while she sped toward East Hatcham as fast as the old brown horse would take her. The long, gentle face was heavy with fear, and the tears rolled down her colorless cheeks. She looked wan in the early morning light, almost weak, though she drove furiously.

It was about nine miles by the road to East Hatcham and four by the sand-bar. When Amanda Codds reached Sloppy Anne's shanty the horse's flanks were sweating and his nostrils quivering. There, walking toward the shore were two men. She screamed, "Ezekiel! Ezekiel!" hitched the horse,

gave the dilapidated shanty a scornful glance and ran toward the two returning figures. All she could say to Ezekiel and Jonathan was "Saira! Saira!" and on she fled toward the sand-bar. Jonny's face turned an angry red; he saw it all in a flash now; something had happened to Saira. Outstripping Aunt Amanda, he tore down the sand-bar, past the station, scanning the shore and each sentinel dune.

At last! there she lay, the little face quite white, the head lying back amidst the thick grass of the dunes, the eyes closed, the black cape wrapped tightly about the kitten, whose head was snuggled against the child's neck. Jonny touched Saira on the shoulder and whispered with as brave a voice as he could muster: "Wake up, Saira, Saira! Ye'll catch cold lying here on the sand. Dad an' Aunt Amandy is comin' now fer yez. Git up, Saira, till I puts my coat on yez." Slowly the horror of it all dawned upon him, and with a sob he flung himself beside her, covering her with an arm that convulsively drew her closer to him.

Ezekiel flung the cat away and picked Saira up in his arms. She was still breathing. Without a word the little party trailed along by the edge of the gray sea; Ezekiel stalked ahead, Jonny hurrying along by his side, and Aunt Amanda, spent, her knees shaking, her breath gone, dragged along in the rear. Uncle Hiram and the hired boy were running on ahead toward the village of East Hatcham for the doctor. When they reached the shanty Sloppy Anne was peering out of the door. She gave one look, flung her greasy apron over her head, screamed, and fled into the back shed. As Jonny and Aunt Amanda were busied with Saira they could hear her screams. Ezekiel walked quickly to the door and bolted it. In half an hour the warm liquor and the heat of the room brought Saira back to consciousness. She moaned for a few minutes, lifted her hands helplessly and aimlessly, and slowly opened her eyes which rested on Jonny who was hovering over her.

"Is that yew, Jonny? I thought yer'd never come. Their eyes wuz so big, an' it wuz cold, an' I knew'd yew would gimme yer coat ter keep me warm. I guess yer didn't hear. I ain't cried, Jonny, but I did holler fer ye." The little hand stole into his that lay on the coverlet. "It wuz dark, an' my head hurted, and my feet wouldn't go, an' th' kitty wuz heavy, an', Jonny, I—I——"

The little voice ran down from its high quaver and was hushed; the eyes closed. When the doctor came Saira was still breathing. Jonny, all his manliness gone, was sobbing, his head buried in the old quilt. The doctor felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, took her temperature. It was typhoid, he said; due to insufficient nourishment and unwholesome surroundings. He asked Ezekiel where the well was located, and shook his head disapprovingly. He took the child's temperature again and felt her pulse. He put his hand on Jonny's head, and said she might live a few minutes or two or three hours more; death would be due to exposure. He might have saved her if he had been called a week or ten days ago. When he finished speaking the room was silent except for Jonny's sobs of "Saira! Saira!" In the distance the ocean boomed on the sand-bar. Outside, the tall grass rustled and whistled on the sides of the jagged, yellow sand dunes.

JEANNETTE A. MARKS.

SLIP SHEETS.

I. THE ADVOCATE OF FRESH AIR.

YEARS upon years of experience have taught the world to recognize certain people in it as public nuisances. Among them we might distinguish two classes. The first is made up of law-breakers,—meaning cutthroats, pirates, bandits, sandbaggers, horse-thieves, burglars, pick-pockets, smugglers, forgers, and a host of others whose names are all too familiar to us even in this age of peaceful civilization. The other class comprises certain persons of whom we cannot assert, "They are law-breakers," yet whose names have come to terrify us almost as much, and, indeed, to mean much more to most of us than the appellation thief or murderer. These are cranks. We all know them well. They have a hundred different modes of attacking the public peace. There is the man who talks "horse" all day long; the little lad who pesters us for postage stamps; the maiden lady whose chief joy is the study of palmistry or parlor hypnotism; the busy elderly matron with her twenty or more woman's clubs; the foolish miss who *adores* "slumming." All these society has dubbed nuisances.

Sensible men and women have found it necessary of late years to place beside the palm-reader and the stamp-collector another disturber of the

public peace, who, for the sake of convenience, we will call the advocate of fresh air. This does not mean the scientific investigator of the elements of the atmosphere; neither does it refer especially to the altruistic physiologist. We mean simply the otherwise ordinary, everyday individual who cannot enter into the slightest conversation without dragging into it the subject of fresh air; who sacrifices the feelings of a shivering public to his own pleasure; who often forgets the common courtesies of society in his heedless pursuit of that same fresh air, and who has got himself generally despised for being a crank. Since the aim of this objectionable person was originally a commendable one, it might be interesting to see how it is that the advocate of fresh air has made himself first hooted at, then shunned, then despised by his fellow-men.

We feel that the mildest thing that can be said of the enthusiast under discussion is that he is an unmitigated bore. In these days he has become so thoroughly incorporated with society that we are afflicted not only by his presence when he converses with us on that one beloved topic, but as well by his absence when sundry tracts and newspaper articles give us a bitter sense of his existence. Society at large is an easy-going, good-humored body, less snobbish than individuals. She will receive into her midst all sorts and conditions of men so long as that calm and peace so vital to her comfort is respected. But when a set of people with views which are certainly very tiresome, apparently very distorted, and possibly very inconvenient to carry out,—when people with such mistaken ideas presume upon the lazy good-nature of society, she will cease her purring and show her claws. Is it out of the natural order of things that she should rouse herself against such disturbers who tease her when she desires tranquility and who stir up all manner of fuss over a very natural and commonplace matter?

If the advocate of fresh air took a less active attitude he might yet be borne with. Though we should feel somewhat bitter toward him, we should, nevertheless, deride rather than hate him. But unfortunately for his fellows he has proved himself not only annoying, but selfish. Zeal for his cause has frequently led him to ignore that, like postage stamps or posters, his is a personal hobby. Indeed, I am afraid our fresh-air disciple has not always considered that what is a pleasant whiff of pure atmosphere to him is oftentimes a pneumonic draught to many another. Traveling in a

railway coach, not long ago, I sat across from one of those brisk, thick-skinned young persons whom, apparently, no winter wind could penetrate. Although it was a chill autumn day nothing could induce this hard young woman to lower the window sash next her, notwithstanding the suggestive shivering and frowns of her fellow-passengers. "There's nothing like a plenty of good, pure air," she remarked, suavely, to the old gentleman quaking on the seat beside her. "That may be true, madam," he replied, "but what we have here is mostly sleet, smoke, and cinders, so far as I can judge."

We have all had these railway adventures, and we have suffered no less elsewhere in the company of the fresh-air man or woman. Who has not endured silent discomfort for the pleasure of one of these ogres in innumerable public meetings? How many sermons have been spoiled for us because the janitor has effectively, though grudgingly, obeyed the whispered request of our complacent neighbor to "Lower yonder sash just a trifle more." And some of us have not had the power of resistance to refuse to accompany these torturers upon the long cross-country tramps they have suggested for bleak November days. We wondered what might be the end of all this, to find upon our return that it meant renewed energy and vigor for our companion, quinine pills and a hot footbath for ourselves. Is it any wonder that a proper amount of spirit prompts us to avoid and rebel against such uncharitable self-esteem?

The public has found it is time to take a decided stand against the invader of her wonted repose, the transgressor of her rights and courtesies. She proclaims the so-called advocate of fresh air a nuisance. Happy the man who will devise for her a good riddance of this unwelcome presence.

M. C. SHAW, 1900.

II. IN THE LAND OF THE PHILISTINES.

The daughter of Herodias had danced, the fateful order had been given, the head was being brought in on a charger. My knowledge of chargers was restricted to vague notions that they were somehow connected with belted knights. This did not clear the scene in my mind, but it added, I think, to its awfulness. I caught my breath; there was a grip at my heart,

and a lump in my throat. I felt the oncoming sob, but I was firm and controlled. The sob should not escape till the wave of grief struck a response in the grown-up part of the congregation. I waited, eternities seemingly. Still the same dead, unbroken hum of the congregation, the far-away sound of the preacher's voice. It was unbearable. The sob escaped and two round tears shone on my hand. I was disgraced. I knew it in a flash. The shame-faced glance which I stole in a moment showed me only what I had felt before. No one else had so much as winked back a tear.

They sat there, these strange grown-ups, as unmoved as Herodias herself. They opened their hymn books calmly, decorously. Perhaps the hymn was the one beginning, "To find at the banquet of mercy there's room." I have since come to believe that such was the case; but to me the words sang themselves, "To find in the bandbox, O mercy! there's room!" What a strange contrast to the tragedy which we had just heard! Yet it argued a rare appreciation with which I had not credited these dull people. Yes, there was room in the bandbox, room enough, as I vividly remembered, for a whole colony of paper dolls, if you removed the bonnet when no one was looking. But even I should not have thought of expressing my wonder at this fact quite so vehemently. Inconsistent as they were, there was evidently some depth of feeling even in their Philistine natures.

MABEL H. HYDE, 1902.

III. THE WORLD'S END.

The clear, cold air made our blood bound deliciously as we set off, with high hope, to seek the World's End. The brown road fringed with rusty grasses curved away indefinitely. The earth was all our own, with no house or human being to dispute our claim. We thrilled with the sense of possession. Over a pond dull brown with autumn shadows and thick grown with rustling reeds the road led; then past a meadow where the grass was still bright green. Across its rolling surface came the softened clang of a cowbell. And what exquisite bewilderment and indecision seized us at the cross-roads! For three would lead back to the peopled world we had left, and only one to the World's End. Such momentous choice could not be made unaided. We murmured a childish formula, and turned to the left. Ah, yes! surely this was the road we sought, for there, far before us, up a

steep hill and through a gateway of dark pines, it vanished into the blue sky. Longingly we gazed at the goal of our desire, soft and filmy in the blue-gray haze of distance, and then turned back. We dared not go to the World's End after all.

L. V. N. M.

IV. A MOTHER SONG.

Babe, when thou cling'st to me
  With thy wee hand,
God and his mystery
  I understand.

All that was far from me
  Thou hast brought near;
All that was dark to me
  Thou hast made clear.

Darling, I shelter thee
  Close to my breast,
Thou who hast given me
  Rapture and rest.

SPECTATOR.

"UNLESS," said Mr. Norman Hapgood, writing of the American theater to-day, "unless our theaters can be conducted partly in the love of art instead of wholly in the worship of mammon the regeneration of our drama will be slow." Like many another obvious truth this is widely recognized, but its significance is not so keenly felt that we have yet taken steps to protect the drama in the United States against the tide of lowering influences. The presentation of a play here is purely a business speculation. The subsidized theaters of Germany and France are, by precedent, impossible to our form of government. Permanent companies with any sort of permanent working ground are unknown, and the endowed theater is still, apparently, a dream for the future. The result is that the classic drama is wholly usurped by contemporary plays, or that the plays, when given, are cut and changed to please the popular audience and to suit the peculiar genius of the star in ascendency. As Mr. Hapgood says, "Other forms of

art can survive for the few, but plays must reach the heart of all or managers will none of them." From a literary point of view, from an educational point of view, from the point of view of true love for the dramatic art, we might expect a united effort to build up the drama in America.

Every sign of such an effort, every sign of ambition to give the drama for the drama's sake, is to be followed with eager interest. Such an ambition Mr. John Blair, already an actor of good reputation, has, evidently, in presenting the series of dramas of which *El Grau Galeoto*, given in Boston, November 23, was the initial play. His is not a money-making enterprise. Its supporters expect to pay the actors and supply the scenery by subscription, if necessary. If self-sustaining, the present attempt will be carried by Mr. Blair still further, after this series of plays has been given in different American cities.

El Grau Galeoto, a drama by José Echegaray, Spain's foremost dramatist, is to be followed by four more plays, not yet fully decided upon, but to be chosen from representatives of the German, Norwegian, Russian, French, and possibly Italian schools. Tolstoi or Ostrovsky will represent the Russian, and Hauptman or Suderman the German. Possible plays are Ibsen's "Little Eyolf," Björnson's "Beyond Human Power," and perhaps an Irish play, Edward Martyn's "The Heather Field." Such an attempt, if in any degree artistically carried out, demands warm recognition.

EDITORIALS.

I.

CLUB activity has been more vigorous at Wellesley this fall than ever before. Not only have the old clubs started in upon their programs for the year with unwonted energy and enthusiasm, but everywhere new club organizations are springing into life, striking out into new fields and offering allurements on every hand. However attractive may be the innumerable programs that have been planned, every student finds at last that a line must be drawn somewhere. Beyond a certain point even the most enthusiastic of us cannot meet the demands that a wide club membership makes on time and strength. A reasonable amount of club work ought to throw suggestive side lights upon our regular college work. The avidity with which we seize upon the opportunities offered by clubs and special classes is due in a large measure to our eagerness for specialization in favorite subjects. The requirements for the B.A. degree very wisely put a limit upon specialization for undergraduates. But the spirit of the specialist is in each one of us, and in our club work we seek to carry further the side lines of work that can only be suggested in the class room. The meeting together of persons, united by common interests, for discussion and inquiry cannot fail to have an invigorating and stimulating effect. The danger is not in over-specialization itself, but rather in the dissipation of energy through membership in too many clubs—in over-specialization along too many lines. If this year's club work is to bring its best results each girl must make a wise selection for herself, must recognize that limitation is necessary.

II.

ONE of the new names that has lately been added to the list of clubs here at Wellesley is that of the College Settlement Reading Club. For requirements for admission this newcomer stipulates only interest and enthusiasm in the program it has set itself for the year. This program is to make a survey of the Socialistic movement, as it is historically of interest in the writings and records of such eminent Socialists as Carlyle, Ruskin, Toynbee, Tolstoi, Maurice, William Morris, and others. It also includes a

consideration of present social problems with the various methods that are now adopted to remedy the evils. Owing to the limitations of time and the small amount of energy at command for any work outside the regular academic demands here at College, the study of this club must be rapid and incomplete. The subject to which it introduces us, however, is one that will never fail of interest so long as existing social conditions remain. The Reading Club furnishes a most valuable addition to the library of the College in a number of magazines and papers on social questions, which it places in the Economics' Library at the command of every member of the College. Some of the most important of these publications are *City and State*, *Economics' Review*, Hull House, Toynbee Hall, and Mansfield House periodicals, records of the Fabian Society in England and America, giving us information on the social work now in progress in England as well as in America.

III.

During the past weeks many of us have had the good fortune to attend the Boston exhibition of M. Tissot's splendid series of pictures illustrating the life of Christ. The pictures, almost four hundred in number, form perhaps the most notable modern contribution to religious art. M. Tissot is a French artist of the realistic school, and he has interpreted the New Testament story after the manner of the realists. He paints with admirable faithfulness to the letter of the Bible narrative the actual, daily, human life of Jesus as it was lived in Palestine nineteen hundred years ago. One cannot but feel that in every picture landscape, architecture and costuming are given with as perfect historical accuracy as possible. M. Tissot is above everything a conscientious draughtsman, and he entered upon the work of historical research which this series of paintings entailed with all the fervent zeal of a student. His patient, painstaking care for detail has given his pictures a value beyond their mere artistic merit. It is this faithful, minute, sympathetic realism of his that gives one the almost overwhelming sense of the vivid actuality of the Christ story which the pictures certainly leave with one. This keen, new realization of "The human life of God" goes far to make one overlook or forget the artist's lack of imaginative insight. For wherever an attempt is made to enter into the mind of Christ and to

interpret the deep things of the spirit Tissot fails completely. His pictures representing the Temptation in the Wilderness and, later, the Agony in the Garden are strangely inadequate. This lack of imaginative power reduces the scenes of the Passion to a series of bloody and horrible events. In spite of shortcomings and occasional false notes struck, this artistic interpretation of the life af Christ is full of deep spiritual suggestion. A careful, detailed study of it cannot but repay any one who may have the opportunity to make it. The exhibition, which will be open in the old Providence Station until Christmas, is one not to be passed by.

FREE PRESS.

I.

It is to be regretted that one of the customs of our chapel service should be spoiled by the thoughtlessness of the congregation. This is the case with the reading of the hymns. As soon as a hymn is given out the girls immediately begin to find the place in the book. The noise caused by the turning of the leaves drowns the reader's voice and takes away the impressiveness of the reading. If we could wait until the organ begins before finding our places it would improve our chapel service greatly. 1901.

II.

We students ought to realize a distinction between the college grounds and the village streets. Bare-headed students feasting along the way with as much freedom as in their own rooms are respecting neither themselves nor the village people as they ought. It may be delightfully Bohemian, but it is barbarously unconventional. 1900.

III.

Whether we agree or disagree with the proposal in last month's Free Press that the classes adopt musical cheers, we must surely grant that the cheers we have thus far made our own are not well given. We ought, certainly, either to adopt a new form of cheer or to give our "Rah-rahs" in better shape. If this form of cheer seems to us to be the best expression of

our feelings after a basket-ball game and after class elections we ought at least to be ambitious to express our feelings well. At present the ordinary form of cheer given by women's voices can too often be justly described as "yelping." This, I believe, is unnecessary. With a properly low pitch, with clear enunciation and proper time intervals, our existing cheers might attain force and significance. Clearly we ought to improve upon our cheers, even if we have to give up a period or two a week to practice them.

1900.

IV.

EVERYONE who was present at vespers on the evening of November 26 will remember with pleasure, I am sure, the brief song service that followed. For the benefit of those who were not there, perhaps an outline of the plan to be carried out will not be amiss. It has been suggested that it would be both enjoyable and profitable to spend a short time after the vesper service in becoming more familiar with some of the more beautiful hymns which we sing only very seldom. We cannot expect to enjoy every Sunday evening such a musical treat as Mrs. Stovall gives us fortnightly, and this plan of the song service seems a very delightful alternative. 1900.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, November 8, the Christian Association gave a tea for its new members. The guests were received in the new Christian Association office, and in an adjoining room, which its owner kindly threw open for the occasion.

For the benefit of those who have not yet been introduced to this new home of the Association it may be well to say that it is the curtained recess at the south end of the elevator cross-corridor, fourth floor. The Association cordially invites all its members to come often to the room for reading or rest. Current numbers of the *Review of Reviews*, *The Evangel*, *The Intercollegian*, *The Christodora* and *The Youth's Companion* will be found upon the table. Here, also, the new Bureau of Exchange has its headquarters. Anything which will add to the attractiveness of the room, such as books, pictures or sofa cushions, will be very gratefully received.

At the Thursday night meeting, November 16, Mrs. Isabel N. Tillinghast, of the French-American College at Springfield, Mass., gave a talk upon the scope and aims of the work of that college.

On Thursday, November 23, in place of the regular prayer meeting, the College was entertained by a delegation from Tuskegee Institute, consisting of a speaker and a male quartette. A short address upon the work of that institution, recitations and singing of plantation melodies occupied the evening.

BOOK NOTES.

Soldier Rigdale, by Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Co., 1899.

Wellesley receives with peculiar interest the writings of a member of a sister college. *Soldier Rigdale* is the second publication of a recent Radcliffe graduate, and, like her first, carries the reader back to the loyal American's beginning of things—the coming of the "Mayflower." It is a grave, unpretentious little tale, but a purposeful one, its *raison d'etre* being the standpoint from which the old account of the hardships of the Pilgrim Fathers is retold. All is seen through the eyes of the boy, Miles Rigdale, or "Soldier" Rigdale, according to the Latin interpretation of his name by his good friend, Miles Standish. Around these two the story centers. In the opening chapters Captain Standish wins, unwittingly, the boy's loyal friendship by speaking a kindly word to him in an hour of trial—the humiliating moments following the punishment of a boyish prank; and we leave Soldier Rigdale happy at being taken to live "for keeps" with his ideal hero and friend—Miles Standish. N. F. P.

The Favor of Princes, by Mark Lee Luther. The Macmillan Co.

The title of one of the chapters of Mr. Luther's romance gives us in a word a review of its contents, and at the same time stands as a diagnosis of the feelings of the reader who attempts to sum up his impressions after following the varying fortunes of the hero. This chapter is entitled, "Chapter XVI., In which I take Lessons in Intrigue."

The exciting story that Mr. Luther tells concerns itself with the eventful career of a certain Marquis de Veaux, who lived in France during the reign of Louis XV. Intrigue after intrigue is introduced until the story becomes cheaply theatrical and full of the tinsel and clap-trap of the yellow-backed sensational romance.

Riverside Art Series. No. I. Raphael, by Estelle M. Hurll. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This initial number of a series of art publications which are to be issued at intervals during the school year gives us a clear idea of the object of the series and the plan of work. The object, as Miss Hurll states it, is "to introduce the pupil to the artist through the pictures which are most attractive to the young." "The text," she explains further, "has only the modest aim of making the pictures intelligible." This series promises to fill a space on the child's bookshelf which has too long been empty. We cannot but believe that the faithful reproductions of masterpieces accompanied by a text which is both explanatory and interesting to a child's mind will develop a love for art which will increase with years.

E. J. N.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Ginn & Co., Boston. *Auswahl aus Luther's Deutschen Schriften*, by W. H. Carruth. *Homer's Iliad*, Books XIX.–XXIV. Edited by Edw. Bulb Clapp.

Eaton & Mains, N. Y. *John Seldon and His Table Talk*, by Robert Waters.

A. J. Ochs & Co., Boston. *Quaint Epitaphs*. Collected by Susan Darling Safford.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Riverside Press, Cambridge. *The Prologue, The Knight's Tale and The Nun's Priest's Tale*, from Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Edited by Frank Jewett Mather. *Raphael*, by Estelle M. Hurll.

Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Beston. *The Princess*, by Tennyson. Edited by Lewis Northington Smith. *Pope's Iliad of Homer*, Books I., VI., XXII. and XXIV. Edited by Philip Gentner. *Burke's Speech on Moving His Resolutions for Conciliation with the Colonies*. Edited by Anna A. Fisher.

The Macmillan Co., N. Y. *Soldier Rigdale*, by Beulah Marie Dix. *The Favor of Princes*, by Mark Lee Luther.

ART NOTES.

THE LOUIS PRANG COLLECTION.

AMONG the art exhibitions that we have had the opportunity of seeing in Boston this fall the Prang collection deserves especial notice. It includes pictures of all sizes and designs, representing every school of American art. But the unique feature of the exhibition is that it includes the famous prize Christmas cards; it is interesting to know the origin of these dainty bits of color which make such a pretty feature of the Christmas season.

At the Vienna Exposition in 1873, the business cards of L. Prang & Co. brought forth flattering comment by their charming floral designs. Upon the suggestion of a lady in the employ of the company the words "Merry Christmas" were substituted in place of the firm name and announcement. The cards became popular at once, and soon the designing and publishing of Christmas cards became a distinct branch of artistic industry in America. Mr. Prang realized that these cards filled the position of popular educators in art, and did much to increase their value by instituting exhibitions of competitive designs, many of which were contributed by prominent American artists. Thus, while there are in the exhibit various other pictures of more imposing nature, the charm of the collection is in the smaller ones,—the quaint little faces, the stray flowers and the bits of landscape, which are the basis of the more elaborate Christmas cards we have to-day.

The St. Botolf Club has again opened its doors to friends of art in the first of a series of exhibitions. The exhibitions of this Club are always of interest and importance, and we miss one of the best opportunities of the city life so near us if we do not see the Club's pictures. Tickets may be procured for the exhibition at 37 College Hall.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

THE following statement, which has been sent by Cornell to all her alumni, needs no word of comment as it appears here:—

STATEMENT BY MRS. SEVERANCE CONCERNING THE SALARIES OF TEACHERS IN THE NEW YORK STATE NORMAL SCHOOLS.

Aside from the principals, the State employs 200 teachers in the State Normal Schools. (Statistics are based on the last Civil Service Report.) Of this

number, 13 receive the same salary as the messenger in the Executive Chamber and 135 receive smaller salaries. Thirteen receive the same salaries as the porters in the Department of Public Instruction, and a change to the position of porter would raise the salaries of 149 teachers. More than half the teachers are worth less to the State from a financial standpoint than the janitors and firemen of the State Normal School buildings. Two teachers are worth the same as the best janitor, while more than three fourths of the entire number (168) are worth less. The position of janitor, which is by no means exorbitantly paid, would double or more than double the salaries of eighty teachers.

The *Educational Forum* for October gives a summarized account of the gifts made to educational institutions during this year of 1899. In no year in the history of educational institutions in the United States, it is said, have they been so enriched by donations and bequests as during this year past. The sum of such gifts thus far is stated as $30,000,000, which is $16,000,000 more than they received from such sources during all of last year. The list is headed by the gift of Mrs. Leland Stanford of $15,000,000 to the Leland Stanford University. Not the least remarkable part of this statement is that it is in all probability incomplete.

Another interesting set of figures has been published by *The Boston University Beacon* with reference to the number of women in co-educational institutions. Of five hundred of the best-known colleges in the United States 105 are for men alone, 35 for women alone, and 360 are co-educational. Of 40,000 college women 8,475 are students in the 35 colleges and 31,525 in the co-educational institutions.

Favorable reports are heard of student self-government at Rutgers College. This form of government has existed there for five years. A board of students elected by students receives evidence and passes judgment upon all questions of government. These judgments have been, it is said, uniformly ratified by the faculty and the men have proved themselves worthy of the system.

Student festivals of cherished tradition play so vivid a part in the undergraduate life that it is of especial interest to hear of festivals differing wholly from our own. The picturesque possibilities of the ceremony of the lantern festival at Bryn Mawr at once suggest themselves. It is an established custom at Bryn Mawr for the sophomores to give each freshman a lantern on the night the freshman class first appear in cap and gown. This

custom originated in the old days when there was but one lantern at the entrance of the campus. Now it has developed into a brilliant ceremony, with songs and cheers and processions. The sophomores sing a lantern song and the classes scatter after the college hymn.

To those of us who are interested in the architecture of college buildings these items from Princeton and Yale will be of interest. Of the former we read: "Great satisfaction is expressed on all sides at the handsome, appropriate and unified effect produced by four of the buildings recently finished or nearing completion on the campus; all of them in the English collegiate Gothic style, which is the style that will henceforth probably characterize Princeton architecture." In a discussion of the plans for the centennial memorial building which Yale plans to erect before 1901 it is said, "President Hadley has declared that hereafter Yale will erect only buildings that will fit in and make the whole outline of the campus harmonious." Recalling the ideal plan for the University of California, these expressions of ambition for symmetry in the arranagement of our college buildings is of especial interest.

The lectureship at Princeton on questions of public policy, founded by Mr. Stafford Little, will be filled for this year by ex-President Grover Cleveland.

In a recent account of the opening of Tulane University for 1899 we read that "The location of Tulane, and the fact that a large proportion of the population of the city of New Orleans is of Latin race, seems to point logically to Tulane as a university for Spanish-American students. Cuba, Mexico, and South America will be represented in the attendance upon the Sugar Engineering Course for the current session."

From a Columbia report we clip: "It is interesting to watch the rapid growth of Barnard College,—a growth which its unique position in the Middle States as a part of a great educational system has done much to foster. This year its members have again increased. It is now as large as Columbia College was a few years ago, and is growing almost, if not quite, as rapidly. Those who are interested in the perplexing problems of co-education, and of the Columbia and Harvard compromises with it, await with eager attention the solution which the University authorities will offer, if the present increase goes on, to the practical problem of how to provide

a proper system of instruction for a large women's college when all the teachers have to be drawn from the staff of a men's college. When Barnard is as large as Columbia, in short, can she still use only Columbia instructors, or will it be necessary for her to appoint her own, and if so what changes would that involve?"

With this it is of interest to compare a recent statement from Radcliffe: "Undergraduate work at Radcliffe is done by a repetition of Harvard courses by the Harvard professors and instructors; but in graduate work, where the Harvard classes are small, the young women in a considerable number of cases attend the classes for men at Harvard. An apparent tendency for this custom to be extended to undergraduate as well as graduate work has called forth a vigorous protest from Prof. Barrett Wendell in a recent number of the *Harvard Monthly*. He fears that co-education is gradually coming to Harvard, and thinks a stand should be made against it at once, or it will work injury to both college and instructors. The protection he offers against this danger is that Radcliffe shall become entirely separate from Harvard, and shall have its own faculty, and in order that this may be accomplished he gives an earnest plea to the public for the generous endowment of Radcliffe."

Professor Wendell's recent plea for the rescue of Harvard from co-education was the topic assigned for criticism the other day in the Harvard and Radcliffe Freshman English Course. It is said that the only public comment vouchsafed upon the resulting Radcliffe themes was to the effect that the members of the class had "rushed in where angels fear to tread." The significance of this *dictum* is wrapped in oracular obscurity. To be sure, the questions involved in such a subject do seem rather complex to be disentangled by inexperienced freshman hands, masculine or feminine; but it does not appear what would have happened to these foolhardy Radcliffe girls of 1903 if they had shared the angelic dread, and had one and all declined to set foot at anybody's bidding within the sacred precincts of this awful inquiry. (And was like judgment pronounced upon the Harvard themes?) Then, too, since the instructor is reported to have announced his whole-hearted approval of Professor's Wendell's article he can hardly have meant to tempt his flippant hearers to the all-too-ready question, "Who rushed in first?' From every point of view his utterance remains a Delphic mystery.

EXCHANGES.

THE exchanges of the month are unusually prolific in good essays and verse. The November number of *East and West* contains a very suggestive essay on "American Literary Commonplace." In a comment on the work the editor offers a half apology for its somewhat cynical and pessimistic tone, but indorses it for its honest estimate of the standard of the literary commonplace. He says that "by putting the commonplace upon an honest commercial basis, stripped of all illusions and false artistic pretensions, we shall not only lighten the task of criticism, but at the same time do the greatest possible service to the true literature and sincere literary endeavor of the period." The "Influence of Gemini," in the same number, is a vignette of Washington, full of vivacity, audacious, clever. It is not easy to offer a criticism of the "Voice of Houseless Cries"; read it! Even at this early stage in the existence of *East and West* we are learning to expect, confidently, excellent verse. This number offers especially, "Night Wind," and "Lines Written Among the Turrets of Milan Cathedral."

On the occasion of Canon Rawnsley's recent visit to Bryn Mawr he was so impressed with the beauty of the campus and with the apparently ideal conditions of college life that he wrote the following sonnet, which we clip from a Philadelphia paper:—

The falling leaf, the chestnut pattering down,
These make the silence sweeter, and I hear
The rippling laughter and the sunny cheer
Of maiden scholars clad in cap and gown,
Fortunate girls who here may make their own
The calm of nature, learn her wisdom here;
How blest is he who did your palace rear
Far from the noise and tumult of the town!
For never sure to girlhood's day was given
More gentle largess of soft lawn and lea,
More rich bestowals of all surroundings fair;
And when days darken and the chains of care
Shall hold those bound who now are fancy free,
Bryn Mawr shall make earth's saddest place seem heaven.

One of the most pleasing essays of the month is "Thomas Love Pea-

cock—an Ineffectual?" in the *Columbia Literary Monthly*. In a very brief treatment the author, with discrimination and appreciation, touches upon the characteristic qualities of style of the poet and novelist, Peacock.

The *Wofford College Journal* has an interesting article on "Tennyson: his Politics"; viewed in the light of some of the late political developments in our own country.

"Phases of Womanhood in Tennyson and Browning" is a good article in the *Western Oxford*.

Admirers of Cooper's "The Deerslayer" will be interested to read "The Scenes of the Deerslayer," in the *Cornell Magazine*, and to visit, in imagination, the famous environs of Otsego Lake.

"On no sweeter lake
Shall morning break or noon cloud sail;
No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil."

The month's stories are rather hasty conventional tales of college life. One, however, in the *Williams Monthly*, departs in a decided fashion from the beaten track and wins a kind of disapproving admiration by the originality and audacity of treatment. The title is "$Y^2 = 4$ P X." We begin the "Making of a Pessimist" in the same number with optimistic prognostications for the future of the college tale, but the Pessimist wins us in the end. A poem, "The Clock on the Wall," contains some very good lines. We quote the following verse:—

EPITAPH.

A life that failed in its success;
That, having service in its power,
Chose to be ruler for an hour,
And knew not that it chose the less.

—*Columbia Literary Monthly.*

LULLABY.

The cool, quiet pool is dark and deep,
Around it are rushes, fast asleep.
At the end of day
The brown cat-tails sway,
And, murmuring, say,
Sleep, sleep, dear little baby, sleep.

The white lily rocks as a fairy boat,
Two wee dainty fays are in it afloat;
And the bluebell rings,
While the green cradle swings,
And the oriole sings,
Sleep, sleep, dear little baby, sleep.

The drowsy buttercups nod to the moon,
"O Night, you put us to bed too soon!"
Yet the buttercups sleep
As the shadows creep,
While I watch o'er you keep.
Sleep, sleep, dear little baby, sleep.

ATHLETICS.

THE new life given athletics here at Wellesley by the instituting of a Field Day—a day when the results of the year's training may be tested—has been most evident this fall. The interest, the enthusiasm of each supporter of each separate sport, are a welcome change from the dearth of that zest in previous years. Too often has it been the sad and weary duty of the head of a sport, or the class captain, as the only vitally, genuinely interested girl in the sport, to urge the advantages of her special branch of athletics on the College. Now, almost every girl who has the physical strength is in some organized sport, and those who are denied this privilege have yet the interest, and are ready to do everything in their power for the cause of athletics.

The golf outlook this fall is very bright. With a club membership of about one hundred and fifty, under the efficient leadership of Miss Walker, 1900, there is every reason to expect a prosperous year. It is true the links are not in the best of conditions, and there is a dearth of ready money in the treasury, but plans are being made for the giving of a play sometime in January, when the ducats are expected to be forthcoming.

There has, perhaps, been more enthusiasm over basket ball than over any other sport this year because of the closely matched teams who have been playing. After several weeks of practice with squads whose size went far beyond the wildest expectations of the class captains the following games came off:—

November 7.—1901 *vs.* 1902. Score, 0–14.
November 10.—1900 *vs.* 1901. Score, 0–23.
November 14.—1901 *vs.* 1902. Score, 4–4.
November 16.—1900 *vs.* 1902. Score, 4–2.
November 23.—1901 *vs.* 1902. Score, 2–2.

The first two games were such easy victories that they could scarcely rouse any great interest; but the last three were as close and exciting games as were ever played on the Wellesley field, so the constant cheering and applause of the spectators testified. In the game of November 14, which was called on account of darkness, there was a good chance to observe the relative merits of individual and team work, for 1901 played a more brilliant individual game, particularly in center and guards, and 1902 a steadier, more all-round team game. It is a pity that this game could not be finished, as the best teams of either class were out. On the 16th, true to her reputation, 1900 won the game from 1902. This result was the more to 1900's glory in that the regular team did not play. Miss Halsey, as center, did the most brilliant work, though the whole team played with the steadiness and confidence that makes them invincible. The third game between 1901 and 1902 resulted in a second tie; 1902 did not have the class team, but the substitutes did splendid work, particularly Miss Welles as center and Miss Haines as guard. The best work for 1901 was done by Misses Helmholz, Doane and Weakley. There was some exceedingly pretty playing in this game on the part of Miss Crockett, 1902, but the game lost in interest because of the wild throws and grumblings of both sides.

As matters now stand there is no champion team, and so nearly equal in strength are the class teams that no decision can be made without further games.

The following is the make-up of the regular teams:—

	1900	1901	1902
Forward,	Miss Halsey.	Miss Logan.	Miss Crockett.
Forward,	Miss B. H. Smith.	Miss M. C. Smith.	Miss Welles.
Center,	Miss Vogel.	Miss Helmholz.	Miss Conklin.
Guard,	Miss Nunnemacher.	Miss Weakley.	Miss Knodle.
Guard,	Miss Gage.	Miss Doane.	Miss Petrie.

The other sport which has roused the interest of the whole College this year is tennis. The following sets were played in the tournament which came off the 4th and 6th of November:—

Miss Terry, 1903 Miss Fink, 1903	Miss Terry, 4–6, 6–2, 6–4.
Miss Wetmore, 1902 Miss Heinen, 1902	Miss Wetmore, 6–0, 6–1.
Miss Williams, 1901 Miss Reed, 1901	Miss Williams, 3–6, 6–4, 6–4.
Miss Wetmore, 1902 Miss Terry, 1903	Miss Wetmore, 6–4, 4–6, 6–4.
Miss Williams, 1901 Miss Halsey, 1900	Miss Halsey.
Miss Halsey, 1900 Miss Wetmore, 1902	Miss Wetmore, 6–3, 4–6, 6–4.

Miss Wetmore is, then, college champion.

The crews have had very little opportunity for work on their own sport. Several of them have gone into other sports for the fall, and during the winter they are to have cross-country running.

Lacrosse is flourishing, if the number of players may be regarded as any indication, and under the instruction of men from Harvard is better organized and trained than ever before. Tether ball is a new game just introduced this fall, and there are rumors of horseback lessons to be offered at some early date.

Gymnasium work for other than freshmen this winter has to be limited to a single period a week, when Miss Hill has kindly consented to give instruction in running and jumping to such girls as may wish to train for Field-day events. In place of gymnasium work cross-country running is to be offered. Instruction will be given by a man from the Boston Athletic Association, and all members of the College may enter the squads.

The prospects for the ensuing year are, then, bright. With regular training for Field-day events, with the impetus for work gained from last year's Field Day, with the increased interest in all branches of athletics, there is every reason to believe that our next Field Day will be a glorious success, and, better still, that athletics are having their right place in college as never before.

M. C. S., 1901.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Nov. 1.—Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard, gave an interesting lecture in the Art Lecture Room before the members of the Philosophy Club and their friends. His subject was "Psychology as a Natural Science."

Nov. 4.—Miss Whiting gave a timely talk on "Meteors and Meteoric Showers" in the Physics Lecture Room.

Nov. 5.—President Harris, of Amherst College, preached in the Houghton Chapel at the usual hour. At the monthly missionary meeting in the evening Rev. Charles Daniels spoke of "The Opportunity for College-trained Workers in the Mission Field."

Nov. 6.—A candy sale and a play were given in the Barn by the Norumbega household for the benefit of "Aunt Dinah's" orphanage. The chief feature of the entertainment was the play, entitled "A Rank Deception." The cast of characters was as follows:—

Mrs. Channington	Miss B. Smith, 1900.
Madelina Dering, her niece . . .	Miss Walker, 1901.
Dora Vandeveer	Miss Shaw, 1900.
Reginald de Bluster . . .	Miss Abercrombie, 1900.
George Washington Wheelshaft .	Miss M. C. Smith, 1901.
Fredeing, Mrs. Channington's son . .	Miss A. Davis, 1901.

Between the acts a charming Spanish dance was given by Miss Storms, 1900, and Miss A. Davis, 1901.

We feel that a short account of Mrs. Pace's work will not be without interest to the readers of the Magazine. Mrs. Pace, better known to the College as "Aunt Dinah," has been in charge of a school for colored children in Covington, Ga., since 1883. The story of the slender beginnings of the work, with its early struggles and discouragements, is very interesting and very pathetic. Gradually, Mrs. Pace has so won the approval of the townspeople that they give her a salary of about $30 a month for teaching all the colored school-children of the place. The care of the little orphanage, however, is something quite apart from Mrs. Pace's teaching. She cares for from fifteen to thirty children every year,—clothes, feeds, shelters, and teaches them,—and has for this purpose no money beyond what is paid her

for her public teaching by the town and what is sent her by friends from outside. We are glad to announce that about $100 was cleared by the Norumbega entertainment this year, a good part of which has already been sent to Aunt Dinah by Mrs. Newman. Thanks are due to all the friends who in any way assisted in bringing about the success of the afternoon.

November 6.—In the evening a very delightful organ recital was given by the famous organist, Mr. Clarence Eddy, in the Houghton Chapel.

November 11.—A rare treat was afforded the College in the opportunity of hearing Dr. Edward Everett Hale read his famous "Man Without a Country." A large audience welcomed him, and heard him with the utmost appreciation. After the reading a reception was given to Dr. Hale by the English Department in the Horsford parlor. At the Barn Swallow meeting in the evening the play given at Stone Hall for Halloween was repeated.

November 12.—The Rev. John E. Tuttle, of Worcester, conducted the morning service in the Houghton Chapel.

November 13.—Prof. Earl Barnes lectured on "Children's Ideals" in the evening.

November 18.—The first meeting of the College Settlement Reading Club was held in the Faculty parlor. The plan of work for the year was outlined, and short talks given by Miss Coman and Miss Balch, of the College, and by Miss Dudley, of Denison House.

November 19.—Mr. McFadden, of Chelsea, conducted the Sunday morning service.

November 20.—A lecture, illustrated by stereopticon, was given in the chapel of College Hall by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll. His subject was "Our Wild Neighbors." Miss Willcox gave a reception in honor of Mr. Ingersoll to the members of the advanced Zoology classes after the lecture.

November 25.—Mrs. Whitman, of Boston, spoke very interestingly of "Some Considerations of Art in Daily Life" in the afternoon. A charming reception for Mrs. Whitman followed her lecture, given by the English Department. In the evening Mrs. Kelley, the Secretary of the Consumers' League, gave a most interesting illustrated lecture in the College Hall chapel on the subject of "Sweat Shops."

November 26.—Bishop McVickar, of Rhode Island, preached in the Chapel in the morning.

November 27.—A delightful concert was given in the evening by Miss Harriet Shaw, harpist; Miss Agnes May, contralto; and Mr. Herbert Johnson, tenor.

November 29.—At 12.30 P. M. college work was over for the Thanksgiving recess.

SOCIETY NOTES.

AT a regular meeting of the Agora on Saturday evening, October 28, the following programme was given:—

I. Impromptu Speeches.
   1. Latest News from the Transvaal . Miss Moore.
   2. Present Condition of Affairs in Samoa . . . . . Miss Moore.
   3. Present Situation in the Philippines . . . . . Miss Brown.

II. General Subject of the Evening: Transvaal Question.
   1. Nature and Extent of England's Control in South Africa . . Miss Hutsinpillar.
   2. Debate.
      Resolved: The Action of England in Regard to the Transvaal is Justifiable.
      Affirmative . . . . . Miss Mills. Miss Emma Seward.
      Negative . . . . . Miss Reeve. Miss Lucy Wright.

At the meeting of the Agora held Saturday evening, November 25, the following programme was given:—

I. Impromtu Speeches.
   1. Present Situation in the Philippines Miss Moore.
   2. Present Situation in South Africa . Miss Barbour.
   3. Results of Late State Elections . Miss Hutsinpillar.

II. General Subject: "A Study of the Political Parties of the United States.
1. History of the Democratic Party . Miss Edna Seward.
2. History of the Republican Party . Miss Edith Wright. (Read by Miss Moore.)
3. Present Tendencies of the Democratic Party . . . . Miss Stocking.
4. Present Tendencies of the Republican Party . . . . . Miss Cross.

The regular monthly programme meeting of Alpha Kappa Chi was held in Elocution Hall, Saturday evening, November 11. The following programme was rendered:—

Recent Excavations in Rome and Italy . Frankie E. Sullivan.
Recent Excavations in Greece . . . Marcia McIntire.
Plots and Plans of Roman Comedies . . Alice Perry.
Reading and Translation of Terence's "Phormio," Act I.

At a regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society, October 29, the following programme was given:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Clara Conklin.
II. Paper: "Historical Background of I. Henry IV. . . . . Eleanor Conlon.
III. Dramatic Representation Act II., Scene III.
Harry Hotspur . . . . . Harriet Goddard.
Lady Percy . . . . . Anne Carlisle.
Servant . . . . . Bertha di Zerega.
IV. Paper.
Falstaff and the Comedy Element . Ethel Bowman.
V. Dramatic Representation, Act I., Scene II.
Falstaff . . . . . Bertha Doane.
Prince Hall . . . . . Louise Williams.
Poins . . . . . , . Constance Draper.

Miss Florence Converse, '93, Miss Elizabeth Hardee, '94, Miss Flora Skinner, '99, Miss Corinne Wagner, '99, were present at the meeting.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held on November 25. The following programme was presented:—

I.	Shakespeare News	Anna Carlisle.
II.	Paper, Henry V. as a Dramatic Epic	Sue Hall.
III.	Dramatic Representation, "Henry V.," Act III., Scene 4.	
	Katherine	Clara Blattner.
	Alice	Jean Gregory.
IV.	Paper, Shakespeare's Treatment of the Popular Hero compared with Goethe's in "Egmont"	Clara Blattner.
V.	Dramatic Representation, "Henry V.," Act V., Scene 2.	
	King Henry	Clare Conklin.
	Katherine	Alice Knox.
	Alice	Eleanor Conlon.

Miss Fuller, Miss Sanborn and Miss Sullivan were present.

On Saturday evening, November 4, at the regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha, the following programme was given:—

An Introduction to the Study of the Eighteenth Century Novel.

1.	Social Characteristics of the Eighteenth Century	Miss Byington.
2.	Literary Forms and Tendencies .	Miss Dutch.
3.	Defoe as the Precursor of the Novel .	Miss Edna Mason
4.	Current Topic: The Political Situation in the Transvaal.	
	English Standpoint	Miss Grover.
	Boer Standpoint	Miss Reed.

At a meeting of Society Zeta Alpha held Saturday evening, November 25, Miss Elizabeth McCaulley, 1901, was initiated. Afterwards the following programme was presented:—

1. Samuel Richardson. A Biographical Sketch . . . . . Miss Oliphant.
2. Richardson as a Moral Reformer . . Miss Ring.
3. Scenes from Sir Charles Grandison. (Dramatized by Miss Sage.)
   a. Miss Byron's Secret is Discovered.
   b. Sir Charles Grandison Proposes to Miss Byron.
   c. Sir Charles Grandison's Offer of Marriage is Accepted.

Sir Charles Grandison	Miss Dutch.
Miss Byron	Miss Bayless.
Miss Grandison	Miss Ball.
Lady L.	Miss Sage.
Mrs. Selby	Miss Reed.

At a regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Fraternity held on Saturday evening, November 18, Miss Alice Elizabeth Chase, 1900, was initiated. The following programme was than presented :—

The Short Story in the East.

1. Mary E. Wilkins' Claim as Foremost in the New England Group . . Miss Sperry.
2. The Short Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett Miss Baxter.
3. New York Society Life as Depicted by Richard Harding Davis . . Miss Nunnemacher.
4. Reading of the Rebound . . . Miss Sperry.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

ANNUAL MEETING OF COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ.

[The following account is taken from Miss Claghorn's report in the *New York Post* of November 1.]

The eighteenth annual meeting, held in Chicago, October 26–28, was one of the most interesting and significant in the history of the association. At present the number of members is about two thousand. At the opening

of the meeting the association included nineteen colleges and universities in its institutional membership, and had twenty-one local branches. At the meeting three more colleges were admitted, as institutional members—Barnard College in Columbia University, the Woman's College of Western Reserve University, and the University of Nebraska; and a new branch was recognized, to be known as the Virginia Branch. Prof. Celestia S. Parrish, of Randolph-Macon College for Women, is president of the new branch.

At this meeting the association became an incorporated body under the laws of the State of Massachusetts; a change that does not affect the character and purpose of the organization in any way, but simply enables it to hold property more safely and conveniently. Officers were elected for the coming two years as follows: President, Prof. Abby Leach, of Vassar College; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, Miss Annie Crosby Emery, Mrs. Mary Roberts Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, Mrs. Julia Johnson Trelease, Miss Sophonisba P. Breckinridge. The Secretary-Treasurer of the preceding year, Miss Kate Holladay Claghorn, of Bryn Mawr and Yale, was re-elected.

The papers given at the meeting and the discussions showed an especially strong interest in the practical problems of education that are pressing themselves upon general attention to-day. The first open meeting of the sessions was entirely given up to a consideration of the public schools. The secretary opened the meeting by a brief statement of the attitude of the association toward the public schools. The association was not to be considered, she explained, as in any sense a trade union of college-bred women, formed for the general purpose of securing teaching positions for the college-bred in the schools to the exclusion of all other classes of teachers. It was to be regarded rather as a body of citizens engaged in the citizen's task of arousing an interest in and supporting a demand for the best in public education, regardless of social, political or institutional lines.

The principal address of the evening was given by Supt. E. Benjamin Andrews, of the Chicago public schools.

Following Dr. Andrews, Mrs. Philip N. Moore of St. Louis, President of the St. Louis branch of the association, and treasurer of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, told of the work done by women's organizations for public education.

Friday morning and afternoon were spent at the University of Chicago. During the morning the buildings were visited. In the afternoon an open meeting was held in Cobb lecture hall. President Harper welcomed the association to the university, expressing warm appreciation of the association's work for education, and saying a word of decided approval of the woman college student. Dr. A. F. Nightingale, Superintendent of High Schools in Chicago, brought before the association for discussion the question of college-entrance requirements, urging a reconsideration of traditional schemes of study, and their reconstruction to fit the actual needs of the actual individual of to-day. An animated discussion followed Dr. Nightingale's paper.

At the close of the discussion the association voted to instruct its executive committee to make a study of this subject during the year, with a view to co-operation with the National Educational Association and other educational bodies, in efforts for a better system of correlation between schools and colleges.

The sessions of Saturday were held at Northwestern University. The general topic of the morning session was "Graduate Study for Women." President Henry Wade Rogers, of the University, welcomed the association, and spoke on the general topic. The central thought of the paper was that sex in education was an exploded idea.

Mrs. Bessie Bradwell Helmer, chairman of the committee which awards the European fellowship, reported the work of the committee for the year, and told of the progress and whereabouts of the nineteen or twenty fellows the association has already sent abroad. It is interesting to note that although the association itself offers only one fellowship, other associations and individuals have been influenced by its example to offer others, in some cases using the association's machinery of award, so that some four or five women are sent every year to study in Europe as a consequence of the fellowship work of the association.

The Secretary of the Federation of Graduate Clubs, Miss Elizabeth Faulkner, gave an account of the work of the federation in bringing graduate students in different institutions in touch with each other and with opportunities for graduate study.

A paper discussing some objections to graduate study for women was

presented by Miss Annie Crosby Emery, dean of women at the University of Wisconsin. This paper treated the topic in such a suggestive, unconventional way that a lively discussion followed.

The more important papers given at the meeting will be issued in a forthcoming magazine number of the association's publications, which is promised for the first week in December, and which will include also a full report of the business transacted, and a register of names. The publication work of the association is growing in importance, and coming to be considered a most valuable part of the work.

THE NEW YORK WELLESLEY CLUB.

Mrs. Van Lear, Miss Merrill and Miss Bushee entertained the club on Saturday afternoon, October 21, at 34 East Fifty-seventh Street. This was the first meeting of the season, and over fifty members were present to welcome the new president, Mrs. George A. Plimpton. After an informal reception in her honor, various topics of current interest were discussed. "Our Endowment Fund" naturally aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The president, in her remarks, emphasized the importance of immediate action in order to increase the fund, and announced that the principal work of the club during the winter would be to add to the sum already raised. Refreshments were served at the conclusion of the programme, and some announcements were made. The meetings are to be held in the same house throughout the winter at the invitation of the hostesses at this meeting. The club scrapbook was left there for reference by all interested. It is full of newspaper clippings dealing with Wellesley and her interests, and is always kept up to date.

THE WASHINGTON (D. C.) WELLESLEY CLUB.

The first affair given by the alumnæ of Wellesley College in Washington for lessening the debt on their Alma Mater took place during the second week of November. It was a concert by the Boston Instrumental Club, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A programme rendered by such artists and for such a cause was bound to be a success in every way, and the alumnæ have great reason to feel encouraged over their initial effort. The concert was given at the Columbia Theatre, which was filled with an appreciative

audience. Just what the next entertainment will be to raise the necessary amount assigned to the Washington alumnæ has not yet been made public.

A Wellesley Club has been formed in Kansas City, Mo., with Miss Barstow, '83, as president, and Miss Alice Fyock, '97, as secretary. The other members are Miss Mary E. Bowles, Miss Blanche Purdy, Miss Ruth Meyer, Miss Floyd Smith, Miss M. C. Wiggin, Miss Anna Wolfson, Miss May Page, Mrs. Henrietta Cone Marsh, and Miss Laura L. Whipple.

The following alumnæ are now studying in the graduate department of Yale: Clara R. Walker, '86; Elizabeth Abbe, '88; Emily Foley, '93; Mary Salter, '94; Alice L. Wright, '97; Harriet Merrill, '98.

Teaching in the Hillhouse High School, New Haven, are the Misses Flora Crouch '84; Clara R. Walker, '86; Annie M. Leonard, '95; Caroline Davis, '97.

Miss Esther Bailey, '91, Miss Alzora Aldrich, '96, and Miss Mignonette Smith, '98, are doing graduate work at Radcliffe this year.

Miss Dora A. Scribner, '89, has left Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., and is teaching at Coe Academy, Northwood Centre, N. H. Her home address is as it has been, Gossville, N. H.

Miss Susan W. Hawkes, '89, has moved from New Haven, Conn., to Denver, Col. Her address is 633 Colfax Avenue.

Miss Anne L. Bosworth, '90, who has been studying mathematics in Europe for a year and a half, received the doctor's degree from Göttingen last June.

Miss Mabel C. Hawes, '91, is located in Hingham, Mass., as substitute for Miss Sarah Gertrude Robinson, '82, who has been principal of Derby Academy in that place.

A prize of one hundred dollars, offered for the best essay written by New York school-teachers on the subject of "The Consolidation of the Two Executive Departments of the University of the State of New York," has been awarded to Miss Sara Elizabeth Stewart, '91.

Miss Harriet E. Tuell, '91, who took her doctor's degree at Cornell in '94, is teaching this year in the Somerville High School.

Miss Edith Bancroft, '92, is teaching Greek and Latin in the High School in Pueblo, Col.

Miss Clara M. Burt, '92, is an assistant teacher of Physics in the Bronx High School, New York City. Miss Frances C. Lance, '92, is teaching English History in the same school.

Miss Gertrude Cushing, '92, and Miss Elizabeth A. Stark, '95, are in Europe with Miss Stratton. They went by Gibraltar to Genoa, and will work northward to Munich, where they expect to spend the winter months.

Miss Flora Randolph, formerly '92, is still teaching in California. She is living in Palo Alto, and also studying at Leland Stanford Jr. University.

Miss Anna Winegar, '92, is still in Paris, where she has had her headquarters since she left college.

Miss Cornelia Green, '92, and Miss Margaret Hardon, '92, exhibited in last year's Salon at Paris. Miss Green sent a painting, and Miss Hardon sent several pen-and-ink sketches, illustrations for a book on French châteaux, which is in preparation.

Miss Florence Mirick, '92, is teaching in Norwalk, Conn.

Miss Mabel Ryland Keller, Mus., '94, is spending the winter at the College Settlement, 95 Rivington Street, New York City.

Miss Mary Isham and Miss Roxana Vivian, both of '94, have fellowships at the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Gail Laughlin and Miss Maud Thompson, both of '94, are housekeeping in a flat at 199 West 134th Street, New York City. Miss Laughlin is doing legal work; Miss Thompson is studying at Columbia and teaching gymnastics.

Miss Harriet R. Lance, '95, is teaching in the Wilkes-Barre, Pa., High School. Miss Marian E. Lance, also '95, is still in the Wilkes-Barre Institute for Girls, of which Dr. Helen L. Webster, formerly professor of Comparative Philology at the College, is this year the principal.

Miss Marian P. Stover, '95, is teaching history in National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md.

The Wellesley Private School is a new fitting school for college, opened this year in Alton, Ill., by Misses Adelia M. Randall, '95, and Julia D. Randall, '97, assisted by Miss Ellen D. Smith, '98.

Miss Roberta Montgomery, '97, has returned from England, and is at present teaching in the Rochester (N. Y.) High School.

Miss Elizabeth Hazeltine, graduate student at Wellesley, 1897–98, is teaching German and English in the High School of North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Miss Thusa Lindsley Gidman, '98, is teaching in the Rockville High School, Rockville, Conn.

Miss Ethel M. Moody, '99, has a position in New York City as assistant in a home for friendless girls. Her address is 23 East 11th Street.

Miss Faith Louise Young, '99, is teaching United States' History in Austen, Ill. Her address is 213 North Central Avenue.

Miss Grace Phemister, '99, is teaching at Mattapoisett, Mass.

Miss Grace Sutherland, '99, is with her mother at Saranac in the Adirondacks.

Miss Agatha Sonna, '99, is teaching at her home in Boise, Idaho.

Miss Mabel L. Bishop, '99, is taking the graduate course at the State Normal Training School, New Britain, Conn.

Miss Gertrude Pearce, '99, is teaching Greek, Latin and Literature in the High School at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Miss Emma Leitman, '99, has a position in the Allegheny (Pa.) High School.

Miss Julia Hill, '99, is teaching History and English at Northfield Seminary.

Miss Adeline Putnam, '99, has a position in Forest Park University, St. Louis, Mo.

BORN.

Jan. 28, 1899, a daughter, Harriet Farnsworth, to Mrs. Harriet Farnsworth Gulick.

In Malden, Mass., Aug. 5, 1899, a daughter, Evalyn Davis, to Mrs. Mabel Hayes Johnson, '93.

Oct. 22, 1899, a daughter, Caroline Farnsworth, to Mrs. Charlotte Farnsworth Little, student at the College, '86–87.

In Jamaica Plain, Mass., Nov. 2, 1899, a son, John Hurd, Jr., to Mrs. Emily Porter Hurd, '96.

DIED.

At Laconia, N. H., July 16, 1899, Miss Amy E. Clay, sister of Miss Blanche L. Clay, '92.

At Greenfield, Mass., Nov. 6, 1899, aged 68 years, Chester C. Conant, father of Miss Charlotte H. Conant, '84, and Miss Martha P. Conant, '90.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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SOME TRANSFORMATIONS OF ANTIQUITY.

No student of classical antiquity can fail to be impressed by the meagerness and incoherence of the material remains of those ancient races that for many centuries densely populated certain regions of Italy and Greece. A single peep into the narrow streets of Pompeii suffices to convince us how closely each man jostled his neighbor, and yet little actually remains to show an exact picture of his environment, without the understanding of which the study of his spirit can never be complete. The problem of classical research is the reconstruction of classical life, for which every particle of evidence contributes its mite. Constant reference must be made to the verbal testimony of the ancients, and the actual objects used by them are made to contribute even more convincing testimony in regard to the fashion and principles of their life. The picture, however, can never be perfected, for with all its abundance the evidence often fails us at most critical points. It is marvelous that so vast a civilization should after all have left so little behind. Natural decay accounts for the loss of remains of such materials as wood or cloth, and to some extent of brick and stone;

but it is hardly comprehensible that hundreds of temples and thousands of statues should have left no material trace. In view of the artistic excellence of these things which have survived, the wonder grows that any race could fail to exert every effort to insure their preservation. But in fact, kindly Nature has done more to preserve her children's works than they have themselves, and her destructive forces work far more slowly than theirs. It may be of interest to consider some of the ways in which man has destroyed his own handiwork and been his own worst enemy.

First of all let us cut out of consideration the wanton destruction of antiquities by mischievous persons. Such processes are uninteresting, and result only in mutilation which at worst cannot utterly destroy the actual beauty of temple or statue. To the trained eye the suggestiveness of a torso may be as convincing of artistic merit as the statue, and the imagination plays about the broken columns of a deserted temple with a pleasure scarcely equaled in a completed reconstruction. While willful destruction is greatly to be deplored as hastening the "day when Troy shall fall," its results are less far-reaching than the often well-meant attempts of a later generation to improve the heirlooms of the past or to create a new art for itself. And if this form of destruction is set aside, that which results from human necessities may go with it. At those times when the necessity for defense overbalances every consideration, the sacrifice of works of art may be justifiable. Against the Goths a remnant of the Romans in desperation fortified the villa of Hadrian, and hurled upon the heads of the besiegers the precious statues which adorned it. It is a well-known story that Themistokles while parleying with his country's enemies caused every man, woman and child to build up the walls of Athens, and within a few weeks the city stood defended with walls patched with everything available—inscriptions, funeral stelæ, architectural fragments and perhaps even statuary. In Rome, too, in the sixth century of our era, the walls were hastily repaired, and statues were immured in them, notably the Barberini Faun. Famous illustrations of Athens by Stuart, dating from the middle of the eighteenth century, show nothing of the graceful temple of Athena Niké, which now stands at the entrance of the Acropolis. Sometime between 1676, when it was seen by two explorers, Spon and Wheler, and the time of Stuart this gem of Ionic art had disappeared entirely. In 1835 it was

discovered in pieces, built into a wall which the Turks erected in the siege of 1687. The fragments were once more put together to form the temple as it now is seen.

Such illustrations as these are not half so curious as those of monuments which have been transformed or remodeled for reasons of economy. It is a commonplace of archæology that when the intrinsic value of a monument is esteemed more than its artistic worth the signal is sounded for its ultimate destruction. This axiom is at the basis of the deplorable reversion of art products into the raw materials of which they are formed. Stone has been quarried from nearly every temple of antiquity, whose marble statues furnished also material for the manufacture of lime. For centuries each landholder claimed the right to dispose as he pleased of those remains which he found underground, as he might sell the vegetables and fruits which came out of it. We are told that when government authorities paid any attention to the matter it was to increase the state revenues by selling ruins as quarries, reserving a percentage of the proceeds for the treasury. A document of the state archives of Rome, dating from 1452, states that one contractor removed from the Colosseum alone over twenty-five hundred cartloads of travertine of which it was built. Bronze vases and statues have been recast into cannon, while the very gilding of cult-images has been carefully removed to supply the needs of an impecunious people or the greed of a conqueror. Inscribed stones have been utilized in countless ways. The flat, smooth backs of state decrees have made many a doorstone for a frugal peasantry, while flooring has been pieced frequently with inscriptions. The pavement of the Basilica of St. Paul is patched with no less than nine hundred and thirty inscriptions. The greater the value of the material, the sooner disappears the artistic product. Hence the chryselephantine statues were first to offer temptation for plunder, while of all the remains of antiquity, pottery is the best preserved, having had no enemy but the destructive agencies of nature.

There have been certain accidental results of this indifference to historical or artistic values which are of an interesting character. There is on the hill of Tiryns, a prehistoric fortress town of Argolis, a gallery of huge stones so placed as to form a pointed arch, without, however, the arch principle in its construction. The upper stones are smoothly polished on the inside, while

the lower layers are rough. A little consideration will show that until excavations were made, earth had been filling up the passageway for centuries, while Greek shepherds drove their sheep night after night into the gradually contracting space of the gallery, the sides of which became polished by the rubbing of the little woolly backs, while the owners were quite unmindful of the puzzle they were setting before wise men of after days. Again, on the banks of the Tiber, just without the city of Rome, is a low hill, Monte Testaccio, which is composed entirely of broken amphoræ. Here the merchantmen once unloaded cargoes from the East,—cargoes of wine, of oil, or grains. The jars in which the goods were stored were emptied of their contents and left by the wharves in a heap, forming in time a hill of some importance just as similar hills were formed near Cairo and Tarsus. Then, too, the ingenious café keeper of Athens, in placing to-day his tables in the shade of the great temple of Zeus Olympios, is putting to strange and practical use the broad diameters of those massive columns.

The most potent and exasperating form of destruction which has overtaken antiquities is that which has taken place at the hands of friends of art. The Graeco-mania which siezed Rome after her forces had carried arms into the decadent capitols of the East led to the wholesale plunder of Greek art centers, and a transplanting of statuary and other objects of beauty to Italian soil. And when a real "antique" was lacking, many a Greek copyist stood ready to block out at a few hours' notice an Aphrodite or a Herakles with all his attributes, with a facility which proved fatal to the spirit of the model, while it prohibited freedom and originality of treatment. The process of indiscriminate removal has not been checked until recently, and by it England has possession of the Elgin marbles, while the transfer of many other sculptures has resulted in their entire loss. A notable instance is the attempt of Morosini, the Venetian general, to lower from the west pediment of the Parthenon a chariot and horses. The tackling broke, and those matchless marbles were left a hopeless mass of fragments at the foot of the temple. While there has never been a time when works of art have not been carried from one center to another, the fondness for collecting antiques amounted to a craze in Italy at the time of the Renaissance, when rare collections were formed for the love of accumulation, and statues were repolished and supplied with missing limbs to suit their owners' ideas of perfection. This period is

one when mistaken identity of sculptures led to ruthless restoration and to grossly incorrect interpretation.

When the desire for new production is strong, and the old has become old-fashioned, antiquities suffer most surprising changes. The commonest illustrations of this treatment are offered by the transformation of temples into churches. A pitiable instance is the Parthenon, whose pediment sculptures were greatly damaged by building the apse of a Christian church at the east end, while its remodeling into a Turkish mosque caused further destruction. A faintly drawn face of the Virgin still smiles gravely from the cella-wall to remind us of the worship of the Virgin Goddess, which was here changed to that of the Virgin Mother. The early Church used the colonnade of the Julian Basilica in the Forum to shelter a chapel, while the altars of the Lares in every quarter of Rome became shrines of Madonna or saint, before which still swing the lamps of paganism. Many an ancient temple has thus formed the basis of a modern building or furnished material for a new construction. The Basilica of Constantine is a wonderful patchwork of all materials, architectural members and ornamentation; Hadrian's Mausoleum gave material for the Sistine Chapel, while parts even of the temple of Capitoline Jove built the neighboring church of Santa Maria and portions of the Villa Medici. Quite recently twenty-four Greek columns have been found in Corinth worked into the foundations of a building of a later period. The Acropolis wall at Athens was rebuilt and extended after the Persian war, and any available blocks were used for the purpose. On the north side is a series of column-drums so cunningly fitted as to justify the assumption that their position was chosen with reference to decorative effect.

The patchwork process is nowhere more evident than in the case of transferred ornament, when degenerate art seeks to supply its own deficiencies at the expense of a nobler. The small Metropolis Church in Athens is closely decorated with slabs of architectural ornament inserted in its walls with some regard to symmetry, but with no reference to their eternal fitness. The same is true of innumerable chapels all over Greece. In Rome, where the feeling for the sacredness of the past was not so strong, the devastation is even more marked. The upper part of the arch of Constantine is faced with fine reliefs from some building of Trajan's time, representing scenes from the life of that emperor, while Constantine figures in the cruder

reliefs below. Retributive justice turned this arch into a castle some centuries later, and removed a column to adorn a chapel of the Lateran. The latest monument of the Forum is a fine Corinthian column taken bodily from some ancient building. A curious fate overtook some sculptures in the Theatre of Dionysos in Athens. During the process of reconstruction a succession of standing figures was found too tall to fit under a cornice, so the architects, Procrustes-like, neatly sawed off their heads and brought them into the required space.

The working over of statuary into a new form is common. Pagan statues were frequently mutilated by zealots of the Christian faith, but as frequently the old god took on a new name and the old became the symbol of the new, as Christian art types are largely modifications of classic models. A statue of Apollo becomes David by change of name, and a Minerva is called Judith. Another small Minerva has been given new head and arms and now figures as Roma, to adorn the fountain before the Palazzo del Senatore. The prevailing idea, however, is groundless that the great statue in St. Peter's is the Jupiter Capitolinus and that the keys supplanted the thunderbolt. Hermes bearing the goat on his shoulders and Orpheus playing the lyre before his flocks became symbols of the Good Shepherd. What seems the boldest form of desecration, speaking from a pagan standpoint, is the actual use of the material of which a beautiful object has been made for fashioning something new. It is said that one of the columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux furnished Michel Angelo the pedestal for the statue of Marcus Aurelius, and that from one of the same columns was carved the statue of Jonah in the Chigi Chapel, modeled by Raphael and sculptured by Lorenzetto.

The reawakening interest in things Greek, which was the secret of the Renaissance, was thus eminently practical. While unearthing art treasures and deciphering manuscripts, the student kept the end in view of remodeling his own art and literature. Whatever did not contribute directly to that end was cast aside and disregarded. Nothing was sacred which was not understood. To-day such negligence is unknown in the field of archæology. The aim is different. The student now seeks to picture the progress of a nation by considering every factor of its life. Everything which remains from antiquity may be significant, whether an essay or a jewel; no

scrap of clay is too minute to have some value in determining the character of the potter who fashioned it; the very location of finds is of importance, and not a jot or tittle may be added to the fragments. Whether the crude beginning of a primitive people or the noblest flower of developed art, every fragment is evidence which makes clear the growth of a great people. Art cannot be understood if only one phase is observed; its principle is eternal, but its human expression is subject to the laws of evolution and must be studied in process for an understanding of the completed product. Herein is the pity of the waste of the past centuries. Even though the patience of excavators and interpreters be boundless, the whole story can never be told. ALICE WALTON.

IN THE REIGN OF SARAH.

"Jo!" bawled the irate Mr. Raed. "Jo! If you can't come down I wish you'd say so. Jo!"

"Ye-s," came a far-away voice from upstairs.

"What are you doing?" roared the husband; "and why don't you come downstairs?"

A pause, during which he shifted his lame leg into an easier position and groaned.

"O that woman!" But his grumbling ceased and his face lighted with an unwilling smile as that woman appeared in the doorway. She was a very little person, with a sweet, thin face, and she moved with a singularly light, quick grace.

"There, Davie," she said, throwing her head back and a little to one side as she smiled at him, "here's a nice bandage for the poor leg."

"Ought to be nice," growled the object of her care; "took long enough to get it!" But as she kneeled by his side he let his hand fall with apparent carelessness upon her soft gray hair, and his deep-set eyes watched her tenderly from under the heavy, frowning brows.

He was not used to being an invalid, and the past fortnight had proved a trying one to them both. During that time David had ordered their days and nights with unquestioned authority, and the little woman had trotted patiently up and down; had sat wakeful by his side through long night

hours, or had taken naps at intervals prescribed by her lawgiver. David had accepted all her services without remark. However, their acquaintance was not such as to make remarks indispensable for the better understanding of each other's feelings. He knew that the world held nobody like his Jo, and she knew that he knew it by the way he laid his hand on her hair.

During the last few days there had been an additional disturbance in the domestic arrangements. There was a new Sarah in the kitchen who was a good cook and a bad—superlatively bad—housekeeper. The three days of trial were nearly over, and with their approaching end the reign of Sarah was drawing to a close. Little Mrs. Raed suffered long and was kind, but there were occasions when she "made up her mind"—and she was on the verge of doing it now.

When she had carefully put the last pin in the bandage she rocked back upon the floor with her hands clasped around her knees and began,—

"Davie, I've made up my mind about one thing."

Now it was strange that Mrs. Raed, having known her husband in sickness and health for twenty-three years, should have opened the subject in this way; for Mr. Raed the invalid was a very different person from Mr. Raed in health, and things could be said to the one man which were not for the other's ears. When Mr. Raed was ill the world in which he moved refrained from making up its mind, or, at least, from announcing its decision. But Mrs. Raed was so intent that she forgot policy.

"Um," said her husband, noncommittally.

"Yes," nodded the little woman with assurance. "I shall dismiss Sarah to-day. She's not neat."

Mr. Raed yawned. "I liked that beef stew that Sarah made yesterday," he said. "Tell her to have one every week."

"Ah," smiled his wife, rocking back and forth on the floor absent-mindedly, "I'm afraid that's the last beef stew Sarah will ever make for you."

"What!" said Mr. Raed, in a tone that showed his wife her mistake.

"Why, yes, Davie," she replied, soothingly. "I can make it, you know, and Sarah is going this afternoon."

"No such thing," roared Mr. Raed. "Sarah's a good cook and a good girl. She's neat and —— "

"David," interrupted little Mrs. Raed, firmly, "she's *not* neat. To-day I found the stove cloth in the dish pan!"

"Where it ought to be," shouted her husband; "if she wants to wash the stove cloth she's neat!" he ended, triumphantly.

"David," said his wife, despairingly, "you don't understand, dear. But we won't worry over it now."

"Yes we will too," asserted the invalid, stoutly. "Sarah's been here three days already, hasn't she? Let's see her. What sort of looking girl is she? Show her in."

"She's out hanging clothes now," said Mrs. Raed, rising; "but,"—she hesitated a minute—"David," she burst out, desperately, "I can't have her in the house. She's really *not clean*. I hate to have you eat what she cooks."

"Nonsense," asseverated her husband, valiantly. "I'll eat all she cooks and welcome!"

"But I've told her she can go."

"Well," said David, "go tell her she can't."

"Oh, David,"—Mrs. Raed lost patience at last,—"why can't you let me manage my own affairs! I'm tried to death. I can't—I haven't——" She choked a little, then threw back her small head defiantly.

"Sarah's so untidy, and you're *so* unreasonable," and she ran from the room.

Amazement held Mr. Raed speechless for a moment. Then, from force of habit, he drew in a deep breath to call "Jo!" but the amazement got into his voice and shut it off. He stared out of the window and drummed on the arm of his chair. His glance wandered to the bandaged leg, to the pile of books by his chair, to the plate of peeled oranges on the table—everywhere some mark of the little wife's unceasing care for him. He knit his brows. He had never thought before that Jo might be tired out. He recalled the one other time that she had "flared up"; she had fallen ill afterwards, and the doctor had said it was because she was run down. It became plain to him on the instant that a "flare up" was but the precursor of a "run down." So Jo was going to be ill. The possibility of her not being able to wait on him started a new train of thought. What right had she to be ill, anyway? Why didn't she take care of herself, and not get all worn out with useless

worry? If he only had his strength so that he could look after things for her. Jo had no more idea of managing than a kitten. Mr. Raed worked himself up into virtuous indignation over his wife's thoughtless conduct in exposing herself to worry. Then his thought turned to a possible cause of the trouble. It was that baggage in the kitchen! What did that Sarah mean by disturbing his household with her slack ways? He'd have her packed off in short order. "Jo! Jo!" he shouted. "Jo! Confound it! Where is the woman?" Although he called and thumped with his cane he got no response, and the stillness subdued him into silence.

He was left alone longer really than Mrs. Raed intended. She had counted on more time than he took to recover from the surprise occasioned by her bold stand, and she had expected to get back from the intelligence office around the corner before he should miss her. But it was over an hour before he heard her light, quick step in the hall, and by that time he was pretty well aggrieved. His rheumatism began to give bad twinges, and he was astounded to think that he had ever contemplated letting Sarah go. He would have no more words about it. If Jo were bound to be ill, let her go ahead. Sarah could cook—and stay she should.

"Well, Davie," began the sweet, high voice, "have I been long? And has the leg pained much?"

David let his head sink back against the little woman's arm. He half closed his eyes and did not speak for a minute. Jo's flare-ups were so uncommon that he had forgotten how she came out of them and—it was very pleasant.

"How do you feel, Jo?" he demanded suddenly.

"Feel?" she laughed. "Well, I don't feel cross," and she stooped and kissed his forehead. "Why?"

He did not reply, but watched her narrowly as she went about rearranging the room with quick, deft touches.

"Now I must go to help with your supper, Davie."

"Oh! let Sarah do it," said he. "You stay here."

"Sarah can't," she said simply, turning away to hide a little shamefaced smile.

"You'll see me in a minute," she added brightly, and went out.

Mr. Raed left alone fell into melancholy. Things were going so

smoothly now, but who would get his meals to-morrow? Jo would be lying ill in bed, and very likely he would be unable to get down stairs as he had done to-day. To be sure, there was Sarah—Sarah! The thought of her roused all the wrath of which Mr. Raed the invalid was capable. Sarah, —the miserable hussy! She was responsible for the whole catastrophe. She, *she*, who had dared to worry his wife, perhaps into a deathbed, by her ignorance and laziness. Well, it wouldn't take him long to get rid of her. He grasped his cane grimly. He'd show Jo what should have been done long ago if he hadn't been ill.

With much groaning and with repeated trials he got up from his chair and worked his way to the kitchen door. This he flung open, and let all his pent-up wrath burst upon the astounded occupants of the kitchen.

His wife was just saying, "Now, Mary, Mr. Raed is very particular about ——" when her tones were lost in a stentorian shout from the doorway, "Leave the house!" Mrs. Raed turned quickly, utterly amazed. The new maid, after an involuntary jump, stood petrified, gazing helplessly from one to the other of her employers, thinking this was an affair between them alone.

Mr. Raed waved his cane wildly and stormed.

"You, *you*, I tell you, get out! What—why—" he spluttered weakly, overcome by impotent efforts to make himself understood.

The object of his anathemas remained meekly oblivious of her part in them.

Mr. Raed began again: "What do you mean? You Sarah, numbskull! Leave the house, I tell you; leave —leave ——"

He heaved toward her on his well leg. The dazed Mary realized that the master of the house was devoting his attention to her. One instant she stood aghast, then gathered up her skirts and fled.

"Oh, my leg!" gasped Mr. Raed, dropping heavily into a chair. "That villainous Sarah!"

Mrs. Raed had stood quite still in the middle of the floor, believing at first that the scene was David's way of resenting the establishment of the new kitchen dynasty. But with his last words she perceived that he was only trying, for her sake, to break up the reign of Sarah. And she was content that it should be so.

NINA FOSTER POOR, 1900.

BY THE PACIFIC.

I. TWILIGHT.

Fog-wings enfold;
But not before strange beauties fill the space
Of quiet water in the harbor nest,
Gold and vermilion, with a gift of rest,
Making a holy ground—this little place!

Fog-wings enfold;
But not before the mighty deep has laid,
As guerdon on the patient shore's calm breast,
Kisses of peace, soft from the waves white crest,
As tho' the restless, yearning waters prayed.

Fog-wings enfold;
But not before the mountains meet the sea.
Mist of the peak with mist of headland—one—
Wrapt in a perfect, pearly unison,
Ere night and darkness win the mastery.

II. STORMY NIGHT.

To-night there comes a calling of the sea;
Importunate and wild the breakers moan,
Weaving the tireless shuttle of the foam,
Tossing the dulse and kelp unceasingly.
Dark, dark, unsolvable the mystery
Of beach, of starless sky, and headland lone.
Tumultuous, throbbing night! Peace there is none
Till morning quickeneth the sullen lea,
Ushering in the blue October day
Along the golden marshes warm and still,
Across the harbor where the schooners lay
Asleep, within the shadow of the hill
That overlooks the tranquil, dreaming bay,
Where, hour by hour, the sea birds play at will.

NANCY K. FOSTER, '88–90

ON THE BORDER OF TRAGEDY.

"DIDN'T expect to see you to-day."

"No? James had business over here at the sand-hole so I came along. Now, Jane Dyer, don't tell me I smell apple dumplings! You must have guessed I was coming. If there's anything in this world I love it's apple dumplings."

"I'm real glad we had them, then, Huldy. Come into the room. You'd better hold up your skirt; we're painting the kitchen."

"Why, you are all tore up," said Mrs. Pratt, grasping her black skirt with both hands, showing several inches of stout white stocking.

"Yes; I've been at Jeff some time, but he just got round to it. How are you, Huldy? Take the rocker."

"Right well; how are you and Jeff and the boy?"

"Oh, we're so so; I feel the rheumatism more than I used to." Mrs. Dyer paused to twitch the shade down. "We're thinking of making a doctor of the boy."

"You don't say!" Mrs. Pratt's pale blue eyes opened with curiosity, and her voice dropped to a whisper before she ventured her next remark. "Won't it be terrible expensive?"

"I suppose it will." Mrs. Dyer reached for the challie waist on the table. "This is Miss Smith's dress. I think it's a pretty pattern. Oh, about Claude; yes, it will be expensive, but I'm doing real well at my sewing and his father says he can scrimp a bit. You see we'd kind of like to make something out of the only one we've got. He's real smart, too. You ought to see the boats that boy fixes. There ain't much of anything he can't do. He fixed that clock the other day; it hadn't gone for ten years before."

. . . . . .

When Mr. Dyer broached the subject of the doctor, Claude offered no objections. On the few occasions when he had thought of his future he had taken it as a matter of course that he would help his father in the store. Weighing out sugar, filling kerosene cans, hunting up "boys' knee pants," giving spoons with baking powder did not seem to him a dull life. Still, if

his father wanted him to be a doctor, he might as well do it. He shuddered a little as he thought of the work. It was only by frequent reference to Tommy Bates' arithmetic, secreted in the woodshed, that Claude had managed to squeak through the county examinations of his country school. It was not in his nature to spend much time over unpleasant possibilities, especially when he could indulge in the pleasant thoughts of city life,—that golden dream of every country boy.

It was an expectant lad who took the train on the specified September morning, the requisite number of socks, towels and cakes of soap in the old zinc trunk. His mother's last words had been, "Don't be led into temptation, and don't lose those new shirts." Like many country mothers she had a horror of city life; all the more pronounced because she would have been put to it to define what she dreaded. To her the Devil's agents stood on every street corner, waiting to show her boy the trolley line to ruin.

On the whole Claude's school days were not unhappy. The lessons were hard, even as he had feared, but there is always a Tommy Bates with "open arithmetic." He took up his quarters at the bottom of his class, and no amount of hard pressing from other aspiring youths could budge him from that position. It is not an uncomfortable place when one gets used to it. Moreover, there are ways of avoiding the mention of marks when one's parents believe in one. His real education lay in his joy of the city; not the "down town" of the country shoppers, where every other woman bumps you with a gripsack, and it is no disgrace to carry a bundle. That part of the city he had visited twice a year ever since he had been old enough to grasp his mother's skirt as she darted ahead of the street cars. It was the stores full of luxuries, the crowds of well-dressed people, the houses beautiful beyond his dreams, the park at its fashionable hours, which appealed to him. Whole afternoons he spent in ways which his Aunt Reba would have called a sinful waste of time; just roaming the streets, staring at the new life, glorying in its bustle and its variety. Once or twice he went to the theater, where, true to his home training, he tried to feel that he was opening a pathway for the Evil One, but secretly he enjoyed himself as only a country boy can. This also he neglected to mention in the home letters.

That home jogged along in the same old way. The town at large simply knew that "my son Claude is studying to be a doctor." Mrs. Dyer

had seldom gone out; few noticed that the seldom had become never. Mr. Dyer had never cared about clothes; no one realized that he had passed from the careless to the shabby stage. Even in the house they did not admit the struggle, for there was Reba. Reba who had expressed her opinion of "folks working themselves to skin and bone for those who didn't appreciate them. If Claude wants an education let him work for it. I dunno's as he's a bit better than Abe Lincoln." Hard-working, plain-faced Reba had one hero,—hard-working, plain-faced Abe. Because they feared Reba's outspokenness, Mr. and Mrs. Dyer dissembled. It was: "Pa, you go to bed. I can't rest a mite unless I finish these buttonholes," or "Mother, guess I won't get a new coat this fall. It's too much trouble to go to town."

Claude was to graduate in the spring of 1896. As the time drew near Mr. and Mrs. Dyer, had they been versed in analyzing feelings, might have detected much suppressed excitement in each other. As it was, he simply knew mother seemed terrible set on that new dress, while he caught himself taking the first pick of the case of new neckties. Even Reba had been heard to speak of "my nephew, Dr. Dyer."

It was the night of the seventeenth of June when Mr. Dyer came in with the letter. It had been a warm day in the store, the fiery sun, just going down behind the schoolhouse rise of ground which South Jerseyians lovingly call a hill, promised a warm to-morrow. He had felt tired as he bolted the door, but the sight of the letter rested him. The smell of roses greeted him as he opened the front gate. The big striped cat rose from the step and lazily stretched each paw. He stopped to pat her. Was not all his heart at peace, for the twenty-fifth was commencement,—Claude's commencement! "You're late, John," said Reba, who never forgot her duty. "Kept at the store. Here's a letter from Claude; open it, mother." Mrs. Dyer eagerly snipped off the end of the envelope with her scissors. Out fell, not the expected invitation, but a letter in the familiar handwriting. Only a short letter, but after it had been passed from hand to hand no one spoke. Claude would not graduate that June. He had failed in his examinations.

Reba was the first to speak. "The tea's getting cold," she said. Then they drew up to the table and ate in silence. In silence they passed the evening, each pretending to be busy. As they took the lamps from the

kitchen shelf for the night, Mrs. Dyer said, "Reba, I'm glad I took the plain piece; the figured goods might be out of style before Claude's commencement, next year."

"It was wise," said Reba, and I hope the recording angel gave her credit for what she suppressed.

Claude had nothing but kindness when he came home for the summer vacation. Even his Aunt Reba made much of him. He took it in in the first evening that he was to have another trial. He had rather hoped his father would make him go into the store. Studying was so hard. In the last weeks glimmerings of the truth that he was not cut out for a doctor had come to him; but he lacked the force to reveal this truth to his parents. It was easier to go back. That June the invitations came; early one morning mother in her new dress, and father with his new tie went away; they came back late the next night with their son, a full-fledged Dr. Dyer.

The young doctor had a half offer of a position in the hospital in the city where he had studied, but it would be four weeks before they needed him. Four weeks passed, six, eight, and no word came. He wrote to the hospital to find they had taken Atherton, the other claimant, who had been on the spot, twenty-seven days after college closed. Mr. and Mrs. Dyer called the hospital "mean," but Claude did not grieve over his lost chance. He was in no hurry to leave his native town. During the summer he heard of an opening in Omaha, and of another in the northern part of his own state, but somehow both slipped through his fingers. He had gone into the store to help his father the day after he came home; in November he was still there. That was ten years ago. To-day when I went to buy a new apron Claude waited on me. He has a deft way of measuring the gingham, but I mistrust he has forgotten the grains in a dose of morphine. I do not feel sorry for him. Fate never intended Claude for a doctor. He is happy fixing up the store, tinkering about the house and garden. His fame as a mender of bicycles reaches to the next town. It is of the old people I'm thinking. Their's is the tragedy; the crush of hope. Sometimes I think they do not realize it. They may only wait for the right job to turn up. The question is, Can Reba always bottle up her opinions?

HELEN GARWOOD, '98.

A STUDY OF "AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE."

THE spirit of story-telling pervaded the literature of France during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and revealed itself in "chansons de geste," "fabliaux," lyrics, and the epic cycles of Charlemagne, Arthur and Alexander. Nowhere is it more attractive than in the shorter romances which touch the great cycles here and there, but are not quite drawn into their realm. There is much that is childlike in these romances. Their naïve directness of narration impresses us at once, and even more another quality, always dear to the hearts of children,—the repetition of certain epithets, bits of conversation repeated always in the same phrases, the same expressions standing always for the same situation, and so lending simplicity to the whole. We find, too, the child's love of marvels of every kind and delighted wonder at them. Not like the child's feeling, but expressed with a childlike frankness, is the love of the beauty of woman and the thought of God and heaven.

All these characteristics we find in "Aucassin and Nicolette"; a romance which, like so many other treasures of our literary inheritance, comes to us with no name of owner or author. All we know of him is that he was an "old captive," and that he had a heart full of warm sympathy with the passion of youth. The story probably originated in the south of France, in Provence. This seems certain, not merely because the incidents of the romance take place there, but because of the overmastering passion, characteristic of the South, which pervades the whole,—the feeling that "to love is to be worthy of heaven; is to be a saint and to practice virtue." Here we find, too, the free and joyous love of nature, of flowers, of the green woods, of warm sunshine and cool moonlight which is found in the songs of Provence.

Yet we feel another spirit also,—a spirit of half-hidden amusement on the part of the narrator, a gentle laugh at the absurdities into which their all-absorbing passion leads the lovers. This is the spirit of the calmer, more clear-sighted *trouvere* of Northern France, who has remolded the story with touches of his own personality.

Like a large part of the literature of its time, this romance was not intended to be read; the maiden did not take it to her chamber and pore

over it; it was not read aloud in the family circle. But the *jongleur*, the welcome entertainer of the long evenings, with his ready imagination and trained voice came with his harp, followed by his companions carrying other instruments, to delight the gathering of fair, loving lords and ladies with his story. And this story is peculiar in its form. It is the only remnant of its kind, the "cante-fable." The "cante-fable" is an artistic combination of song and prose narrative. Much is recited in vivid, half-colloquial prose, but it opens and closes with graceful verse, and at frequent intervals occur lyrics, which seem almost to sing themselves at the suggestion of the few notes given at the beginning of each. These verses sometimes suggest the events to be next narrated, and sometimes rehearse in song what has been already told. In every case they are an integral part of the whole; they blend with the prose and add their charm of winsome grace. We can almost hear the *jongleur* telling skillfully a portion of the story, and then the chorus of his companions joining with him in the dainty song.

It is impossible to reproduce in translation the assonance rhyme found throughout the group of lines, indefinite in number but of seven syllables each, which forms every song; the musical quality of the old French tongue it is also impossible to transfer fully to our own. Yet Andrew Lang's translation into "elderly English," as he calls it, has caught much of the spirit of the whole. It was issued in England a few years ago in a very small and quickly exhausted edition, and is accessible to us only in a pirated but very fascinating American reprint. The romance had lain for hundreds of years almost forgotten; in the eighteenth century a few modern French translations of it appeared; and at last, in the present century, the original old French was published in a volume of the "Bibliothèque Elzevirienne" together with four other romances of the same age.

Aucassin was the son of a Count, who needed his aid in war brought against him by a long-time enemy. But the young man, though "featly fashioned" and "hardy of his hands," was so overcome by love that he greeted his father's request with the words, "Never may God give me aught of my desire if I be made knight, or mount my horse, or face stour and battle, where knights smite and are smitten again, unless thou give me my Nicolette, my true love, that I love so well." But the damsel was only a

Paynim captive, whom the captain of the city had bought, christened and taken as "his daughter in God." To such an alliance the Count would not consent. He threatened the captain with severe punishment if he encouraged anything of the kind. The captain at once confined Nicolette in a narrow room with one small window, through which she could watch the blooming of the roses and hear the notes of the birds. When Aucassin pleaded for her, he was told that she was no fit match for him, and that if he should take the Paynim maiden his soul would lie in hell forever. This was a small matter to the lover, who replied:—

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolette, my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise; with them have I naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous, that have two lovers or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold and the silver, and cloth of vair and cloth of gris, and harpers and makers, and the prince of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me have with me Nicolette, my sweetest lady."

Heavy in heart, he went on his way singing:—

"Nicolette, how fair art thou.
Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,
Sweet the mirth of thy replies;
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips, and sweet thy brow.
Sweet the touch of thine embrace."

Again in great need the father urged his son to give aid in battle, but the youth consented only on the condition that he might, on his return, have a kiss from his lady, and two words from her or three. This the

Count promised, and Aucassin rode in gallant array to the battle. But the trouvère tells us we need not imagine that his mind was on the smiting of knights. "Nay, rather," says he, with amusement, "he so dreamed of Nicolette, his sweet lady, that he dropped his reins, forgetting all there was to do, and his horse, that had felt the spur, bore him into the press and hurled him among the foe, and they laid hands on him all about, and took him captive, and seized away his spear and shield, and straightway they led him off a prisoner, and were even now discoursing of what death he should die." Aucassin suddenly roused, thinking, "Once my head is off, no more shall I speak with Nicolette, my sweet lady that I love so well," vowed to keep his head for her sake, and drawing his sword smote doughtily right and left, making great slaughter, and taking prisoner the chief enemy. But the Count ungratefully refused to give the victor any sight of the lady; instead, he imprisoned him, that he might recover from his folly.

Nicolette, the fair of face, the mere sight of whose beauty had been known to cure grave illness, knew and feared the hatred of the Count. She escaped through her narrow window while the aged woman, her guardian, was sleeping, and tripped through the dewy grass, daintily holding up her gown. She, like Aucassin, had curling yellow locks, smiling blue eyes, a high and fairly set nose, and cherry lips. The daisies that bent above her instep as she went away on tiptoe looked black against her feet, "so white was the maiden." She stole an interview with her lover through a crack in the wall of his prison, and then, with a simple prayer for protection, went to the forest. Here she rested till morning, when she found some merry shepherds on the edge of the wood. With these admiring swains she left a message for Aucassin that there was in the forest a wondrously precious beast that he must secure within three days if he would be healed of his torment. When she was ready to rest once more, she gathered green branches and lilies to build a lodge of green, and "wove it well, within and without, of flowers and leaves."

Aucassin, freed for a time from his cell, sought his lady all day long in the forest, dashing through thorns and briars; and "the blood sprang from his arms, and legs, and flanks in forty places or thirty"; but his thoughts were so much on Nicolette that he felt no pain. At last he came near the bower, and was about to alight from his tall steed, "but," says the narrator,

"he dreamed so much on Nicolette, his right sweet lady, that his foot slipped on a stone and drove his shoulder out of place." He crept into the lodge to rest, and soon the lady was embracing him. "By God's will, who loveth lovers," her skill availed to put the shoulder again in place. She took flowers, and fresh grass, and green leaves, and bound them on with her white hands to complete the cure. The lovers rode away in bliss, heedless whither they went, until they reached the land of Torelore, where they saw such sights as Gulliver is wont to describe in his travels.

After three years spent in this land they were taken captive by the Saracens and carried away by sea. A storm wrecked the ship that bore Aucassin, and he was cast on the shore of his own home. There he was gladly welcomed by all, and took possession of the castle, which had been left vacant by the death of the Count, his father. But

> "Rather would he they should die,
> All his kin and parentry,
> So that Nicolette were nigh."

The ship that carried her reached the Paynim land in safety, and she found her father, the King of Carthage, from whom she had been stolen when she was a little child. But all the joys of newly found kindred, the admiration of the heathen, and the promise of noble marriage, could not win her thought from Aucassin. She stole away in the disguise of a "jongleur," with her fair face stained brown, and found her way to Beaucaire, where Aucassin was lord. To him she sang of Nicolette, a captive among her own kin, yet faithful to him. He promised rich rewards if the singer would tell the maiden of his faithfulness and love, and would bring her to him. The promise was given, and Nicolette retired to the home of the captain, who had died during her absence. She was welcomed and cared for by the captain's wife, and spent eight days in perfect rest. Anointing herself with a charmed herb she became "as fair as she had ever been all the days of her life." Now she robed herself in rich apparel, took a seat on silken coverlets, and sent for Aucassin. "Never man more glad than he." He wedded the lady, and they lived together for many years in gladness and delight.

And so closes our sojourn—all too short—in the land of flowers, sweetness and beauty; the land where trouble never overcomes, the land

where there is no duty, no virtue, but romantic love, where God's greatest blessing rests on lovers, and where love alone is heaven. Shall we pause to question the propriety, the reason, the morality of all this? No; rather let us delight in this glimpse of the warm and tender beauty of another realm,—the realm of romance,—and be glad that something of its grace and brightness has reached us and made us feel its charm.

ALICE I. HAZELTINE.

THE CHILD'S SONG.

Mother, thy little child,
  World-weary grown,
Dreams of thy loving arms,
  Toils not alone.

All the sad-joyous years
  This life of mine,
Through thy dream presence, blends
  Closely with thine.

Now, when the world-thrusts bring
  Bitter unrest,
Sweet peace enfolds me in
  Thy loving breast.

LUCY WRIGHT.

SLIP SHEETS.

I. THE BISHOP'S TROUT STORY.

THE Boy and Jessica felt every year that for them especially something charming would happen in the Bishop's short, precious visit. This year it happened to be on the first of April. Now, you fishermen know that as an important day in more ways than one, for that is the day in our State when the trout law is "off" for the first time since the July before. This particular morning the Boy had started out in search of the spotted beauties before daylight, with the least possible margin between him and the law. He had caught a "smasher," and we had eaten it for breakfast, with its crisp, brown skin and its delicate pink flakes. That is how the Bishop came to

tell the trout story when we went in to sit around the open fire afterwards.

"It must have been cold this morning for fishermen," said the Bishop, holding his good old hands toward the blaze.

"Awful cold," said the Boy, with cheerful heroism at the recollection.

"What sort of bait did the Boy use? A fly?" the Bishop asked. "O no! Trout would be suspicious of flies before the fly season began," they decided. Then, through Jessica's carelessness, the story came out of how the night before the Boy had tried to smuggle his precious, wriggling bait into the kitchen to keep them warm. The Boy was still blushing defiantly at the awkward exposure when the Bishop began:—

"I used to go trout fishing myself," and he gave a little puff at his cigar; then he laid it aside and looked far off into the fire. Jessica sat erect, with a sigh of satisfaction at the prospect. "In fact, not many years ago," he went on, "on a visit to the northern county of my diocese, I caught some rather interesting fish. I had been traveling all day, far beyond the railroad, way up in one of the lumbering districts beyond the stage route. Late in the afternoon we came to the place where I was to make my visitation. Now, it is rather hungry work riding all day on rough roads in the bracing air of Maine, and I was glad to reach my destination. When I went into the cabin where I was to stay the woman told me regretfully that on that very day a party of lumbermen had arrived and devoured everything eatable in the place. Only salt pork and raw meal were left, she said. It was evident that if I wished for a supper I should have to go out and catch it. Fortunately I happened to have my rod along, and on my way to the cabin I had noticed a little brook that looked as if it might contain supper for a hungry man.

"So, without much ceremony, I went out and cast my fly," turning to the Boy, "for it was late enough then for the trout to be no longer suspicious of flies; and of course countrified Maine trout know nothing of store flies. I stood there for some time, throwing back and forth,—you know the way." The Boy nodded his experienced head. "We keep throwing, Jessica, so,—back and forth, back and forth, when we fish with a fly." Jessica swallowed eagerly and blinked.

"I remember the spot exactly,—splendid forest trees on the other side of the brook but a perfectly open space behind me. Save for a woodpecker

among the trees in the distance, the roar of the rapids up stream and the flick of my line as it struck the water, there was not a sound.

"I stood there for some time, as I said, casting back and forth, until several trout, as fine as ever you saw, lay on the bank. At last I threw my line over my shoulder for the final cast. To my surprise it didn't come back again. What could I have caught behind me! I gave one vain tug and looked around. No, it wasn't a bush. There were not any. What do you think, Jessica? It was a man, and I had him right through one side of his nostril!"

Jessica gasped and the Boy laughed with glee.

"While I had been standing there, this big, clumsy lumberman had evidently come up to watch me fish. He may have stood there, I know not how long,—motionless, arms folded, pipe between his teeth, and now fishhook through his nose.

"'Why, sir!' I exclaimed, 'why didn't you make yourself known? If you had stood to one side or shouted you needn't have been caught!'

"He looked at me calmly for some moments without moving a muscle. I, meanwhile, was in some consternation for the man and the hook. Finally, he gave a short puff, took his pipe from between his teeth and remarked, stolidly, 'Twarn't no fault o' yourn.' That is all that I ever heard him say. I got the hook out, however, while the lumberman tried grimly to watch the operation, and at last saw me depart in silence."

"Didn't it hurt?" asked Jessica, anxiously rubbing her small nose.

"No," answered the Boy, scornfully; "of course not. He was a man. Tell us another, Bishop, please."

But just then the Senior warden and the rector of Trinity came in, and Jessica and the Boy had to tell the story over again for themselves.

L. W.

II. AN INCIDENT.

The March wind blew with the eager fierceness characteristic of March winds in Vermont; but the tumult in the air did not disturb the monotonous tranquillity of the little village of Hero. The forlorn, weather-beaten little town seemed strangely out of place on the rugged, wild, wind-swept island. Far across the lake, on the New York shores, gleamed the snowy peaks of

the Adirondacks. From the nearer Vermont boundaries rose the ever verdant summits of the Green Mountains. The islands, like a barren, dreary plain, lay in the midst of the tossing waves of Lake Champlain.

James Inton, surveyor and civil engineer for the Canadian Atlantic Railroad, left the quiet village behind him and led his band of dusky Italian workmen into the heart of the island. Then he arranged his compasses for a survey of the rocky meadow land which belonged to "Old Man Carter." Although the survey was difficult the work progressed with unusual rapidity, and the face of the young man flushed with eager interest. Suddenly a harsh voice called to him. The startled engineer looked up and saw the tottering, wind-tossed figure of an old man running toward him down the narrow path from a neighboring farmhouse. Panting from exertion the man leaned for support against the white-washed stone wall, and during the silence which followed young Inton gazed questioningly at the feeble form before him. But this silence was soon broken by a harsh, trembling voice. "Be you one of the railroad men?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Carter, I suppose? Can I do anything for you?"

"Well—what be ye doin' on my land, I'd like tew know! Yisterday, some of yer blamed niggers, or dagoes, come an' drove a pile of sticks in my medder, an' to-day ye hev put thet thing in my yard, and air runnin' a line plumb up against my sawmill. Now, what I want tew know, is, what do ye mean? Ain't there any law in this land fur the pertection of a man's property?"

With a smile the young surveyor returned to his work before he replied, "My good sir, you must know that the railroad has the right of way through this island. Our charter —— "

"Right of way! Charter! Ain't I got a right to say anything about my own property? Thet sawmill an' thet medder belongs to me, an', by gum, I ain't goin' to hev any pesky railroad runnin' through my land! Now, young man, ye jest pack thet thing up an' move off."

Laughing softly the young man signaled to his men, moved his instrument and drew a folded paper from his pocket. "Here, Mr. Carter. This paper has the law in regard to the road. You will see that we have the right of way; but, of course, we are ready to pay whatever is reasonable for damage. Hi there, Apples! You are making that line crooked. To the right."

The Italian addressed as "Apples" carefully moved the line until it extended across a low mound in the other side of the meadow. As the white line sank across the dark brown soil the old man gave a shrill cry and seized Inton's shoulder.

"Youngster, hev ye lost yer feelin's? Do ye see thet line? Do ye see where it's gone? Look! Look!"

The astonished surveyor looked at the trembling, bent figure, the shaking hand and the gleaming blue eyes. Then he glanced across the meadow in the direction of the line.

"Yes, Mr. Carter. The line runs half way between those two ridges ——"

"Ridges! Air ye blind? Don't ye see where thet line goes? Why, man, yer runnin' a line over all I've got in the world! If ye'v got a heart in ye put up that compass an' leave this land."

"Why, sir, what do you mean? The line goes across your meadow. But we will pay you ——"

"Pay me! Pay me! Do ye know what yer goin' to pay for? Do ye think I'll sell ye my wife's grave?"

"Grave?"

"Yes, her grave. My wife an' my boy are down in thet medder where yer line runs. Pay for it! Man alive! Perhaps the law won't give me a right tew my land, but ye shan't touch them graves."

Young Inton no longer laughed. He leaned his instrument quietly against the stone wall. When he answered his voice was wonderfully gentle.

"We will, of course, move the bodies for you. I'm sorry, sir, that the line has to go in exactly that direction. I'm awfully sorry, sir. We will pay you for all damages, and move ——"

The old man looked at the youth.

"Boy, yer nothin but a youngster, or ye'd understand. Yer life is all before ye. Ye live in thet 'ere railroad. It means everything tew ye. But I'm a old man, and all my life is out there in them two graves. There's all I've got an' all I've ever had. Ye can't understand, youngster. Wait till yer a old man, an' all your life is back of ye. Then ye'll know. Boy, them graves has been there twenty year, an' ye want ter move them!

Ye want tew take my wife an' my boy from the place where they asked tew be buried, an' ye want tew run a railroad there. Tew pay for them graves! Youngster, ye can tear down thet house and thet mill. I won't say a word. But don't ye tech them graves! Ye must run thet there line somewheres else."

"I'm not building the road, Mr. Carter; I'm only a subordinate workman. That line means my whole future. If I should send the road over that ridge beyond the graves my discharge would come to-morrow. Only a fool would make a survey like that. I'm willing to do what I can. The company will pay you for the mill and the land, and will move ——"

"My God! Man! Ye shan't! Ain't ye got anything in the world thet's dear to ye? Yer ain't got a wife, I reckon, or ye'd understand. But ye'v got a mother, ain't ye? Jest suppose she was out there, an' ye'd watched her day an' night for twenty year. An' she knew ye was goin' tew be here an' asked tew be buried right there, in thet spot. Why, man, there's the very place the violets grow thet she picked when she was a girl, an' the red rose thet she planted on the boy's grave. She's right beside him, jest as she wanted tew be. An' there's room fur me, tew. P'rhaps ye don't see, boy; but if ye'd stayed right here in one place all your life, with no company much, jest them graves, ye'd understand."

The old man paused for breath, and looked up at the young surveyor. Inton's face had grown white, and the brown eyes were filled with slow tears.

"Stop, Mr. Carter! I'll not make that line until I see the chief. No, sir! I won't do it, anyway. I may not be able to stop the railroad, but I won't be the one to put the line there."

"Old Man Carter" watched the alert young figure, as it swung down the road and entered the little office which had been built hastily to serve only during the construction of the railroad. Motionless the old man waited by the stone wall, watching the office door. At the end of fifteen minutes the door opened. The chief and young Inton walked to the side of the ridge. There was a long conversation. But the old man could hear nothing. He could only see the excited gestures of the young surveyor and the stolid figure of the chief. After nearly half an hour of patient waiting the old man saw the chief re-enter his dingy office.

Young Inton hastened to the stone wall. His bright, beardless face glowed with excitement.

"He says it's all right, Mr. Carter. The road loses, but he says 'Yes.' We go around the ridge. I'm so glad. We go around the ridge. Don't you understand? What's the trouble, Mr. Carter?"

"Old Man Carter's" face was the color of the white-washed wall against which he leaned. But suddenly the color surged into his cheeks. His eyes flashed and his hand clasped the arm of the engineer. "Boy, ye'v got a heart! So's the railroad. Take the mill an' the medder. I don't want no damages. Boy—boy— Ye can't understand—an' I can't tell ye what ye'v done fur a old man to-day."

. . . . . .

The sun dropped between the glistening mountain peaks and the wind sank slowly into the dark lake. James Inton crossed the Carter meadow and paused to look at the two low mounds. A dark object lay on the first grave.

Vaguely frightened, the surveyor hastened toward the grave. In a moment he recognized the bent figure of "Old Man Carter." The old face was turned toward the young man. The faded, old eyes were closed. With a sudden chill of fear the youth grasped the narrow, bony shoulder and gently shook the withered form. The blue eyes opened slowly and a quiet smile crossed the wrinkled face as the old man whispered: "Yes, boy! Yes! I'm jest tellin' her about ye. Ye'v got a heart. Yes, boy, a real heart."

PEARL B. RANDALL, 1901.

III. IN INDIANA.

The last squealing pig was trundled over the gang plank, and the deck hands began to bring on the Pearl River supplies. Their broad backs bent under the heavy loads as they quickened their pace at the hoarse commands of the overseer.

We leaned over the rail above and watched for awhile the steadily moving stream of dark figures, like ants, passing and repassing each other on the swaying plank. But at last our impatience began to reassert itself.

Half an hour ago we had said that we would wait no longer; but time is nothing on these unscheduled steamboats, and we had continued to wait. We called the clerk, who came up slowly in his shirtsleeves, with his cap awry. "Aren't we already two hours late?" we demanded; "when are we going to start?" "I dunno," he said, meditatively, pushing his cap to the back of his head. "I reckon we'll start soon; they're puttin' on the Pearl River freight." We looked over the rail again; the steady stream went on as before, and we wondered how one boat could hold so much, and what the natives on Pearl River would do with it all when it was dumped on their wharves at night.

It was our favorite diversion, this little journey that we were starting out on,—a three-hour boat ride up to a landing some miles above the mouth of Pearl River, where we waited for the returning packet, and came back by moonlight. It was more than romantic to sit on the big stern deck, watching the moon-path on the broad river and the phantom trees along the shore, with Eddie's guitar softly tinkling, and the great wheel pulsating below us—but there were drawbacks.

"What appetites those Pearl River people must have," said Eddie, gazing mournfully at the bags and boxes and barrels that the big negroes hoisted aboard. "Suppose we miss that down-coming boat, the only one on Pearl River, you know." We appealed to the clerk. "Shall we miss the Star City?" we asked anxiously. "O, I reckon not," he said soothingly; "we're goin' to start now." As he spoke the bell rang, and with groanings and creakings and much bumping against the wharf boat the steamer swung slowly out into the current, and turned her broad prow up stream.

The sun was down, and the summer night came quickly; with the night came the clouds, and it grew dark upon the river. But the great steamboat plowed steadily on, turning its searchlight upon one bank and then the other, until we drew up at last to our little landing under the great black cypresses. A man with a lantern and a boy waited on the shelving bank for their bit of freight. The gang plank was lowered, we went ashore, and after a moment the boat moved on up the stream. The man and boy gathered up their bags, eyeing us curiously. It would be very dark there under the cypresses, so we asked them, "How long do you think it will be until the Star City comes down?" They looked at us in surprise, and the boy said; "Why, the Star

City, she passed here half an hour ago, when we was waitin' for the up-river boat. You must 'a passed her just below the p'int." We answered with one mournful wail; the last lights of our own steamboat were fading in the distance, far beyond recall. We turned again to the man with the lantern. Said Eddie,—Eddie had always a fertile brain,—"Is there a path across this point to the Ohio? We can catch the Louisville packet going down."

"Wus y' goin' down agin?" asked the man in surprise; our vagaries seemed to puzzle him. "There ain't no reg'lar landin', but y' can hail her with a lantern, and mebbe she'll stop." We jumped at his suggestion, bargained for the lantern, and started off on the road he pointed out.

We were a sorry looking procession, six of us, straggling along after one pale lantern, and singing to keep our courage up. Sometimes we wandered into corn fields and lost the path, while Tommy, with the lantern, laboriously hunted it out again. At last even the singing failed us, and we plodded along in miserable silence, now slipping in a rut, now stumbling over a trailing vine.

But we came, in the end, out upon the bank of the Ohio, a bare and desolate waste of sand, sloping up from the river to the corn fields. We disposed ourselves to wait, but soon a long, low whistle sounded in the distance; the Louisville packet was rounding a bend in the river. Presently we caught a faint glimmer; then we watched her many twinkling lights grow bigger and brighter, and the high red and green lanterns on her invisible smoke stacks shine out like colored stars above the tree-tops. Like a phantom boat she came at first, noiseless, with her long trail of smoke making a blacker line against the black sky, and her floating lights glimmering on the dark water. Then we heard the regular "chunk, chunk" of the big paddles. The channel was on the other side of the river, and she kept close to the opposite bank, for the water was low. Tommy had sought the highest point near by, and as we watched anxiously he swung the lantern in big circles around his head, back and forth, untiringly. She came nearer, slowly, majestically; she was opposite us; for one moment the green light covered the red, and all the rows of lights on her several decks gleamed and danced in so many parallel lines; then, with the steady, rhythmic throb of her engines she passed us by, and the river ahead grew bright with her searchlight. We shouted frantically, but only the whir of the wheel and

the splash of the waves it made upon the shore answered us; the whistle we longed for was still. We watched in silence the mocking lights fade one by one in the distance. Then we sat down in despair upon the sand, all but Eddie. He stood up bravely before us and struck his guitar softly, out of tune, for the dampness was in the strings, as he said, "Let's be philosophical, anyway, and sing, 'We won't go home till morning.'"

K. H. S., 1900.

IV. OVERHEARD.

The street car is crowded. Several men are standing. Enter Mrs. J. Mary Hawkins, with an air which shows she feels the dignity of a citizen of this great republic. A little man rises feebly under her shadow, with an apologetic smile. Mrs. J. Mary Hawkins will not take his seat.

"No, indeed; don't rise. No, thank you. I don't believe in taking seats from hard-working, tired men. I am strong and perfectly able to stand."

"But, madam,——"

"I don't want your seat, I tell you. I wrote an article for the Woman's Suffrage Sheet on this very subject. It is all nonsense about women not being able to stand. They can stand in cars, and can stand their ground. Now ——"

"Madam, I ——"

"Don't apologize. You were not to blame at all, but you probably have yet to learn that all that stuff about the weaker sex is twaddle. That's the only name for it. I am a strong and vigorous woman. I have earned my own living and supported my husband for twenty years, by the voice and pen,——"

"*Madam*, will you let me pass? I'm not offering you my seat; I want to get out. You've made me go a block beyond my corner already."

C. B. D., 1902.

SPECTATOR.

We have come to the point nowadays when, if one wishes to learn anything, one may, and often must, accomplish it through a definite course of study. Among all the training-schools, however, there has been one lack. We have not noticed it, and perhaps should not have done so for some time to come had not the place been recently filled. A little over a year ago a School of Housekeeping was started in Boston by the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union. The object of the school is to enable young women to study housekeeping as systematically and as thoroughly as they study science or languages or music. To this end a careful course of study is planned. It is interesting to notice the list of subjects; viz., House Sanitation, Chemistry of Foods, House Economics, Housework, Cooking, Marketing, Chemistry, Emergencies, Home Nursing, Household Buying and Sewing, everything, in fact, that the housekeeper should know. Wellesley will be interested to learn that Miss Dewson, '97, is one of the instructors. Besides the regular lectures there are lectures on special topics often given by professors from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and from Harvard. These lectures and recitations are supplemented by laboratory work, so that the result is practical as well as theoretic knowledge. The course covers twelve weeks, and may be taken in the fall, winter or spring; *i. e.*, beginning in October, January or April.

The significance of this School of Housekeeping lies in the fact that its founders believe, and are acting on their conviction, that "housekeeping is a profession demanding scientific training." The idea itself is not altogether new, but the acting upon it is. The way was partly prepared by the cooking-schools. There have been many of them, and we have thought that they were all that was necessary. Indeed, the world has always been prone to believe that when a girl has learned to cook she has mastered the greater part of housekeeping and may be left safely to pick up the rest haphazard. But we are coming to feel that this hit-or-miss way of learning housekeeping is as wrong as the same method would be in any other profession. The scientific training given by the School of Housekeeping should appeal strongly to college women who have learned to value intelligent and

careful study along all lines. It is interesting to note here that at the recent meeting of the Boston Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ held at Wellesley, the School announced the offer of a scholarship in Domestic Science, open to recent college graduates.

Although the school is still so young that we can hardly prophesy as to its future, we yet recognize the fact that it is an effort to deal intelligently with many of the problems which face the housewife of to-day. It should help, for one thing, to settle the servant question through the education of the "employers." Improvement in other directions, also, must surely come, for whatever makes for the good of the household cannot fail to work out for the general welfare. In itself, however, with no thought of its wider influences, it gives to college women and others who expect to take any part in homemaking the opportunity of learning how to do their work on the best hygienic and economic principles. For this opportunity the School of Housekeeping calls forth our gratitude and our best wishes for success.

M. B., 1900.

EDITORIALS.

I.

It is seriously worth while for us to consider the question of the observance of Sunday at college. It is a matter of more than mere interest. What relation does the student's Sunday bear to the rest of the week, and what have we to offer toward the heightening of the Sunday ideal? The answers to these questions must of necessity be significant. We wish, by no means, to suggest a discussion of how many times we should go to church, or whether or not we should join Bible-study classes. Those are questions to be decided by the individual student. But it is our right to question whether our present standard of Sunday observance befits a college community, and whether, for the welfare of the whole, each of us ought not to cultivate a higher ideal. We who go to church, and we who do not, do we make Sunday a day apart from the rest of the week,—a day in which we live slowly and rest? Do we find in Sunday time for high thinking? Many of us confess that it holds out to us but a tantalizing possibility of rest; that it is a day crowded with petty detail. We live it feverishly, without escaping from the shadow of the other six days. Surely it is most important that we make Sunday really a day of rest,—and for a few hours, at least, approach in quiet another plane of life and thought.

II.

Readers of the Magazine may recall a paragraph in the Intercollegiate Department for December on the subject of the architecture of college buildings. President Hadley has announced, semi-officially, that in the future Yale will erect only such buildings as "will make the whole outline of the campus harmonious." The four new buildings which are nearing completion on the Princeton campus are all of them in the English collegiate Gothic style; and it is added that henceforth this style will probably characterize Princeton architecture. The determination of these leading universities to adopt uniform styles of architecture is significant. We wish that like announcements might follow from every college and university in America. The uncompromisingly plain and unlovely appearance of the new dormi-

tory that has recently been erected on our own grounds brings the matter of architectural beauty home to us at Wellesley. We confess at the outset our deep ignorance of the ways and means which govern matters of this nature, but there seems to us to be little reason why the principle of beauty should not be united with that of economy and practicability in the building of college halls and dormitories,—why, indeed, there should not have been from the beginning an underlying thought of fitness and grace governing the style and architectural harmony of all the buildings that have been erected. The influence which noble architectural surroundings have upon the human mind is inestimable, but it is not hard to imagine how great must have been the part played by the external beauty of the English universities in shaping the tastes and æsthetic sensibility of the men who have studied there. There is need in this new country of ours for a worthy architectural standard. It seems to us to be most fitting that our colleges and universities should set this standard in the beauty of their own buildings.

FREE PRESS.

I.

THE *Class Lists* are just out, and, as usual, we are indebted for them to a committee from the senior class. Things of this sort, wholly outside the regular academic work, yet for the convenience of the whole academic body, when well done, as is the case with this year's class lists, deserve to be heartily appreciated and well supported financially.

L.

II.

HERE at college the "Busy" sign has assumed an important position, and it deserves to lose no part of its dignity. Every student, whether she has frequent occasion to use it or not, recognizes in the "Busy" sign the one means of securing uninterrupted hours for rest or work. For good work, for thought and rest, such isolation is essential. That the sign often fails of its purpose is too well known to many of us. It may be true that the sign has often been jokingly misused, and that the occasion for "walking over a busy sign" has now and then been found justifiable; but it is certainly

as true that not only those who misuse the "Busy" sign, but many others are now suffering for it. In this demur we would include not only the direct ignoring of the sign, but the interruption, so fatal to work or rest, of audible comment outside the door. It ought not to be necessary to add to a "Busy" sign, "This Means You." We appeal to the student body to establish an unfailing precedent of recognizing and respecting the "Busy" sign.

SEVERAL 1900's.

III.

WE have been trying to think disinterestedly on the general subject of gymnasium suits, and to train our æsthetic sense to an appreciation of sweaters and low-necked blouses, but somehow our efforts have not been wholly successful. We do not wish to be over-critical, 1903, for three years have not been long enough to efface the memory of those anxious moments when we used to hurry up Art Building hill, after a nine o'clock "Gym." appointment, fearful lest our hasty "change" had made us late to the next lecture; nor have we altogether forgotten the gnawing pangs of hunger which made the appearance of sweaters in the dining-room almost pardonable. But facts are facts, and this one remains as stubborn as ever—it certainly is not pleasant to gaze upon those homely, shapeless garments while at the luncheon-table. And when it comes to seeing them wandering around the halls in the evening—well, not even the thought of the unmeasured benefits derived from gymnasium work can quite reconcile us.

E., 1900.

IV.

THERE is nothing of which we stand in greater need from our fellow-beings among whom we live day by day, than sympathy. We do not mean merely a rejoicing with our joy and a weeping with our tears; but a generous appreciation, an evident purpose to interpret our acts with insight and understanding. The knowledge that our good purposes are appreciated and our failings not magnified gives us a sense of trust which is a strong foundation upon which to build our schoolroom life, whether academic or primary. Our danger at college is in forgetting this principle of true kindness.

M. A. L.

V.

AMONG all the complaints against things undone which make up the Free Press, there must be room for one word of rejoicing for a fact accomplished. We speak, of course, of the 1900 "Legenda." To say that the "Legenda" fills an oft-felt want is to speak lightly, inadequately; in spite of its meteoric appearance it holds a place among the number of Wellesley's necessities which not even the august and constant magazine can fill. We know that the College loves the "Legenda"; we know that the College needs the "Legenda;" and we speak confidently of the cordial reception which it must receive from your hands, and the cherished place which it must hold in your amiable hearts. For the rest, let the "Legenda" speak for itself.

1900.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Other Fellow, by F. Hopkinson Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1899.

Into this recent volume by F. Hopkinson Smith are gathered a number of very attractive short stories and sketches. Mr. Smith carries into his literary work the light, graceful touch of the artist. His sketches in prose, like his sketches in water color, are delicately and surely done; they catch, with rare felicity and charm, the atmosphere of place and moment. In the present volume the sketch "Between Showers in Dort" shows Mr. Smith in his happiest vein. It turns upon a most amusing incident, and is told with delightful humor. Indeed, Mr. Smith's humor is always delightful, whether he writes with enviable grace of Tyne and Johan, or gives in broad lines and heavy dialect a capital *genre* picture,—like that of the old fellow on the Chesapeake Bay steamer who "never had no sleep."

In his more serious work Mr. Smith is not always so successful. The story "According to the Law" loses much of its strength in its too violent contrasts and disjointed proportions. "Dick Sands, Convict," the opening story, is perhaps the strongest piece of writing in the book, although it has, after all, scarcely plot enough to make it a story.

The Other Fellow (even the interrogation point on the cover hardly ex-

plains the mystery of the title) is a delightful volume to have at hand. In dash and spirit and entertaining power it does not fall behind Mr. Smith's earlier work. The publishers have done their part in making the volume one of the most attractive of the holiday books. G.

In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1899.

Washington, for the most part, supplies the scenes for Mrs. Burnett's new story, *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim*, although the action wanders now and then to the North or South. The plot is an original one, the characters strongly marked by the contrasts which they present. Interwoven with the main thread of the story—the fighting out of the De Willoughby Claim in Congress—is a mystery which begins in sadness and ends in a tragedy, and finds its only relief in the character of Sheba, the little girl adopted by "Big Tom" De Willoughby. The brightening of that baby life, begun "under the shadow of trouble and pain and death," Big Tom makes his object in life. "She needs all she can get to balance the trouble she began life with," he says to Aunt Mornin, her nurse; "we've got to make up to her for two or three things, and we're going to do it." The fire of the last few chapters of the book shows Mrs. Burnett's dramatic power, but it is the earlier chapters that deal with Sheba's childhood and the transformation she works in Tom De Willoughby that reveal the greatest literary strength and charm of the author. The child draws from the rough, strong man the love he had never before lavished on anyone. "What I might have given to others if they'd cared for it," Tom says, "I give to her, and she knows it." Their mutual love and confidence is the genuine note of the story, and Mrs. Burnett has made this note sound throughout the entire book.

E. J. N.

The Adventures of a Freshman, by Jesse Lynch Williams. Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

Everyone who has read Jesse Lynch Williams's delightful "Princeton Stories," will welcome his new tale of college life, *The Adventures of a Freshman*. It is a long story this time, written with the same simplicity, freshness and vigor as were the shorter ones. The author has certainly been successful in catching in his stories the college atmosphere and college spirit.

The hero of the adventures, William Young, is not particularly attractive. Though his history is interesting we are glad that it is not a common one. We hate to think of a boy in college proving false to a trust. We wish this experience had not been necessary to his character development, to make him rise above his weakness.

The best character in the book is Little Lee, happy, straightforward, sincere and charmingly young. We are sorry that such creatures as Channing occasionally infest colleges and make themselves disagreeably prominent. We catch one glimpse of an old friend, big Jack Stehman, leading the Freshmen on to victory in the Freshman-Sophomore rush. That rush, by the way, is the finest thing in the book. We are in it from start to finish, and at the end are surprised to find ourselves with whole clothes and unimpaired features.

The dash, the spirit, the fascination of the story carry us straight through from beginning to end. This tale of one boy's freshman year, is a pleasant and welcome addition to the college literature which we have already heartily enjoyed. F. E. L., 1901.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

MISS MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN, of the class of 1898 of the College for Women of Western Reserve University (Cleveland), has won the Century Company's prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best poem written by a college graduate of one year's standing. The poem, called "A Hill Prayer," appeared in the Century Magazine for December.

An entire alcove has been assigned at the World's Fair at Paris to the exhibit of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The walls will be devoted, it is said, to architectural sketches and plans, with photographs of the buildings, and the table and wing frames given to a display of photographs and charts showing the course schemes and processes of instruction in classroom and laboratory. Circulars and pamphlets printed in English, French and German and illustrative of the American methods of technological instruction will be distributed freely.

The following agreement made at the December meeting of the Senior class at Harvard has been published. It is signed by the presidents or

Hasty Pudding, Pi Eta and D. U. Fraternities, and is made with reference to the coming senior elections :—

"It has been customary for some years past at the time of class-day elections for the three Senior Clubs, Pi Eta, D. U. and Hasty Pudding Club, to make a combination and to arrange a slate satisfactory to themselves regardless of the rest. The members of these three clubs were practically pledged to vote for that slate, so making a solid body larger than any other that could easily be formed. In this way they were able to elect their own candidates, even though they might not have been the choice of the majority. The clubs have decided this year not only to make no combination, but also to arrange no slates; to leave the matter of nomination to the class as a whole." This year, it is said, the nominations will be made without reference to societies, and for the first time since class elections have assumed any importance, there will be no slate.

In a report from Bryn Mawr it is said that an important decision has been reached by the college authorities in their endeavor to fulfill the requirements of their ideal college education. They believe that on each student going out from a college should be impressed the mark of academic life, and that this can only be done by residence. They have, therefore, announced that hereafter no student will be allowed to live outside of college halls except the few who have homes in the immediate neighborhood and wish to live in them. This means that the college must very soon begin to refuse students, unless the generosity of its friends enables it to build another residence hall.

Of the Canadian University, McGill, we hear that the most important event of the present session is the opening of the Royal Victoria College for the higher education of women. This college, which is a constituent part of McGill University, has been built, endowed and equipped by the Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Chancellor of the University.

This magnificent foundation will take up and continue, under greatly improved conditions, the operations which have been carried on for the past fifteen years in the special course for women known hitherto as the "Donalda" department. The teaching will be largely done by the present Arts Faculty of McGill, but a number of special appointments have been made in addition.

From University of Pennsylvania notes we clip:—

The plan of raising a National German Publication Fund for the publication of original documents and investigations bearing on the history of German and American relations has taken definite shape. The first contribution has been made by Mr. Heinrich Conried, of the Irving Place Theatre, New York, who will bring his Artists Troupe from New York and perform two German plays for the benefit of the fund under the auspices of the University. The first play is Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*, given in the Academy of Music, Tuesday evening, December 5th, and the second to be chosen from the contemporary German drama and to be given later in the season. All persons interested in the history of the Germans in America are requested to send contributions, communications or other documents to M. D. Learned, Secretary of the National Committee, University of Pennsylvania.

A unique collection has recently been purchased from Mr. Theodore Bloch, for many years actively connected with the German stage of Philadelphia. The collection contains the Souffleur copies together with the manuscript rôles assigned to the actors, as well as much other material bearing upon the history of the drama in Philadelphia, which is now being written by O. F. Lewis, Fellow in Germanics.

Movements toward extension of university advantages to students who are unable to enjoy the full course of academic work are now taking definite shape. The experiment at Johns Hopkins in offering to public school-teachers of Baltimore and to others carefully arranged lecture courses is to be repeated this year on a larger scale. In detail it is said: "Instruction in literature, pedagogy, climatology, physics, social and municipal economics will be given in the form of consecutive lecture courses with, in some cases, attended class and laboratory work. A nominal fee will be charged for attendance at each course, and any suitable person of either sex will be admitted. This conservative but gradual extension of university opportunities to a larger student body by means of systematic, quasi-public lecture courses, is one of the most interesting developments of recent university policy, and may be expected to bring the institution into even closer and more influential relations with the local community."

The summer session at Cornell is another illustration of this movement. The former "summer school" has taken definite shape in this summer session. The object of the movement is to give to teachers of high schools

and academies instruction of high grade in the subjects they teach. In the "summer school" instructors were paid by a share in the fees; in the summer session heads of departments are interested and fixed salaries are paid. Of the results, it is said that nearly five sixths of the four hundred and twenty-three students during the summer were teachers. Of the success of the movement as a whole President Schurman has said, "There is little difference of opinion among all connected with the session, whether pupils or instructors, as to the great success of the undertaking."

It is interesting to note, in connection with the Abbot Scholarship recently given to Vassar College, that the Rev. Gorham D. Abbot, from whom the scholarship takes its name, founded the well-known Spingler Institute in New York City, entering into the work of woman's education with enthusiasm and thoroughness. He went abroad, and studied, both in England and in Germany, the European systems of education, and intended to develop the Spingler Institute into a college for girls which should be the peer of Yale, Harvard and Princeton in their respective fields. He went so far as to have careful plans made, both as to scope of study and as to building and apparatus, for a woman's college; but the Civil War, and consequent business reverses, prevented him from carrying out his scheme. Mr. Abbot was a friend of Mr. Matthew Vassar, the founder of Vassar College, and it is said that in laying out the lines upon which Vassar should be established Mr. Vassar consulted Mr. Abbot frequently, and received from him models and sketches that had been elaborated with great precision and care during a period of twenty years or more—a gift which Mr. Vassar considered of great value. An association of Mr. Abbot's old pupils has now been formed to commemorate the semi-centennial of Spingler Institute by the gift of this new scholarship to Vassar College.

EXCHANGES.

THE late arrival of many of the exchanges makes it impossible to form a general estimate of the work of the month. We would call attention to an essay in the *Columbia Literary Monthly* on the "Spirit of Kipling." The writer supports in a frank and straightforward manner his claim that Kipling's work is primitive and immature. It is his opinion that readers of

Kipling can never be satisfied if they are seeking in his writings for help in human trouble, or hope to buoy up their ideals, although "if they look for amusement, doubtless the novelty of the stories will satisfy their craving; if they want a rather complete treatise on modern mechanics, they will not be disappointed; if they ask minute descriptions of the emotions and private life of the beasts of the forest, they will get what they ask; and they can learn how an axle feels when the wheel goes round."

We quote a sonnet from the same magazine:—

SONNET.

Tho' leagues prevail and mountains rear between,
  Fleet fancy, recking naught of time or tide,
  Winging e'er westward, bears me to thy side,
Where laughing brooks reflect the sunset's sheen
In myriad gems and rills incarnadine,
  Or where the sapphire ocean's bosom wide,
  Framing the emerald shore, with stately pride
Foams forth its welcome—I abide unseen.

Think'st thou it is the wind caresses thee
  Whose envious touch the jealous red blush brings?
  Think'st thou it is the woodland warbler sings
When all thine ear is filled with melody?
  It is thy Love, whose song is where thou art,
  Reaching thine ear as he would reach thy heart.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Dec. 2.—Professor McVane, of Harvard, gave a most timely and interesting lecture on the situation in the Transvaal at 3.20 in the College Hall chapel. Professor McVane is entirely in sympathy with the British in the present war, and his lecture was given from the English standpoint. At the informal reception, which was held after the lecture in the Horsford Parlor, an opportunity was given for further discussion of the Transvaal question.

In the evening the Barn Swallow entertainment took the form of an

informal dance and farewell reception to Miss Schoelkopf, the retiring president, who has been obliged to resign her office on account of ill health.

Dec. 3.—The Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, President of the Union Theological Seminary of New York City, preached in the Houghton Chapel. After the regular morning service a communion service was held. Dr. Hall's sermon has been secured by the Christian Association. It will be printed in pamphlet form and sold by the Association for ten cents a copy. At the vesper service Dr. Hall spoke on Missions.

Dec. 4.—In the afternoon, at the Art Building, the exhibition of paintings by Boston artists was pleasantly opened by a reception given by the Art Department.

Miss Chapin, who spent last year in Greece, studying, lectured on "Attic Grave Reliefs," at 7.15 P. M., in the College Hall chapel. The lecture, which was illustrated by stereopticon views, was one of the most interesting of the year.

Dec. 8.—Miss E. B. Talbot, of the Emma Willard School, in Troy, N. Y., a late Fellow in Philosophy in Cornell, lectured before the Philosophy Club, in Lecture Room III., at 8 P. M. The subject was, "Can the good result from the non-good."

Dec. 10.—President Seelye, of Smith College, preached in the Chapel at the usual hour. The regular vesper service was held at 7 o'clock.

Dec. 11.—Altogether the most notable concert of the year was the recital given in the old chapel by the famous young pianist, Mark Hambourg. The brilliantly rendered program was received with enthusiasm by an audience which crowded to the doors of the chapel. Wellesley was particularly fortunate in securing this recital from this distinguished young artist, who is on his first visit to this country.

Dec. 13.—Owing to the prevalence of scarlet fever in the surrounding towns, and to the presence of two very light cases among the students, the Academic Council decided to close college a week before the time scheduled in the Calendar. On the 13th, therefore, the Christmas recess began.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

[Reports of club meetings for any issue of the Magazine should reach the editor before the twenty-fifth day of the *preceding month.*]

DENISON HOUSE NOTES.

The Denison Teachers' Club has resumed its fortnightly meetings. The guests of honor on November 13 were President Hazard, of Wellesley, and Mrs. Alice Kent Robertson. On November 27 Prof. Earl Barnes spoke informally to the Club upon children's stories, and Mrs. Rutan told one of her delightful tales. On December 13 the Club was entertained at Radcliffe College by the Radcliffe Chapter of the College Settlements Association.

The Woman's Club holds its meeting as usual on Friday afternoons. November 10 Dr. Grace Wolcott spoke to the members on "The Care of the Body." November 22d the Club met for a Thanksgiving supper. The evening was most enjoyable; a number of husbands, children and friends were present. December 1 there was an interesting talk on "The Care of Children."

The residents meet together every Tuesday evening to listen to an informal lecture from Mr. Woodworth on "Economics." Mr. Woodworth is taking as his subject the Historical School in Germany.

The Thursday evenings are enjoyable as usual. November 9 Radcliffe furnished the programme. November 16 members of Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten classes entertained the guests. Thanksgiving Day there was no party. December 7 the Wellesley girls came in, chaperoned by Miss Luce. December 14 a quartette from the Radcliffe Glee Club sang during the evening.

In November Miss Cottrell, Wellesley, '98, spent a week at the house, but was obliged to return home on account of her health. Miss Iles, of Smith, and Miss Julia Drury, both former residents, also spent a few days at the house. Miss Morse, Wellesley, '90, is in residence for the winter, and has taken classes in arithmetic and whittling. Miss Converse, Wellesley, '93, and Mrs. Converse are spending the winter at the house. Miss

Lister, Wellesley '99, is at the Settlement for the Christmas vacation. Mr. Wheeler, Boston University, '99, is directing the Denison Dramatic Club in its rehearsals of Damon and Pythias. Mr. Wheeler is considered a "resident," as he has a room in No. 97, and takes his meals at Denison House.

F. C.

THE NEW YORK WELLESLEY CLUB.

The regular monthly meeting of the New York Wellesley Club was held Saturday, December 9, at No. 30 East 57th Street, with Miss Miller as hostess. The guests of the Club were Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff, of Princeton, and Miss Elizabeth S. Williams, the head of the Rivington Street Settlement. The meeting was in charge of the College Settlement Committee, and a large and interested audience listened to the discussion of this phase of city life. Mr. Wyckoff told of the greatest evil of the city working-class,—the sweatshops,—and showed how essential an acquaintance with the working community is, if one wishes to view society intelligently. In Miss Williams's remarks on the College Settlement work and aims she gave practical suggestions for becoming acquainted with the less favored classes in the city. She spoke of the constant necessity of adaptation in a section of the city where the character of the population is constantly changing, and of some of the means by which the college community in Rivington Street tries to minister to the love of beauty in the people of the neighborhood. She told of the adherence of the settlement to its policy to aid all the reforming forces at work, such as the Park Commission and the Consumers' League, to make city life healthier and purer. Both speakers were heartily enjoyed. At the close of the meeting a short reception was held, and tea was served.

At the January meeting the annual luncheon will be served..

The November meeting of the Club was held Saturday the 18th. Miss Brown, President of the University Club of New York, was the guest, and spoke most interestingly of her study of Wordsworth at Oxford during the past summer.

A meeting of the New Haven Wellesley Club was held with Misses Caroline and Helen Davis, 336 Humphrey Street, on December 9th. Thirteen of the members were present. Miss Helen Davis, '99, gave an account of

'99's Field Day, Tree Day, Float and Commencement. The Endowment Fund was discussed, and a committee, consisting of Miss Caroline Davis, '97, and Mrs. Margaret Alden North, ex-'98, appointed to consider ways and means of raising money for the fund. After singing familiar Wellesley songs and giving the college cheer the meeting adjourned.

A. C. A. MEETING AT WELLESLEY.

On Monday, December 4, the Boston branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ met at the College. About seventy-five members were present. Miss Hazard opened the meeting with a brief address of welcome. Miss Coes, Secretary of Radcliffe, presided. The business before the house was a consideration of the existing conditions of appointment to positions in the public schools of Massachusetts, and was brought up as a necessary preliminary to any action which the association may take on the question of Civil Service methods in public school education. Mrs. Ellen Richards, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, spoke first. She was followed by Miss Alice Walton, of Smith and Cornell, who had the chief paper of the afternoon. Miss Walton reported from Boston, Brookline, Lynn, Salem and Newton the standard of requirement for admission to teaching positions in the schools of those cities and the conditions of tenure of appointment. In closing, Miss Walton recommended a similar investigation of all schools in the State, in order that adequate data should be collected before the association took any stand in the matter.

Owing to the enforced absence of Miss Kate Holladay Claghorn, of Bryn Mawr and Yale, secretary-treasurer of the association, Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, of Wellesley, reported the annual meeting in Chicago. Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer followed with an account of the qualifications of the three new institutional members of the association,—Barnard College in Columbia University, the Women's College of Western Reserve University, and the University of Nebraska.

At this meeting the Women's Industrial Union of Boston offered, for the current year, a fellowship in domestic science.

At the close of the business meeting Miss Pendleton received the members in the Horsford Parlor, where refreshments were served and a delightful hour was spent.

Miss Elizabeth Dwight Leach, '90, is teaching in the Misses Hebb's School, Wilmington, Del.

Miss Ruth Abbott, '90, is engaged in associated charity work in Boston.

Mrs. Emma Teller Tyler, '89, is living in Denver, Col.

Miss Alice G. Coombs, '93, is doing graduate work in science at the College.

Miss Grace B. Carr, '94, has been obliged to give up teaching this year on account of ill health, and is at home in Melrose, Mass.

Miss Grace I. Coombs, '94, is teaching in eighth-grade work in Waltham, Mass. Her address is 31 Elm Avenue.

Miss Jennette Moulton, '94, is teaching in the high school in Melrose, Mass.

Miss Grace H. Perkins, '94, entered this fall upon her second year of work in the Girls' High School, Boston.

Mabel Lancraft, formerly of '96, has accepted a position on the *Register*, one of the leading New Haven dailies.

Miss Ruth I. Eager, Special, '93–'96, is studying at home in West Newton preparatory to taking her degree at Wellesley.

Miss Elizabeth S. Adams, '96, is at home in Wellesley Hills.

The engagements are announced of Miss Abby S. Fisher, '97, to Dr. A. M. Shattuck, of Worcester, Mass.; and of Miss Marion C. Peabody, '97, to Mr. William Hauch (Harvard '96), of Montclair, N. J.

Miss Elsie Daniels Fairbanks, '98, is teaching in the high school at her home in Manchester, N. H.

Miss Lillian E. Schaller, '98, is teaching in a private school in Hampton, N. H.

Miss Mabel Young, '98, has been teaching at Northfield Seminary since November.

Miss Elizabeth F. Bennett, '99, is spending the winter at her home in Lowell.

Miss Lucie C. Briggs, '99, is attending the Rhode Island School of Design, in Providence, R. I.

Miss Clare Coburn, '99, is engaged in newspaper work in Worcester, Mass.

Miss Minnie L. Coolidge, '99, is teaching history and literature in the Concord (Mass.) High School.

Miss Grace A. Frazee, '99, is doing substitute work this winter, and is at present in Orange, N. J.

Miss Flora Skinner, '99, is spending the winter at home.

The addresses of the following former students are desired. Anyone who can supply the address of any person on the list will do the College much service by sending the same by mail to Miss Mary Caswell, Wellesley College. The year of admission to College is added after the name :—

Mabel M. Adams, 1893.
Agalena L. Aldrich, 1893.
Mary A. Allen, 1892.
Alberta F. Baker, 1892.
Lizzie E. Barrett, 1883.
Mrs. Lester Bartlett (Nettie Spooner), 1882.
Grace E. Bird, 1893.
Mrs. Blackburn (Nanie Sherwin), 1890.
Mellicent F. Blair, 1893.
Cora F. Blodgett, 1883.
Jane Bowen, 1895.
Mrs. C. C. Brace (Mabel Maxwell), 1877.
Annie S. Brackett, 1875.
Mrs. Mary K. Brown, 1890.
Mary Burroughs, 1885.
Maie H. Candy, 1892.
Nellie M. Carman, 1886.
Mollie Carpenter, 1885.
Ellen H. Carter, 1875.
Carrie A. Chapin, 1882.
Elizabeth M. Chapin, 1891.
Harriet M. Cleaveland, 1883.
Rebecca L. Clough, 1882.
Clara L. Cook, 1878.
Marion T. Davis, 1893.
Martha M. Davis, 1882.
Eunice Dean, 1882.
Maude Dickinson, 1887.
Isabel Downie, 1883.
Abbie S. Durkee, 1884.
Laura A. Dutro, 1892.
Gertrude Ferguson, 1893.
Mary A. H. Fuller, 1883.
Mary A. Gale, 1886.
Lizzie Gillespie, 1884.
Helen M. Gray, 1879.
Sallie E. Griffin, 1884.
Minnie Hatfield, 1883.
Marion Isabel Hayward, 1886.
Alice N. Henderson, 1881.
Maria E. Herrick, 1882.

Helen Higgins, 1875.
Eleanor L. Holt, 1892.
Annie F. Hunt, 1885.
Mary M. Hunt, 1879.
Delia S. Jackson, 1883.
Grace L. Jones, 1891.
Henrietta O. Jones, 1880.
Mary L. Kendrick, 1891.
Cora M. Kent, 1892.
Harriet E. Knight, 1875.
Julia E. Ladd (or J. Eirene) 1888.
Elizabeth M. Lane, 1895.
Elizabeth Lang, 1886.
Mrs. D. C. Latcham (Mary A. Cloud), 1885.
Catherine L. Lower, 1881.
Louise Lyde, 1885.
Hattie C. Lyman, 1878.
Sarah C. McCleery, 1895.
Kate L. McGillicuddy, 1892.
Sarah H. McKinney, 1880.
Mary E. Marshall, 1884.
Mrs. E. S. Matthews (Agnes Rounds), 1883.
Edith A. A. Merrian, 1884.
Julia M. Merry, 1881.
Minnie E. Moss, 1892.
Sarah H. Munger, 1884.
Nellie J. Nichols, 1883.
Mary A. Peirson, 1884.
Florence L. Phelps, 1883.
Mrs. Alexander M. Polk (Annie M. Hurlock), 1885.
Annie L. Prescott, 1882.
Ella B. Read, 1875.
Louise B. Richardson, 1891.
Estelle Roberts, 1895.
Katharine Robertson, 1883.
Helen W. Rogers, 1887.
Mrs. Frank A. Ross (Martha W. Dean), 1880.
Betsy E. Royce, 1875.
Ethel P. Sherman, 1881.
Mrs. Jennie C. R. Smith, 1890.
Lizzie B. Smith, 1886.
Martha C. Smith, 1887.
Virginia T. Smith, 1883.
Elizabeth E. Southworth, 1875.
Mattie B. Spencer, 1883.
Helen I. Swartz, 1884.
Minnie Talcott, 1877.
Mary J. Taylor, 1887.
Fannie L. Thomas, 1883.
Evangeline P. Tilton, 1895.
Fanny C. Tousey, 1884.
Eva H. Wansetter, 1878.
Edith A. Warner, 1883.
Emily V. White, 1886.
Lizzie W. Whitman, 1883.
Mrs. George A. White.
Mary E. Whiting, 1886.
Lilian E. Wilson, 1876.
Vabrah Wood, 1892.
Clara Woodbury, 1887.
Minnie Wyman, 1883.
Mrs. Sidney R. Yarrow.

MARRIAGES.

WEAKLEY–WILLCOX.—July 11, 1899, at Kobé College, Kobé, Japan, Miss Gertrude May Willcox, '88, to Rev. William R. Weakley, of the Methodist-Episcopal Mission (South).

LEAVENS–BRIGGS.—Oct. 24, 1899, in Pawtucket, R. I., Miss Jenny S. Briggs, '95, to Mr. George Davison Leavens. At home, Grafton, Mass.

STRUSS–MULLER.—Nov. 21, 1899, Fraülein Elsbeth Müller, formerly instructor of German at Wellesley, to Herr Karl Struss. Frau Struss's home is now in Hamburg, Germany.

CHAMBERLIN–LIBBY.—Nov. 30, 1899, in Portland, Me., Mary L. Libby, recently a student at Wellesley, to Mr. Arthur H. Chamberlin, instructor at Brown University.

BIRTHS.

October 19, 1899, in Montclair, N. J., a daughter, Winifred Grenell, to Mrs. Grace Grenell Farmer, '93.

Nov. 24, 1899, in Wellesley Hills, a son to Mrs. Lucy Heilig Livermore, '95.

DEATHS.

At Northfield, Mass., on Dec. 22, the Rev. Dwight L. Moody, trustee of Wellesley College.

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LUCY WRIGHT, 1900.

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MABELLE CHARLTON PHILLIPS, 1900.
ELIZABETH A. TOWLE, 1900.

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All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Lucy Wright, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Martha G. McCaulley, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Mabelle C. Phillips, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications should be sent to Miss Elizabeth A. Towle, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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CLOSE TO THE BAYREUTH THEATRE.*

THAT the road to Bayreuth, aside from the intellectual labors required, is paved with a good many material difficulties also was the discovery Fräulein Wenckebach and I made last February, when, to our great dismay, our money for the August festival was refunded to us from abroad by return post with the remark, "Tickets all sold." At this I abandoned all hope of procuring the longed-for dive in Wagner's art, until, a few months later, in Germany, I met some young musicians who were just starting off for the goal of our desires. So contagious was their joy and enthusiasm at the prospect that I resolved to make yet another attempt to get there. I wrote to our friend Frau Gadski-Tauscher, who sang at Bayreuth last summer. Mr. Tauscher answered immediately that all the tickets were sold, but that the authorities had promised him to reserve for us the best tickets among those returned for the last series of representations; that is, the four even-

* Clippings from a lecture given at the open meeting of the Wagner Club.

ings of the Nibelungenring, the Meistersinger and the Parsifal, from August 14 to August 20.

Since his letter came on August 11, and Fraulein Wenckebach was traveling in regions unknown to me, there followed a vehement pulling of wires between Hanover, Aurich, Cologne and Bayreuth before we met, finally, on the train at Hanover *en route* for the festival. As we had taken a round-trip ticket which allows no free baggage, we surrounded ourselves with our goods and chattels, and, because we were on our way to Bayreuth, amiably endured the humpity-bump of third-class traveling in Germany, the continual changing of trains, the night spent in a fifth-class feather bed of a fourth-class Bavarian inn.

Early in the morning of the Rheingold-day we reached Bayreuth, and looked eagerly up at the hill to the right of us where the Festspielhouse glistened brightly in the morning sun. What should we do next? Go to Frau Gadski's and risk finding her in bed? Yes, we would try our luck. And luck would have it that, when we reached there, Madame Gadski was just taking her breakfast. At the announcement of our names she gave a little scream, rushed out of her room, embraced and kissed us most enthusiastically, and invited us to take the morning coffee with her, which, of course, we did. Meanwhile we helped to dress little Lotte, who, by the way, did not recognize us; admired some beautiful embroidery that Madame Gadski was finishing; looked at the pictures of all the performing artists, and heard with delight from Madame Gadski that we not only had two very good seats for each of the six performances, but that lodgings, too, at the surprisingly low price of $1.50 a day, for both of us, had been found. With great glee we started out in search of our room, in company with Madame Gadski, who wished to be sure that we were comfortably settled. The room was large, cozy and clean beyond all expectation—the showroom of a Herr Bahnhofs' oberexpeditor. After Frau Gadski had made arrangements with the host to have our coffee and rolls served to us at any time between six in the morning and one P. M., for twelve and one-half cents each, we plunged into our beds. These proved to be genuine festival beds, and they held us until the lions in us began to growl for food.

The opera of the Rheingold, which at Bayreuth is played without any intermission, and is, therefore, shorter than any of the others, began at five

instead of four in the afternoon. We started out in good season clad in our best, Fräulein Wenckebach even putting on gloves. Stepping out of the house which faces the large square in front of the station, and looks out to the avenue leading up to the theater, we came upon the spectacle that was to fascinate our eyes every afternoon. Carriage after carriage, with occupants dressed in the fashion prevailing in their respective countries, came out of the town and drove up the avenue, emptying in the square in front of the theater. These to the right of the drive, and the returning empty carriages on the left, with the crowd of foot passengers on the walks under the trees, formed three continuous lines of perpetual motion; a sight very much like that seen at the Bois-de-Boulogne in Paris, or perhaps at a fashionable wedding on Fifth Avenue. We ourselves mingled with the foot passengers, many of them burghers from Bayreuth, some peasants from the villages near by, who, with kith and kin (preferably on a Sunday afternoon) emigrate to the top of the hill. Keeping at a respectful distance from the visitors of the festival, they form a sort of audience to the spectacle displayed in the square. Small wonder that the Bayreuth people, not being able to enter the sanctuary itself—every seat, you must remember, costs $5—come up the hill day after day to witness the performance in the ante-temple; that is, to watch the grand promenade before the beginning of the opera, and during the long intermission. You and I would do the same. And we should note, first of all, the rich display of dresses, the most striking ones worn by the French, who, strange to say, formed the bulk of the audience during the four Nibelungen operas. Beside the beautiful we should see the grotesque and the pathetic: English schoolma'ams, precise and angular; German artists with flowing hair and velvet jackets; free-admission candidates, mostly poor musicians with patched trousers and shining elbows; and Americans with their kodaks left behind. While we stood there every now and then we would espy a star: we might catch Lilli Lehmann's eyes, sparkling with fire and intelligence; see the broad back of Hans Richter, the great conductor of Wagner's operas; or short, stumpy Siegfried Wagner, amusing the world about him by his jokes, or startling every one by his almost weird resemblance to his great father. Often we might find among the crowd the "Queen Mother," Cosima Wagner,—the very daughter of Liszt in stature and cut of features,—her hands moving much and abruptly,

her mouth smiling suavely, her glance shifting restlessly. Looking up to the balcony, we might catch a glimpse of real princes and princesses, of dukes and duchesses, yes, sometimes even of a king or an emperor there. And always we may rest our eyes on the beds of flowers about us, on the wooded hills and valleys around us, and on the city of Bayreuth at our feet. Just now, before the beginning of the Rheingold, a heavy thundercloud hangs over it, while all around is in a glow of sunlight. Thor, the thunder god, is fitfully making his appearance—and there is his motive, blown by a band of trumpeters near by, announcing his arrival. Is Nature herself trying to heighten the effect of Wagner's music? Again the signal—Thor's motive, which, this afternoon, is to call together the multitudes, and away we turn from the world of Nature to the world of art, inspired by one for a greater enjoyment of the other.

In a few minutes Fräulein Wenckebach and I were upstairs in our seats, and in a few moments more darkness and a great quiet fell upon the house, and the world for us was created anew in the music of the Rheingold.

I shall not even try to describe the representation of the operas to you,—you must go to hear, see and feel for yourselves; but if you go, do not go unprepared. Read the texts carefully beforehand (German texts, of course), study the score if you are somewhat of a musician yourself, know all the motives, and, if possible, see the operas once or twice at some smaller theater before you see them in Bayreuth. I purposely use the word see instead of hear, because when, as in the case of Wagner's operas, so many powerful impressions are made upon the senses at once, the eyes are almost sure to get the better of the ears. As a grievous illustration of this truth, I will tell you that in seeing the last magnificent scene of the Götterdämmerung at Bayreuth,—the burning of Siegfried's funeral-pile, with Brunhilde rushing into the fire on her horse Grane; the castle of the Gibichungen crumbling into dust, and the waters of the Rhine flooding the scene of decay and ruin, while the heavens open on Walhall,—seeing this, neither Fräulein Wenckebach nor I heard the last Brunhilde motive, one of our great favorites, to the enjoyment of which we had been looking forward all day long.

Well, there were not only uplifting times, there were jolly times at Bayreuth, too! It was good to be hungry now and then, and to hunt for

proper food, of which in Bayreuth, as in the whole country of Bavaria, there is a scarcity. We generally had our somewhat too selective palates pretty well under control, but sometimes the old Adam would rise in us and demand his dues. On one of these occasions, while we were walking about to find something for him, we saw a sign with the enticing words, "First-Class Restaurant. French Cooking." Unfortunately, when just about to enter, we were told that a dinner there would cost us from ten to fifteen dollars, whereupon with ill grace we continued our search. Our luncheons we generally took seated on a rustic bench in front of an idyllic inn among the trees back of the opera house, a favorite resort of foreigners, where we heard every tongue except our own.

In the evening when the opera was over, at eight, nine or ten o'clock, we always went into the Wagner Restaurant at the right of the opera house; one of the great sights at Bayreuth, because it is the place where the artists take their supper, the most distinguished ones often sitting at Frau Cosima Wagner's table. When the latter entered, leaning on the arm of some *célébrité*, followed by her son Siegfried and the other members of the family, everybody would rise in her honor, and amid shouts and waving of handkerchiefs the august company would take their seats. The great singers of the evening appeared a little later, and were received in like manner with their due of applause.

It was great fun to sit, as we sometimes did, at Mme. Gadski's table, near the Wagners', and to have her urge me to tell her other guests—on one occasion two descendants of Händel—about Wellesley. "They don't believe," she would say, "what I tell them about that charming place; they think my imagination runs away with me. Now, do say that all these beautiful things are really so." She insisted on my giving them the Wellesley cheer, too; and such was the composite noise about us of vigorous talk, of explanatory or enthusiastic vocal attempts to reproduce some of the motives heard that evening, of spontaneous applause here and there, that I could sing the cheer in quite a strong voice without attracting the attention of people other than those sitting at our own table.

At this table we met some of the gods and heroes—Wotan, Siegfried, Parsifal and others—in their human guise; and we found that some of them were fully as impressive off the stage as they had been on it. In conversa-

tion with them we learned that even at Bayreuth the world is made up of little things, and that some of these were by no means of the winged sort. I heard that Frau Cosima not only insisted rigorously on phonetic singing, changing the rehearsals for solo singing into what were called spelling lessons, but that she tried also to regulate every motion of the artist's body, acting out all the parts, even that of Mime, before them. One of the great prima donnas told me that at one time in her acting she made a gesture, and Fr. Wagner said, "Please move the fourth finger forward a little more." This minuteness in what seems unessential is one reason, I understand, why a number of our greatest singers have of late years refused to sing at Bayreuth. All, however, recognize Fr. Wagner's genius in organizing, her diplomacy, her devotion to the cause,—the money, for instance, all goes to the fund for building a larger theater. Siegfried Wagner's humorous remark in the album of one of the artists probably tells a true story, "In remembrance of war and peace in Bayreuth."

Frau Cosima is one of the few ladies in Germany who, like the princesses there and like everybody in this country, indulges in large receptions. She receives all sorts and conditions of men, from the royal highnesses up to the American citizen, from the great composers down to the poor, struggling musician, in her beautiful home the *Villa Wahnfried.*

> "Da wo mein Wähnen Friede fand
> Wahnfried sei dieses Hans genannt."

is the inscription under the large fresco painting which decorates the front. The painting represents Wotan and Siegfried and the two allegorical figures of Music and Tragedy,—all four of them being portraits, among them that of Cosima Wagner and of her son Siegfried. In front of the house, rising from a bed of rare flowers, you see the large bronze bust of Wagner's ardent friend and admirer, the unhappy Ludwig II., of Bavaria, without whose spiritual and material support the Bayreuth ideal could scarcely have been realized.

In the garden adjoining the old park is Richard Wagner's grave, a quiet, ivy-grown spot, sheltered by magnificent trees. Each one of the great throng of people who go to Bayreuth every year, people of every nation and every clime, pauses a moment at this grave and reverently bows his head to the unfathomable greatness of Wagner's genius.

MARGARETTE MUELLER.

THE ENCHANTMENT.

Gold was her crown, gold was her hair,
And golden the hem of her garments fair;
Her mouth was red as the poppy's flower
Spread to the sun at the noontide hour;
Her eyes were blue as the summer sea
When sunlight covers its cruelty.
And when she laughed, in her delight,
'Twas strange to see how her teeth gleamed white,
Like the foaming surge of the winter sea
When winds uncover its cruelty.
And all the curves of her long white arms
Were full of subtleties and charms,
As the long-drawn curves of ocean waves
That drag down sailors to their graves.
Just as her face was cruel and sweet,
So was she cruel from head to feet,
And yet most beautiful to see;
For her would a knight die willingly.

She stood at the window within her tower;
The world was stilled at the noontide hour,
Blinded with sun and drowsy with heat,
And yellow with sunlight of ripening wheat.
Beneath her twisted the dust-white road;
Far off the thread of a river showed
And the pointed roofs of a little town,
To which the winding roads went down.
Somber patches of woodland lay
On the rolling hillsides far away;
And over all stretched, cloudlessly,
The piercing blue of the August sky.
There was no breath of wind that stirred;
There was no song of man or bird;
There was no sight of living thing,—
Only the landscape simmering
For miles and miles in the noontide bright,
Wrapt in a calm, relentless light.

He rode in pain to her castle gate,
Sir Agravaine of the Dolorous Fate.
Spent and weary and worn was he,
For he had ridden unceasingly
Through flood and forest, o'er hill and dale,
In the glaring noon, in the starlight pale,—
All to be at the tournament
Where the king and the court held high judgment
On La Belle Alyse, whom slander's tongue
Held to be guilty of shameful wrong;
And he for her the world would face,
And die to shield her from disgrace.
But now the noon's long journeying
Brings to him faintness and suffering.
Before him rises a castle fair;
He sees no harm in tarrying there
For a cup of water, a moment's rest,
Ere he rides again on his high behest.

She opens for him the castle gates,
Within the garden close she waits;
She holds in her hand a goblet bright,
Brimming with water's crystal light.
Good it is to the knight to see
How she welcomes him so graciously;
Good it is to him to behold
Her sea-blue eyes and her hair's long gold;
Better still to understand
What thrills in the touch of her long white hand;
Best of all to linger here
Day by day, year after year,
To watch the seasons wax and wane,
And the summer ripen the waving grain
In the fields beneath the castle wall;
To see the rosy apples fall
In the castle garden upon the grass;
To watch cloud-lights and shadows pass,
Chasing each other across the plain,
Now darkening, now brightening again;

To forget the past, to forget old friends,
To forget old love and make no amends,
To forget honor and disgrace
In the passionate light of a wondrous face.

"Sir Agravaine, wilt thou stay with me?"
Her voice had the cadence of the sea.
It surged to his heart, it surged to his brain
With a bitter joy and a bitter pain.
The sun lay hot on the garden wall;
It burned out the scent from the lilies tall;
It shot its fire into his eyes,
All his senses reeled in a wild surprise;
He had no power to leave the place,
To take his eyes from her gleaming face.
He cried aloud in his agony:
"Christ help me! I cannot go from thee!"

The tournament had come and gone;
La Belle Alyse met death alone;
La Belle Alyse had watched in vain
For the crimson shield of Sir Agravaine.
None arose to guard her name;
She went down to death and shame.
So had he made her desolate,
Sir Agravaine of the Dolorous Fate.
Yet who can measure his misery,—
God keep them both in his great pity!

R. C.

HIGGINS *VERSUS* HIGGINS.

I MET Jack first in Dr. Brannon's sociology class at Yale, in our junior year, '–4. Fate had done me a kindness when she put him next to me in that lecture room. From looking over the same book, from sharing a deep interest in that most fascinating of all studies, we had formed a friendship which the after years of separation were powerless to kill. In the ten years that had elapsed since our graduation our paths had diverged, and a fear was growing within me that his career, that of a busy Chicago lawyer, had

led him along far in advance of me, a leisurely, lazy bachelor. I was thinking over all this as I hurried down to the Grand Central to meet his train. I knew I should find him changed,—older of course, more serious, less enthusiastic.

It seemed good to see him again! As we strode along Twenty-third Street toward the club, I noted, with a rush of pleasure, that hearty laugh which used to make old Durfee ring; that fine, keen eye, the same as ever; that vigorous, elastic walk. He had not changed in the least.

It was late afternoon, and the newsboys were raising their cries. We stopped to buy a paper of an eager, shrill-voiced little chap. He could not change my quarter, and, with a "Be right back again, mister!" darted off into the crowd of passers-by. Jack and I stood waiting, talking, meanwhile, of the coming elections. The reminiscent tide had not yet set in. In a moment I saw the boy appearing. "He's a slow youngster," I said to Jack as we watched him loitering toward us. He did not even look at us, but, intent upon getting a new purchaser, drifted slowly along with the crowd, shouting: "Herald! Herald! All about th' elections!"

"Look here, you," I said as he came up, "where's my change?"

He stared up at me a moment and then burst out laughing.

"O, it's Tim," he said.

Just then I felt my elbow nudged, and, turning about, found my change in the opened palm of a little lad built in exactly the same image as the one whom I had just accosted. His brown eyes were laughing as he put the change into my hand.

"You thought Jim was me," he explained. "Everybody does."

"O," I said, relieved, "you must be twins."

"Yes, sir," he answered, and then with a "Herald, all about th' elections," turned away. As we moved on we heard a man say, "Here, Higgins, my paper quick, or I'll lose my train."

"Jim Higgins and Tim Higgins," said I.

"Queer," said Jack.

There were only a few congenial spirits at the club that night, and in some unaccountable way the conversation turned into the old channel again. We found that sociology was still a subject of common interest. The discussion that night was over the question of whether ambition or advantage

was of greater benefit to man. Jack said, ambition was better. I said advantage, and quoted Dr. Holmes on the subject. I agreed heartily with the Autocrat in my opinion of "the self-made man." The discussion waxed hotter and hotter, and I think the men were beginning to fear that Jack and I would come to blows, for Talbot ordered a punch, "just to cool us down," he said, and Beaver, in a conciliatory tone, suggested that we could never decide the matter without trying an actual case.

"Now if you could only find two boys in the slums," said he, "a Damon-Pythias, or Achilles-Patroclus combination, educate one, leave the other severely alone with only the spirit of competition and ambition to guide him, then compare notes at the end of twenty years, you might get a solution of the problem. But you can't ——"

Jack had jumped up and looked at me. I understood.

"The Higginses!" I cried.

"We'll do it!" said he.

Upon investigating the Higginses, Jack and I decided that if we had searched all the slums in the world, we could not have found two subjects more suited to the needs of our experiment. They were orphans. Their age was satisfactory, twelve, and every one whom we questioned regarding them assured us that two more devoted brothers never inhabited Cherry Street.

"What the one does, sure the other does the same," an old woman who lived in close proximity to them told us. Proximity is more or less close everywhere, but on Cherry Street it is decidedly more, and we thought she must know.

We made all the arrangements before we broached the subject to the boys. Jack was to do the adopting and the educating, since his circumstances were better adapted for that part than mine. I was to keep an eye on the boy left behind, but in no way influence him. Jack wrote out to his sister, who kept house for him, and she entered into the scheme with enthusiasm. Jack said she appeared even more energetic than he himself. "But she is a woman," he said, "and philanthropic."

Now all that was left was to speak to the boys. That was the hardest part. Finally one morning Jack and I did the deed. It took even more "nerve" than we had calculated to expend. Jack had carefully planned what he was to say. He was going to tell them that he wanted a boy whom he

could treat like a son, educate, and perhaps send to college. I objected to his putting in this last, but Jack insisted, arguing that if the boy who was left behind was, as he believed he would be, fired with a desire to come out as good as the favored one, the idea of college would be a pretty good target to aim at. And then Jack was going to say that the separation would not be a life-long one, but that at the end of twenty years they would meet. He was also to take the precaution of exchanging addresses with the boy left behind, so that in case of an emergency at one end, the other end might be notified. All this Jack said, and he sprinkled it throughout with bountiful allowances of kindness. At last we came away with the matter undecided. Jack said he didn't want the little fellows to repent afterward of what they had done. So they were to think it over, and report their decision next day at the club.

Forty-eight hours from the time we left Cherry Street Mr. John Farnsworth and Mr. Timothy Higgins were bolting across the State of Ohio in a Chicago Limited.

Cherry Street had never attracted me much before, but after Jack's departure I made it the object of a weekly trip. It got to be a terrible bore. At last my ingenuity came to the rescue of my lazy limbs. I had heretofore received my daily paper through the mail. I should henceforth buy it myself of Jim Higgins. The plan worked beautifully for almost a year. But one day when I went to get my paper Higgins was not there. I made inquiries of his comrades and of the newspaper people, but with no success. I went down to Cherry Street and interviewed the old woman. She was as much in the dark as I. Finally I set a detective to work. He unraveled the mystery in part and discovered that the boy had been carried off by a hurdy-gurdy man. But the musician had evidently left the city, and all track of him and of little Higgins was lost.

I notified Jack. In a few days an answer came. He was very sorry about Jim and the breaking up of our little game, but he said that both his sister and he had grown so fond of Tim that they were going to keep him and do their best for him.

. . . . . .

It was almost twenty years after Jim's disappearance that I saw Jack again. This time the meeting place was New Haven, and the occasion our

thirtieth anniversary. It was not hard to recognize the old fellow that day in the lobby of the New Haven House in spite of the gray hairs and the deep furrows in the forehead.

"Ah, Jack, old boy," I said, "I am glad to see you, glad to see you!" and we shook hands over it. Then he turned to a man at his side; he was a young man, tall, easy, polished, debonair. They were both smiling at me knowingly.

"This isn't ——, this can't be T-t-t-t?" I gave up in despair. Jack roared.

"Yes," he said; "it's Timothy."

That afternoon when Timothy was at his tenth reunion dinner Jack and I had a talk. It was largely about Tim. Jack was immensely proud of his charming, cultured ward. Late in the afternoon as we threw away the stumps of our talked-out cigars, Jack said, "Yes, Tim's a popular boy, a very popular boy. And the ladies like him, too," he added.

The next day we attended the graduating exercises of the Senior Class in Centre Church. There was one begowned senior there who looked something like Timothy. His face seemed older, and was a trifle less pleasing. It showed signs of some hard knocks in the world, and of some battles fought honorably. He graduated *summa cum laude*. His name was James Higgins. I went up afterward and spoke to the Dean about him. "Ah, Higgins," said he. "Yes; I know him well. He's a man,—good mind and strong character! But he's not very well known," he added, "and I've heard that the men call him a 'grind.'"

JULIA B. PARK, 1901.

SOME SPANISH FÊTE DAYS.

SPAIN is called the land of romance, and in that country are still preserved more individual characteristic and quaint old customs than in those European countries which have been brought into closer touch with the rest of the world. The people of the peninsula have crouched down behind the Pyrenees, and through the centuries have almost made themselves forget that anything lay beyond. Business in Spain is carried on in a leisurely way, with frequent halts for the pleasure, which seems to be much more impor-

tant. Every day is a saint's day, and seldom a fortnight passes without its great festal day.

Early in January comes the "Feast of the Kings," which corresponds with the old English Twelfth Night. The children put their little shoes out on the balconies, so that the Kings of the East, in passing, may fill them with candies. It is a strain, to be sure, on one's knowledge of geography to understand why the wise men should traverse Spain in traveling from the Orient to Bethlehem.

Before Lent comes the Carnival, when for three days the towns run riot. Masqueraders promenade the street at all hours, or drive about in high carriages, deluging the *senoritas* on the balconies with *confetti* or entwining them with long strips of bright-colored paper. The evenings are devoted to balls, and in the Basque provinces of northern Spain the gala time is ended with the appearance of the Fiery Bull,—a stuffed bull that dashes through the crowd, shooting rockets, roman candles and fire-crackers from his horns and eyes and back bone, to the terror of the small boy and the detriment of the hats and gowns near enough to be riddled by the flying sparks. On the heels of the Carnival comes Ash Wednesday, when "all the world" goes on a pilgrimage to some neighboring village to eat together the first fish of Lent. Hundreds of people sit on the grass in little groups around steaming kettles of dwarf clams. When they have grown light-hearted with much eating and drinking of native wine and cider they dance in the meadows with slow, rhythmic movement and that waving of arms and snapping of fingers so characteristic of Spanish dances.

Holy Week in Seville attracts crowds of tourists, and its daily processions are unequaled elsewhere. I shall describe, however, the milder festivities of Burgos, a stately old cathedral city of Castile. There, Palm Sunday is a day never to be forgotten. The chanting procession of clergy, from the bishop with gold crozier and miter to the scarlet-robed altar boys who carry tall, swaying palm branches, winds slowly through the aisles of the Cathedral. The people stand with bowed heads while the bishop, as he passes, raises two fingers in benediction. The clergy mount the steps into the choir and the solemn service begins. Afterward the palms are sold as souvenirs. On Holy Thursday a curious custom is still followed. A dozen old beggars are gathered into the Cathedral for the *lavatorio*, or annual foot-

washing. After they have been carefully bathed and shaved in preparation, and dressed in long, brown togas, they file into the chancel and sit in an uncomfortable row on the altar. A priest assists the bishop in pouring over each outstretched bare foot a drop or two of oil. A second priest then wipes the feet of the old men with a towel. As a reward for passing through this religious ordeal the beggars each receive a dinner. On Good Friday the "Holy Burial" takes place. A wax image of Christ in a glass coffin is carried through the streets, accompanied by the city fathers in wine-colored velvet and gold lace, regiments of soldiers and long lines of inmates from the old men's homes and orphan asylums. One beautiful young Carmelite nun, her white *coiffe* shading her face as she walks with downcast eyes, precedes the image of the Virgin. On Saturday morning at ten the bells ring out from all the towers of Burgos and every one says to his neighbor, "God lives again." Easter Sunday opens the bull-fight season. Mass over, everybody drives to the bull ring. The most attractive feature of the bull-fight, to the foreigner, at least, is the opening act. All those who are to take part march round the ring, the *picadors*, or prickers, in satin and tinsel; the *matador*, or killer, splendidly arrayed, for he, if successful, is the hero of the nation. Last in the procession comes the cart which is to carry out the body of the bull after the *matador's* sword has been plunged into his neck.

St. John's Eve comes on the twenty-second of June. All the hilltops blaze with bonfires and games much like those which belong to our own Hallowe'en are played out doors. On St. John's Day the first fruits of the harvest are dedicated, for in Spain barley and other crops are then just ripening. A tall tree is planted in one of the principal plazas of the city; the parish priest and acolytes come to bless it. A fire is lighted at its foot, and as the tree falls the crowd swarms under, over, through it, tearing off branches to fasten over the door at home to bring good luck until the next St. John's Day.

In the middle of August is celebrated the Feast of the Assumption. In Bilbao, on the Bay of Biscay, ten days of excursions, balls, pilgrimages and masquerades reach their climax in the procession of giants and dwarfs. Giants twenty-five feet tall stride through the street on human feet, and the dwarfs, who dwindle beside them, still tower above the heads of onlookers.

Queen Elizabeth is there and Cleopatra, but they pale before that mediæval giant Gargantua, who is drawn on a cart by four oxen. As he passes along at the level of the second-story windows, men standing on his shoulders thrust into his huge mouth whole cabbages, salmon entire, and finally, to the horror of the babies, to whom Gargantua is a bogey all the year round, small boys disappear down that awful throat. Day-light rockets, which cannot be seen, although they cannot fail to be heard, crackle an accompaniment to the orgy.

On All Saints' Day the entire population migrate to the cemetery. Families carry picnic lunches and spend the day sociably with their neighbors, decorating the graves with wreaths of bead flowers, framed photographs and broad ribbons with mottoes. They return in the evening to dance and make merry.

Christmas is not as great a festival with the Spanish as with us, perhaps because the Spanish appetite has been satiated by the long series of feast days. On Christmas Eve all the members of a family reunite to dine together. The Christmas dinner is fish instead of goose or turkey. The fish, a symbol of Christ, is used everywhere in the holiday candies and cakes. In the evening Christmas waits in long capes, their guitars tied with red and yellow ribbons, sing carols under the balconies. At some of the school festivals angels sing on the housetops, while the children listen in the courtyard below. For the little children is prepared a realistic representation of the Christmas story. The manger, the cattle and hay are all represented in miniature. Like dwarf scenery in a theater, the hills stand out in the background where the Wise Men are seen riding toward the guiding star. Dolls, suspended overhead, represent the angels, and look down upon the lighted manger and the happy children who dance before the Christ-child singing carols.

Only the more important fête days have been mentioned. Indeed, every one has his own "*santo*," which is of more interest to him than his birthday. It is then the custom to give instead of receive presents and to call upon all one's friends. It is hard for us busy Americans to understand what it is that induces a whole nation to close stores and factories and then to play for days at a time. The Spaniard finds equally inexplicable the Anglo-Saxon, who chooses to work. SUSAN D. HUNTINGTON, 1900.

SLIP SHEETS.

I. THE AMBITION OF DOROTHY.

DOROTHY sank into the corner seat at the farther end of the street car. She felt anxiously of the little bag she carried to see whether the roll of paper was still safe within it; then she slipped her hand into the opening, so that she might touch the precious roll itself. It was little wonder that she was nervous and fluttered, for she was scarcely thirteen years old, and the fearful importance of the errand on which she had secretly set out almost took her breath away. She was about to realize her greatest ambition,—the ambition that she had cherished since she had been a very little girl.

It was her aunts who were responsible, for they had put "ideas" into her head, as her father said. Once when she had been visiting them she had made a little lullaby song for her favorite doll,—a little awkward chain of rimes which her aunts had hailed with great joy. The verses, they said quite openly before their niece, showed ability that in a child of her age was little short of genius; so they sent them forthwith to the old, near-sighted, ink-spattered editor of the town paper. This slight promise of a poetic gift in Dorothy gave the two old ladies infinite satisfaction. They were delighted when the child continued to write little "pieces." These were always spoken of as Dorothy's "Poetical Effusions." Dorothy didn't in the least understand what the words meant, but they were certainly noble and high-sounding, and they filled her soul with pride. In the "Poets' Corner" of the *Westfield Times*, where her verses appeared each week, she was called the "child poet of Westfield." Her aunts assured her that many a great poet had begun his career in a "Poets' Corner"; and over innumerable cups of fragant afternoon tea they told their friends that Dorothy had "mounted Pegasus as naturally as other children climb upon their hobby-horses."

Dorothy looked back now with a good deal of contempt at those early flights on Pegasus. When she had come back to the city at the end of her long visit with her aunts in the little country town, the glory that had crowned her there seemed to fade into something very poor and lustreless. When she saw the big city newspapers that were published every day, she confessed to herself that the *Westfield Times* was really very small and mean. She rather resented the marked copies that her aunts sent to her

father from time to time. The half-amused smile that came into his eyes when he read the verses sent a hot flush over Dorothy's cheeks. So after a little while she did not send any more of her poetry to her aunts. Poor little Dorothy! Nobody could guess how dear to her were the pages and pages of jingling couplets tucked away in the drawer of her little desk. She believed that she was to be a great poet some day, and these verses were to be her "open sesame" to fame. But she began to feel, however, that fame could never come to her unless she had something printed in one of the big city newspapers; her father had said so many startling things about editors' waste baskets that she was afraid her precious verses would be thrown away unread. She dared not send a poem through the mails, but—the idea was a paralyzing one—if she but dared, she might take it in her own hands to some one of the great editors in the city. At last she had nerved herself up to this heroic act. Without a word to anyone she had slipped away from home and was now on her way to the *Herald* office. So impressed was she by the importance of the occasion that she sat up very straight indeed in her corner. She felt rather sorry for the rest of the people in the car, for they did not seem to be aware of the fact that she was Dorothy Jefferson, the "child poet," and that the little blue bag contained the poem that was to electrify the world. She was sure the poem, once published, would create a sensation. She was becoming more and more in love with the brilliant future that awaited her, when the car turned the corner at 7th Street, and she saw, two short blocks away, the tall, heavy outline of the *Herald* Building. Her heart began to flutter foolishly again. She drew her hand out of her bag. The verses were safe enough. It was for herself that she was anxious now. She had never seen an editor in her life, except old Mr. Bennet in Westfield, who didn't count. The great editor whom she was on her way to meet was very famous. Dorothy remembered with a thrill that she had once seen his name signed to a long, serious-looking article in a magazine on the library table. She began almost to wish that he were not quite so famous. If only she had never thought of bringing her little poem to him in her own hands! But it was too late; the car had stopped and the conductor was looking at her and shouting "*Herald* Building"! She forgot that she had asked him to stop there, and for an instant she wondered how he could have guessed. Then as she walked down the long, miserable length

of the car she felt that everybody, from the messenger boy in the corner opposite to the old fat woman next the door, was staring at her. She was sure now that they all knew just where she was going and what she carried in her bag. She reddened with the thought, and in her confusion stumbled over the fat woman's market basket. Then the conductor lifted her off the car as if she had been a mere child, and she found herself at last, trembling with embarrassment and fear, in the shadow of the great experience she had so longed for.

In the general office on the ground floor they told her that Mr. Hammond's office was "six up," and that she must take the elevator. The business-like air of the brisk young man who supplied this information did not reassure Dorothy. She didn't know where the elevator was, and it was embarrassing to have to ask, especially since her poor heart was thumping so that it choked her. It was humiliating, too, to find that she had been standing just beside it all the while. The fearful speed with which the elevator rose took Dorothy's breath away, and when she gasped involuntarily, the elevator boy grinned. Could he, too, know what her errand was? Dorothy was glad that she had decided to carry the poem in her bag, instead of openly in her hand. But down in her heart she wished that the unlucky lines had never even been thought of, and that she were safe at home, when the boy, grinning still, called, "6th, Miss!" Dorothy summoned courage to ask him which was Mr. Hammond's office. Her spirits fell to still greater depths when the reply came, "First to the right." She wanted time. The odious elevator boy evidently intended to wait there until she had found the office, so she turned hurriedly to the right and knocked at the first door. A very big, gruff voice shouted, "Come in." Had the boy not been there to see, Dorothy would have turned in ignominious flight. As it was she was forced by her pride to open the door and face the owner of that awful voice.

He sat at a long table with his back to her. By his white hair Dorothy saw at once that he was not a young man. She saw, too, that he was writing at a furious rate. The table and floor beside him were littered with the closely written pages he had thrown down. Under the table Dorothy saw the overflowing waste basket. It was, then, even as her father had said. She groaned inwardly and hugged her verses to her while she waited for the great man to look up. To the child it seemed an endless time before

he reached the end of the page, threw it down with the others beside him, and turned toward her. He gave her a quick, twinkling glance, then in a voice which seemed to Dorothy like that of some roaring beast, he said, "Well, what can I do for you?"

"Sir," Dorothy began, but her throat had grown so dry that the word stuck there. She held her little blue bag toward him and tried again. "I —I have some—poetry," she faltered.

"Hump!" he grunted. "Sit down." Then he fell to work again on a new sheet.

Dorothy, perched tremblingly on the edge of a chair, looked around at the ugly, bare room in which she found herself. There was nothing in it except the long table at which Mr. Hammond sat, an iron safe in one corner, and against the wall opposite her a row of stiff-backed chairs. On the floor were piles and heaps of newspapers. Dorothy had never seen a more untidy, cheerless-looking place in her life. She had never dreamed that an editor's office would be like this. The editor himself was a surprise to her, too. In spite of his white hair and his closely cropped, pointed beard, he was not very distinguished looking. Indeed, Dorothy admitted to herself, at length, he was very much like old Dr. Atkins in Westfield. Her disappointment was so bitter that she sighed. Mr. Hammond looked up.

"Well," he said abruptly, in the same loud voice, "what's it about?"

Dorothy caught her breath. "The Chorister Boys," she answered.

"Humph! What makes you write about them?"

Poor Dorothy!

"I don't know, except ——" She caught the twinkle that shone in his kind eyes, and she dared to laugh in the mighty man's presence,—in the sanctum sanctorum of the great newspaper. It was a feeble enough little laugh, but it saved the day for Dorothy.

"Let's have a look at it," said the editor, laughing too. Then he began to read it aloud.

"'In the dimly lighted church we sat'—Humph!"

It was a fearful experience for Dorothy.

He read the whole thing through, and with his famous blue pencil—which, by the way, Dorothy found afterwards was black, and not blue at all —he crossed out lines, inserted words and made rapid marginal comments.

"There!" said he, finally. "It's very nice that you can do such things. How old are you? Thirteen? Humph!"

"If only he would not grunt so," thought Dorothy. Then she pretended to read the verses which he handed her, with all the changes and corrections he had made; but her eyes swam with such joy that she saw never a word. "Will you really print it?" she asked when she gave it back to him.

"Oh, I guess so,—some day," he said; but his eyes told her that he surely would. In a dream of happiness she left the bare old office. She did not notice now whether the elevator boy grinned or not. She didn't care now.

It was very hard that night to keep from telling her father what she had done. She felt that her secret must be written all over her, and that he was very dull not to understand without being told in so many words. She watched the morning paper eagerly. When a whole week passed without the appearance of her little poem, she began to despair. She had almost decided to tell her father without waiting longer, when at last, one joyous, memorable morning she found the verses tucked into one corner of the big paper. She read them a hundred times over during the day, and long before the hour when her father was expected she was waiting for him at the window in a tremble of ecstatic excitement. What would he say? Would he be pleased? Oh, it seemed as if he would never, never come! Dorothy intended to leave the paper folded, poem uppermost, on the library table. It would be such fun to see him find it as if by chance. But there was almost too much risk in such careless, artistic indifference. And besides, she could not wait until after dinner. She heard him at the door at last. Before he had taken off his outer coat she was dancing about him, waving the paper in the air. Then she drew him into the library and thrust the verses into his hand. From behind his chair, where she retreated in breathless delight, she peeped at him. Was he pleased? He caught her in his arms. "Bless the baby!" said he, kissing her on either cheek. She poured out the whole splendid story, and when she ended he kissed her again and called her a trump.

Dorothy had forgotten her dreams of future greatness. And it was well, for the only people who were really electrified by the poem which was

to have stirred the whole literary world to its depths were two dear, foolish, old ladies. They, indeed, thrilled with pride as they cut the verses out of the big paper and pasted them into the big scrapbook labelled "Poetical Effusions." 1900.

II. IN SEVILLE.

'Twas 'neath the old Cordova wall,
  Josefa, in the long ago,
And the acacia trees were all
  Pale-gilded in the sunset glow,
When, dear, I took you by the hand
And we danced the saraband.

'Twas in the ruined Alcazar,
  Our music some dead fountain's tears,—
Some plaintive, softly sighing bar
  Come back to us across the years,—
When, dear, I took you by the hand
And we danced the saraband.

'Twas on the Guadalquiver shore,
  Josefa, and the moon was white;
The orange blossoms seemed to pour
  Their sweetness out into the night,
When, dear, I took you by the hand
And we danced the saraband.

Ah, my Josefa, golden hued
  Were days we lived in fair Seville;
And now, tho' years have youth subdued,
  I have one wish, I have one will,—
Once more to take you by the hand,
Again to dance the saraband.

L. M.

III. THE TRIUMPH OF BRIGGS.

It is common to say that the English are lacking in what we Americans call a sense of humor. Whether this opinion be due to the molding influence of the ubiquitous comic weekly, or to the rough handling of actual experience, who of us would not stop to think twice before imparting our

most cherished and effective joke to the average Englishman? And what have we been led to believe could be more gloomy and flat, from our standpoint, than attempted facetiousness on his part? The following story, which came from England on a personally-conducted trip, seeks not to undermine the rooted conviction of an intelligent public. Its humbler aim will have been realized if, perchance, it shall encourage a spirit of just discrimination.

It was awkward, of course, but due to an unforeseen, domestic upheaval that the new butler, Briggs, should have arrived only the day before the first "evening at home" of the season.

One likes to approach such an event with the household machinery fully tested and running smoothly. Fancy then, having to adjust oneself on so short notice to the idiosyncrasies of a new butler! The master of the house found it very annoying. However, Briggs's recommendations were excellent, his manner satisfactory, and his countenance as wooden as could possibly be desired. Moreover, he listened to directions with deep attention and apparent understanding. On the whole, when the social evening was at hand the master of the house felt fairly comfortable.

The new butler, however, developed unexpectedly along melodramatic lines. The first guests to arrive were Mr. and Mrs. Penny and their daughter. With majestic manner and in measured tones Briggs announced: "Mr. Edwin Algernon Pembroke Penny, Mrs. Edwin Algernon Pembroke Penny, and Miss Maude Victoria Penny."

Before the overpowering effect of this outburst had had time to clear way, there came another, equally impressive· "Mr. Grindley McDougal of Wax Doodle McDougal, and Mrs. Grindley McDougal of Wax Doodle McDougal."

This sort of thing continued. At the end of evening the master of the house took Briggs aside and admonished him thus: "See here, you must not announce people in that way, or all my friends will be laughing at me. Don't be so keen about drawing their names out so long and repeating so much. Just try to condense and speak more rapidly."

Briggs bowed gravely and said nothing.

It so happened at the next evening at home that the Penny family were again among the first arrivals. On reaching the drawing-room they looked

uneasily at Briggs. But that astute Englishman gave them one swift glance, flung open the door and cried triumphantly, "Thri'pence!"

PAULINE SAGE, 1901.

IV. A TALE RETOLD.

THEY were, for a wonder, tired of baseball this fair summer day, and, for boys, in a rarely composed and talkative mood. Seven or eight strong, they had gathered around the four posts that stood, two at the head and two at the foot of the steps leading up to the rectory lawn. The group centered around the rector's son, who, with all the assurance of ownership, sat on his favorite, broad-topped post. One of them chewed grass contemplatively; Mortimer Taft performed athletic feats, walking on his hands and turning an occasional somersault on the lawn; the fat boy sat on a post kicking his heels lazily against it; Bob, the rector's son, was beating a tattoo with the baseball bat. He had just finished carving the six letters "APOLLO" on his wooden throne.

For one instant there came a lull. Little Ikey Cohen, who had been hanging so limply around a post that you hardly noticed him, lifted his dark eyes to the rector's son. Pointing an inquiring finger to the letters he asked, "What's that?" Now there was nobody in the world like Ikey for asking questions. Until lately he had lived in the city, and known only people of the Jewish district. Now he had come to the country, where everybody knows everybody, and had found that his questions to these new people might bring very surprising and interesting answers. In the last three months his face had grown more and more eager. There were so many things to be found out.

With the rector's son, on the other hand, answering questions was a specialty. He had been brought up to it; so, naturally, on this occasion he exclaimed with cheerful superiority: "Apollo! Don't you know him? Well, he did some of the biggest stunts of any fellow I ever knew. Say, fellows, but he had a jolly scrap with Zeus!"

At the mention of the magic word "scrap" the four post tops were speedily pre-empted, and even the fat boy became approximately alert.

"Apollo,—why, he used to drive the chariot of the sun every day; ran the whole business," declared Bob.

"Go long with you," said Ikey, reproachfully; "you're foolin'."

"I ain't," retorted the speaker of the hour. "It was an awful long time ago. Apollo was a god, and it's true, too. I've heard it and read about it. He came down to earth once, too, and played such dandy tunes on his lyre—that's something they used to have—kinder like a banjo, I guess—that the stones of a city wall danced right into place, and it's true."

"You can't stuff me," remarked the fat boy.

"Good reason why," replied Mortimer Taft; "get a move on, Bob."

"My, but he killed a snake once!" said the reassured orator,—"a perfect whopper, they say. He would have reached from here down to the brick store any day, I bet. And I bet he couldn't have wet a fin in that little river of ours, either. He was bigger than a sea serpent, you know. The people were terribly scared of him. He ate their children, you know, and lived around in dark caves and came tearing out and surprised them. Crickety, fellows, I'd like to have seen him! But Apollo, you know, he happened to come down to earth then, and he just took his arrows and picked him off, easy as you please ——"; and Bob squinted one eye and aimed with the bat at a yellow dog running by.

The fat boy took occasion to throw a stone at the vanishing dog, and Ikey took advantage of the opportunity to ask, "Didn't Apollo stay on earth all the time?"

"Naw, of course not," said Bob, scornfully. "He was a god, and he did just as he pleased, excepting once. Then Zeus got mad with him. Zeus was his father, you know, and king of the gods. My, but he was a terror! Just because he was afraid Apollo's son was smarter than he was he went and killed him with his thunderbolts. Zeus, you know, did everything with thunderbolts, and, by Jiminy, when he was mad didn't the lightning make things sizzle!" The rector's son flourished the bat ominously. "Apollo was in for licking those old fellows that made the thunderbolts,—blacksmiths, you know,—but Zeus, he got onto it, and if he didn't go and give Apollo the grand chuck for a year."

Ikey looked up, but he never had a chance to ask his question, for there was a wild yelping and a rattling of wheels down the street, and with a cheerful shout of "Come on, fellows; let's see what's up," the troop was off. Ikey, alone, was left poring over the six letters on the post top,—a rare bit of carving the rector was yet to discover. L. W.

V. SONG.

The poets sing that Love is blind,—
  Prithee, do not believe them;
They say he's fickle and unkind,
  Delighting to deceive them.

But oh! I know by the sure aim
  With which he sent his dart,
That he had seen fair Julia's name
  Graven upon my heart.

And Love is wondrous kind to me,—
  Sing poets as they may,—
For Julia from her balcony
  Smiled on me to-day.

1900.

VI. THE FLOWER OF CHIVALRY.

It had stopped raining, but the sky was still cloudy, and the walking was atrocious. As I picked my way gingerly along toward Harvard Square I saw on the other side of the street, right in the path of the pedestrians, an unusually huge and self-assertive puddle. It lay there, stretching across the walk, wearing a most complacent and exasperating smile. On one side of it stood a girl, a Radcliffe student, gazing now dubiously down into its muddy depths, now wistfully across at the other shore. As she lingered thus, with her skirt daintily held up out of the reach of the muddy pavement, a young man came striding along until, checked by the watery obstruction, he stood by her side. A quick glance at her in her predicament—she was, withal, an attractive looking little thing—was evidently enough to decide him. In a flash he had picked her up, crossed the Rubicon with her, and set her firmly down again. But even the war-loving Cæsar could not have expected from the enemy such a burst of hostility as forthwith flashed from her eyes at her defenseless cavalier. Did he flee repulsed? Oh, no! Without a word he again seized her in his arms, recrossed the foaming flood, and deposited her on the familiar bank. Then, soberly, sadly, raising his hat, he retreated, leaving her fast and firm in her stronghold.

Oh flower of knighthood, blooming so late in this chill nineteenth cen-

tury, are you a promise, a harbinger of a new spring of chivalry, or are you, after all, only the last rose of summer? Oh, young new woman, standing by the puddle, did you repent of your unwomanly hesitancy, or are you standing there yet?

J. B. P., 1901.

VII. ONE OF BETTY'S MISHAPS.

THERE is one thing I like about Betty,—she is so abnormally unlucky. It is diverting, to say the least, to watch her unruffled demeanor under every sort of calamity, and to see her glide serenely from one mishap to another. I can recall but one occasion when she appeared actually perturbed by the exigencies of the moment. That was on a Sunday afternoon. We had wandered down by the lake to look at the boats and to wish we were not Pharisees, that we might do even as other men, and idly drift away our Sunday afternoon in and out among the little coves and shady nooks. I proposed that we sit down beside the mossy lake rim, but Betty bethought herself of her new suit. So we stepped into a light boat moored beneath a willow tree, and while Betty cherished her skirts daintily I carelessly poled the boat back and forth the length of its mooring chain. An awkward splash with the oar, and I had spattered the new skirt. Thereupon Betty rose reproachfully, and said she thought she'd leave. When I protested that, as ferryman, I would not take the boat to land, she seized an overhanging branch of the willow with both hands, intending to pull our craft triumphantly ashore. Alas for Betty! Her energetic movement sent the light boat sliding from under her. She caught the rim of the boat with her heels; her long, young body sagged downward until all I could see above the limb was two round, terrified eyes peering at me.

It had all happened so quickly that for an instant I was motionless with surprise. Betty, despairing of any activity on my part, made a tentative heave upward, which brought her face into view over the branch,—and that was my undoing. The countenance that rose slowly above the limb was a superb caricature of Betty; those full and ruddy cheeks were puffed into pale spheres. Betty's big round eyes—oh, how big and round they were now under the framing curve of a high-rolling pompadour! The rotund symmetry of that vision passes description. I shall never cease to think of it but as a possible illustration for Oliver Herford's Natural History, entitled, maybe,

"The Mammoth Tree Toad." The untimely suggestiveness of the picture held me powerless until the awful accusation of Betty's glance came home to me. I scrambled to my feet and poled vigorously, but to no purpose. Betty was tense and stiff, like an iron brace, between the boat and the tree. Work as I might, I could get the boat no nearer that branch where my friend was hanging, like over-ripe fruit, trembling to drop. I had to look on, helpless, while she solemnly lowered one foot into the waters, then strode ashore, trailing her dripping skirt.

N. F. P.

RECENT ART EXHIBITIONS IN BOSTON.

The departure of the Tissot pictures from Boston a month ago did not leave Boston art-lovers entirely destitute. A number of good exhibitions were open during January to invite the criticism and await the approval of Bostonians. It is needless to say that the patrons were lavish with their criticism. It is a pleasure to state that the Boston patrons had also interest and approval to bestow on many of the pictures. One exhibition was held at the Boston Art Club, another at the St. Botolph Club, a third at the galleries of Williams & Everett, and a fourth at the Chase Gallery on Boylston Street. All the pictures at the St. Botolph Club were the work of Frank W. Benson, those at Williams & Everett were by Elihu Vedder. In comparison the collection at the Art Club might have been called "motley," if such a term were not too wholesale a condemnation. The exhibition was a typical one, and any adverse criticism applied to it must extend to include art exhibits in general.

All who had seen some of the previous exhibits at the Art Club pronounce this—the sixty-first of its kind—the most successful. There was the usual range of subjects, but a generally higher grade of excellence in the work. Landscapes were, as usual, in the majority, and several demanded special attention. John J. Enneking exhibited two entitled "Evening by the Brook" and "Late Autumn," both abounding in rich coloring. H. H. Gallison and Frank Bicknell sent charming sunlight effects, Mr. Gallison's entitled "Misty Sunlight" and Mr. Bicknell's "Bord du Loing." Childe Hassam was represented by two characteristic street scenes; one, familiar to Bostonians, the view up Beacon Hill, the other from Montmartre. A

landscape which took one's breath at first and afterwards gained one's admiration was "The Red Bridge," by J. Alden Weir. It represented a stream with mossy bank, heavy overhanging foliage and all the artistic and picturesque accessories a brook should have. The only thing in the picture which was outside the orthodox range of subjects was the great red iron bridge which stretched its audacious iron girders across the stream, in which its straight lines were repeated in irregular reflection. The bridge was indeed an innovation in Nature as well as in Art, but Mr. Weir made it an attractive one on the canvas.

Among those who painted figures, the women carried off most of the honors. Cecelia Beaux sent a portrait of on elderly woman which was a masterly piece of work. It seems as if Miss Beaux had the skill of John Sargent to see not only around corners but through and through her model. Elizabeth V. Taylor, a Boston artist, contributed three portraits, and Eva Cowdery two. Helen Watson Phelps exhibited a study called "The Dreamer," the best of the small number of nude figures in the collection. Edmund C. Tarbell's work was represented by a picture called "Girl with Mirror." The figure is interesting in the lines of the gesture and draperies. The pose is at once distinctive and graceful. The girl's left hand is raised to her hair and her right hand holds a mirror. Other work of distinctive character was the decorative and original paintings by R. V. V. Sewell. In part they reminded one of the Jean d' Arc pictures by de Monvel.

The sculptures included in the Art Club exhibit were few in number, but interesting and worthy of notice. The two best were the work of Charles S. Parker, and showed a charmingly original style and skill in design. They were the "Sun-Dial" and "Design for a Vase."

It is not often that one can have the good fortune to see in one gallery so many works of an artist that it is possible to trace in them the full development of his peculiar style. Yet this was the case at the St. Botolph Club, where a number of the paintings of Frank W. Benson were on exhibition. In the collection there were examples of his decorative style as well as his portraiture. In the line of decoration, Mr. Benson's fame has been well established by the series of panels he has designed for the Congressional Library. One of his best known decorative paintings, "Spring and Autumn," exhibited at the Club shows his unerring refinement, taste and delicacy.

The studies of birds in this collection, for example, "Swan Flight" and "Wild Fowl Alighting," showed his originality of composition and graceful adaptation of subject.

Decorative work, however, held a secondary position in the St. Botolph Club Exhibit. Mr. Benson's portrait work was of first importance. There were portraits of men, women and children; earlier ones in slightly conventional style, later ones in most original treatment. A study of these led one to the conclusion that Mr. Benson's greatest skill lies in painting pictures of children. The two best works in the gallery were undoubtedly "The Sisters" and "The Children in the Woods." "The Sisters" took the second prize at the Carnegie Institute exhibition at Pittsburg. It represents two children playing on the shore, as happy as a perfect summer morning by the sea could make two children. A more charming representation of babyhood than the younger sister it would be hard to find. She is standing with her back to the sea, her baby arms stretched out as if to balance her light figure against the breeze. Her light white frock blows in front of her, and her hat has fallen from her head. The other sister is down on the grass at her feet. Both figures are so bathed in sunshine and embody so perfectly the buoyant spirit of the sea and the spontaneous joy of living on such a morning, that it would be impossible to conceive the landscape without the children or the children without the landscape.

There are other pictures of children by Mr. Benson in this exhibition that fascinate by their sweet charm, but it is only possible to mention them here. They are "Elizabeth," "My Little Girl" and "Child Sewing." We can expect excellent work from Mr. Benson in the future if he lives up to the reputation he has made in "The Sisters" and continues to progress in his work as he has in the past.

The exhibition of Elihu Vedder's work at the galleries of Williams & Everett is a rare treat. It is seldom that one sees so many of his works together, and his "Cumæan Sibyl" here at College and the few bits of his art at the Boston Museum only serve to whet one's desire to see more. Some of the paintings are reproductions, pictures we are accustomed to see in the Copley prints. It is very charming to see these in color. Mr. Vedder has made quite a new conception out of his painting of Lazarus by the effect of coloring. Instead of the dark background behind the powerful

head of the man, suggestive of the grave he has just left, there is in this reproduction of the picture a blue sky and a suggestion of opening cave. The light even pierces through the heavy garment that is thrown over Lazarus' head and lightens his stern face. In this conception we see Life, the victor, not Death, the vanquished. Mr. Vedder's decorative power is clearly shown in this exhibition. The "Fair Goddess Fortune" is an allegorical composition in a high key. It is both novel and attractive. The "Keeper of the Threshold" is more difficult to interpret. A most original idea is the picture of "The Eclipse of the Sun by the Moon." It is a design full of linear charm. No other artist has made as bold attempts as Vedder to express in Art the inexpressible, to carry out in form and coloring a philosophical thought. The "Soul between Doubt and Faith" is one of these attempts. The "Cumæan Sybil," which Mr. Vedder shows us in one of the pictures at this exhibition, is very interesting because of the change the artist's original conception has undergone. The face is that of an old woman, with gray hair and piercing eyes, but the face lacks that wiry energy and vigor which is so evident in the full figure of the Cumæan Sybil we are so familiar with at Wellesley. At Williams & Everett's there are a number of Mr. Vedder's ponderous landscapes, among which is the "Old Cedar, Newport." Of the drawings of the exhibition, the "Trail of the Sea Serpent" is very much like the picture at the Boston Museum. The colored reproduction of "The Pleiades" is one of the chief charms of the collection.

At the Chase Gallery, 423 Boylston street, are several notable portraits, worth a few minutes attention. From the Hollander private collection in Brussels, has been sent a fine example of the work of Cornelius De Vos, one of the great Flemish portrait painters of the seventeenth century. It is the portrait of d'Aubemont, done in the soft and harmonious coloring of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

An interesting study is the portrait of a sturdy, genuine English lad, called "The Finished Task," and done by George Henry Harslow. Augustus Vincent Tack, a rising young New York painter, is represented by a delicate and well-conceived portrait of a dainty little maiden in a white cap and long green coat. The style of the painting is strikingly original.

Mr. Chase will soon hold a special exhibition of recent works by William M. Chase.

ELIZA J. NEWKIRK.

EDITORIALS.

I.

WITHIN the past month the bonds of friendship and sympathy which have always existed between Mt. Holyoke and Wellesley have been further strengthened by Miss Woolley's acceptance of the presidency of Mt. Holyoke College. This high honor which has come to Miss Woolley cannot fail to fill us all with pride and happiness. It is hard, however, to rejoice fully in an honor that brings with it such a loss to Wellesley. As professor of Biblical history, and during this present year as the head of College Hall, Miss Woolley's influence in matters religious, academic and social has been so deep and far reaching that no adequate estimate can be made of the value of her services to the College. Miss Woolley will enter upon her new work next summer. Holyoke's outlook into the future has, during the past two years, been one of increasing promise. The fortunate choice of president which her trustees have now made for her is a matter for sincerest congratulation to all wellwishers of this noble pioneer college for women. But here at Wellesley, however fully we may share in Holyoke's joy, we cannot forget the keen, personal loss which this choice will bring to each one of us.

II.

BY her requirement of certain "major" and "minor" courses in allied subjects, the College does what she can to keep us from undue intellectual dissipation. It seems sometimes almost a mistake that she cannot keep guard over undue social dissipation as well; supervise our leisure hours, regulate our service on committees, restrain us when we rush to join each new club organized; in a word, save us from ourselves and from each other. Of course we should all of us resent fiercely any interference in the management of these details, but it is too evident that we have not proved ourselves able to dispose well of the time that our schedules leave our own. We talk ever of being harassed, overworked and under obligations of every kind. We spend long, anxious hours behind "Busy" signs, working frantically under fearful pressure; and for this state of things we blame everyone but ourselves. In our last issue we made a plea for a more fitting observance of Sunday. A few months since we urged discretion in joining clubs and associations. We each have so many obligations that they control us, not

we them. We use our slavery as an excuse for the half-hearted way in which we do everything. We are here, it is true, to learn by experience; but it would be to the advantage of the individual student and, no less, to the causes in which she is interested, if before her senior year she learned to narrow to fair proportions her number of active interests. Quantitatively membership in clubs and boards would decrease, but as the energy of the members was less widely distributed, it could scarcely fail to increase qualitatively.

THE PRIZE STORY CONTEST.

A FORTNIGHT ago the Editors of the MAGAZINE announced on a college bulletin board the continuation until February 20 of the short-story prize contest. We feel that this extension of the competition needs a fuller explanation than could be given in a bulletin notice.

It may be remembered that, according to the rules which governed the contest, the Editors of the MAGAZINE were to select the best four stories submitted. These were to be printed anonymously in the February number of the MAGAZINE. An opportunity was then to be given to the members of the College to vote upon them. The MAGAZINE board found that among the contributions submitted in the prize contest there were not four which could properly be called "short stories." Almost without exception the contributions received were short sketches, without plot interest. In an editorial which accompanied the prize offer the degeneration of the college short story into a hasty sketch was commented upon; and the purpose of the Board in offering the prizes was stated as being the stimulation of interest in short-story writing among undergraduates. The contest, accordingly, was not intended to include the still-life sketch, which is devoted to the telling of a single incident without action or plot complication.

We believe that there are a host of girls in college who are able to write good short stories if they will but bend their energies in that direction. Many of the contributions we received contained material which might very successfully have been made the basis of plots for stories. It is in the hope that the first unfortunate result of the contest may arouse new interest in the matter that we have extended the prize offer until February 20, 1900. If, however, no creditable short stories are received at that time the MAGAZINE reserves the right to withdraw the offer altogether.

FREE PRESS.

I.

SINCE our concert of January 15 a great deal has been said concerning the frequent outbursts of applause which were felt by many to be purely an interruption, a hindrance to the musical soul's enjoyment of the unity which makes so much of the charm of a song cycle like this of Liza Lehmann's. Now I, for my part, cannot find ground within my "musical soul" for this complaint. When we are being read aloud to and our fancy is struck by a peculiarly happy thought or phrase, we exclaim involuntarily, "Oh! read that again!" The same spirit, it seems to me, prompts us to applaud enthusiastically at the end of a lovely solo or rare bit of harmony. After all, in spite of the modern tendency toward self-repression, we are impulsive creatures, and a spontaneous expression of delight can do no harm to ourselves or to those upon the stage. Indeed, I am not sure that it does not benefit both. Let us be natural, then, and clap when the spirit prompts us, since custom provides no other expression for our feelings.

But—let us be discriminating. When we think a thing is really good, the sincere applause is certainly justifiable. But when we settle back in our chairs and fall into the measured clap, clap, clap, because "it seems too bad not to give A as many encores as B," or because we are started clapping and we cannot stop, then it were better that our hands were tied to our chairs than that we should deafen the ears of our really musical neighbors with a meaningless, unnecessary noise. C.

II.

WE all look forward to the Monday evening concerts, but would not our own enjoyment of those occasions, to say nothing of our guests', be materially increased by the existence of a few ushers? The chapel is small, and in order that the students who support these concerts shall have the opportunity to hear them very few guest tickets are given out. This is entirely just, and if our guests were compelled to stand simply on account of the lack of room, there would be no good reason for complaint. But it is certainly annoying both to a hostess and her guest to hear, after

having stood through an entire concert, remarks like this: "Why, did you have to stand? That was too bad. There were two seats in our row;" or to be told with equal unconcern, that "there were plenty of seats up in front." An hour's sojourn of this sort in the chapel cannot leave wholly pleasant associations.

A few ushers could do much to put a stop to this unnecessary discomfort. They could see to it that unoccupied seats are not left in the middle of rows but at the end, so that those who come in last may be able to reach them without going through that tedious and sometimes impossible process of edging past a dozen or more girls. They could also see that the front seats are used, which at present are often left vacant simply because very few girls enjoy, especially if accompanied by guests, walking the entire length of the chapel unless perfectly sure of being able to find seats.

CHARLOTTE B. HERR.

III.

THESE winter days, as we file, shivering, into recitation rooms, and from within the upturned collars of our golf capes begin to use up the supply of pure air which Jack Frost has been storing up for us during the preceding ten minutes, we are led to wonder, for the fourth time, why no adequate system of ventilation has ever been tried in the class-rooms of this College. Is there no system of flues by which pure air, warmed, might be introduced into the rooms while the bad and used-up air is being constantly sucked out? Surely we have heard of such things.

And yet, as we write, we are visited with a fear lest the Free Press of the MAGAZINE be not the place for such a complaint. How powerless we students are to remedy the evil every one knows. It is only in the hope that this may meet the eye of some one having authority that we venture to send it forth.

1900.

IV.

IT is not easy to imagine that by any process of reasoning one can justify herself for concealing reserved books in the library. It cannot be for pleasure's sake that she holds countless clamoring people at bay by

hiding a book that she may be sure to find it herself when she returns from luncheon. It is purely a selfish instinct that leads to this sort of thing; an instinct which, on a shadow of reflection, any college girl must be mortified to follow. Surely an error of this kind has no claim in any category of respectable sins. There is no escaping from the fact that we are unutterably selfish in making personal appropriation of common property in the case of library books, and that such selfishness is unpardonable.

L.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

At a business meeting of the Christian Association, on the evening of January 11, Miss Frances F. Bussey, 1901, was elected Treasurer of the Association in place of Miss Margaret C. Mills, 1901, who has resigned. Miss Bussey has been acting, for some time, as Treasurer *pro tem.*

At the same meeting the following members were received into the Association: Miss Langford, Faculty; Miss Herr, 1900; Miss Spencer, 1901; Miss Crockett, Miss White, Miss Bridge, Miss Wells, all of 1902; Miss Rastall, Miss Silsby, Miss K. R. Page, Miss H. R. Page, Miss Hunt, Miss Whidden, Miss Willcox, Miss Holt, Miss Bass, all of 1903.

All members of this Association will be interested in hearing of the recent visit of our President, Miss Harding, to the Christian Association of Mount Holyoke College. This visit was made in response to a request from the Christian Association of that college that we send a delegate from our Association, who should speak to them, on the Day of Prayer, concerning the work of our Association. Such a strengthening of the band of fellowship with this sister college comes to us all with especial significance just at this time.

The following letter from our own missionary, Dr. Julia Bissell, will be welcomed by every member of this Association and of Wellesley College. It seems hardly necessary to add, what everyone knows, that Dr. Bissell has been very dangerously ill for some time, and is just now convalescing. Some of us may be in danger of forgetting, however, that this illness came as a result of the too great nervous strain which attended her faithfulness to our work in India. We owe her our deepest, warmest gratitude.

CLARENS, SWITZERLAND, Jan. 2, 1900.

Dear Students of Wellesley College: You have a most delinquent missionary on your hands this year. She has failed, in the first place, for six months to attend to your work in Ahmednagar, and there is at present every prospect that she will not be able to attend to it for nearly as many months more. Not having done the work, she has naturally not reported on it to you; and the two beautiful boxes which you packed and sent out to be used for the sick ones for whom you are caring have not been even acknowledged yet to you. I might fairly have expected you to send a deputation of your elders and leaders to "deal" with the delinquent, and bring her back to her duties, and to cease being truant on the list of absentees.

Truly, this is no time for one to be absent from one's post in India—this time of famine and drouth, when the poor people may any day die of thirst. For the latest accounts are still more trying than when I left in November. Wells, reservoirs, aqueducts, river beds and many hitherto unfailing springs are dry, and it is coming to be a real privilege in Ahmednagar to give the cup of cold water to the thirsty ones.

You will be glad to know that your work has not entirely stopped just because I am away for a little while. Your Diet Kitchen has been made a Famine Relief Kitchen temporarily, where, in addition to the diet list for the sick, hot meals are served at any time of the day (and up to nearly midnight on some days) to the weary, footsore and exhausted wanderers who crowd around our gates and doors and windows, driven from their homes by grim want. It would have been such a joy to stay and help to relieve their suffering, but my place seemed to be in Switzerland this time.

You will be glad to know that our wards were opened last summer and admitted twenty-one patients, for whom I had seven cots! I thought of having them take the cots by turns! We managed, however, by giving them strips of carpets and blankets to lie on, and by hunting up every available bit of bedding that could be spared for them. We had only three nurses, two of whom had to be on hand for dispensary work more than half the day, and altogether it was one grand rush to get the work of the wards done, and the wants and needs of all the patients attended to for each day.

Unfortunately, when the doctor found a bed in our home that seemed exactly to fit my size, and ordered me to stay in it for a time, the wards had to be closed again, as no one could be quite deputed to look after them. I want to tell you, however, of one of your nurses called Mirabai, who showed so much executive ability in an hour of emergency. I called her one afternoon and said: "Mirabai,

I do not know, and the doctor does not know, how long I may have to stay in bed. Those wards must be closed to-day, and the patients arranged for or sent home at once. The things in the wards must all be stored away carefully. Will you see to it all?" "Yes," she said, promptly; "I will do it to-day." I did not think she could do it in so short a time, but by evening she came back with the keys and said that everything was done. She had had all instruments, dressings, furniture, patients' clothing, bedding, everything taken away from the rooms, the wards cleaned thoroughly, those patients who could go sent to their homes, and those who could not, provided for here in the homes of kind-hearted Christian women; temporary partitions that had been put up in the wards were taken down, the house made over to the landlord in good condition, and finally, one patient who could not be given accommodation elsewhere Mirabai had taken into her own home till she should be able to return to her home. I looked at my nurse in utter surprise, for she had had only about five hours in which to accomplish this,—and I was proud of her, if she was one of my own training. After that, for three months Mirabai went in and out of the room in which I lived, and was much help to the two Bombay nurses who hovered around my bed.

You, doubtless, know that another doctor has been appointed to help in your work, which really has grown beyond the limits of my strength to meet. We hope to work together, beginning, perhaps, in June, this year, and the work of providing the funds for a woman's hospital in Ahmednagar has already begun. When I return in June, as now seems quite possible, it will be in order to look up a site for the building.

Thank you most cordially for the boxes you sent. It was one of the pleasures of convalescence to sit by lazily in an easy-chair while the nurse and Mirabai unpacked the boxes and showed me their contents, which were the result of your thoughtfulness for those whom you will never see, but of whom the "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least" will be true. I am sure it seems as if these "thanks" reached you a long time after the deed which inspired them; yet it is one characteristic of Wellesley students to minister from the love of ministering, and such ministry is verily twice blessed, and the reward has already reached you long before the gratitude of those who profit by your deeds of love finds to itself a tongue.

Switzerland is beautiful—an ideal place for recuperation; but after the recuperating process is over no highway will look so broad or so inviting as that which leads over the seas and back to India to Christ's work, which is yours and mine. Ever cordially and heartily yours in Matthew xx. 28,

JULIA BISSELL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Backlog Studies, by Charles Dudley Warner. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1899.

From many a lover of books this old friend, in its attractive new dress, will receive a cordial welcome. Mr. Garrett's dainty illustrations add much to the charm of this new edition, and the moss-green cover, with its adornment of golden andirons, tempts us to the fireside chat within,—that chat which, in the author's own words, is an "unwearying flow of argument, quaint remark, humorous color and sprightly interchange of sentiments and opinions."

The glowing backlog is the starting point from which all these studies grow. Its genial warmth is in the kindly humor; the fitful flashes of its flame are reflected in delightful surprises of wit; and now and then a bit of wise reflection on life, manners, or literature falls before us like a live coal. It is seldom, however, that a deeply serious tone creeps into these studies of Mr. Warner. The chief charm of the book lies in its genial humor and persistent gay optimism. The deep and burning questions of the day are mercifully left untouched, excepting through the safe medium of the tongs whereby he pokes forth a few sparks, now and then. We find, instead, a series of racy reflections, hardly to be dignified by the name of essays, upon the recent "movement" against pie, for instance, or upon "the cultured manner," and those people who, in their superior calmness, "appear to be sitting on china eggs," or, best of all, upon "the Gothic revival"; a subject dismissed with the natural conclusion that "a Gothic religious life is not an idle one."

The informal nature of his subjects, and the conversational ease and grace with which the author introduces us to them, are among the most attractive characteristics of this book. Another delightful feature of "Backlog Studies" is the beauty of the nature descriptions, for the most part incidental and fragmentary, yet done with a wonderful spirit and vividness. The swirling, blinding snow storm appeals to us most strongly, perhaps, because it forms so effective a contrast to the sociable backlog about which we have drawn in company with The Young Lady staying with us,

the grumbling Parson and Mandeville, to hear the Firetender discourse. We shiver comfortably at sound of the raging wind without, and settle deeper into our easy-chairs, content to observe the Firetender's mandate, "When the fire is made you want to sit in front of it and grow genial in its effulgence."

C. C.

Fisherman's Luck, by Henry Van Dyke. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, 1899.

What is it that makes "Fisherman's Luck" such a charming and delightful book to read? is the question I asked myself when I finished the last page. It cannot be wholly the subject-matter, because mountains and woods, brooks and rivers, such as Dr. Van Dyke describes, are the common property of all essayists on nature. His experiences and adventures in his favorite sport, angling, are much like the experiences and adventures of many another fisherman. Of course, beautiful nature descriptions and good fisherman's stories always charm us, especially when our author has his heart in his work and makes us see everything through his eyes. But there are so many such books that there must be something else of more interest to make a book successful, nowadays.

This "something else" is an addition to the usual contents of nature essays. I have not mentioned the bits of philosophy and moralizing that are woven in with the descriptions and narration; and therein I think consists the "newness" of material sufficient to give the book its separate and individual interest for us. It is the inspirations and thoughts which the beauties of nature and the attractions of angling give to the fisherman, Van Dyke, which makes him more interesting than fisherman Jones or anybody else. In a word, the personal element in the essays is the great part of their charm. We feel, somehow, as if we were chatting with this great Fisherman-Preacher, and we had asked him to tell us a story; and just because he couldn't help it, suddenly and very unexpectedly to us a moral crops out.

It is surprising to notice how many different subjects he can touch upon in the course of a dozen sketches, all the time making fishing his chief theme. In reality the fishing is only an excuse, and he is using every opportunity he can find to preach on such broad subjects as Wealth, Love as a Power in

Our Lives, Indolence a Virtue, Chance, Fishing in Literature, and Talk and Conversation. His manner of introducing these subjects and joining them with some story or technical instruction in fishing is always surprising; but before we really comprehend the fact that he is going to moralize for awhile, the deed is done, easily and gracefully, and he proceeds with his fishing.

One of the best examples of this is in his essay entitled "A Wild Strawberry." He is comparing the wild berry with the cultivated one, and has just remarked that "the wild berry still stands first in its subtle gusto." Then comes a paragraph of three short sentences, so concise and abstract that they are good maxims. (We find this a general and favorite mode of expression with him.) "Size is not the measure of excellence. Perfection lies in quality, not in quantity. Concentration enhances pleasure; gives it a point, so that it goes deeper." To illustrate these remarks he says: "Is not a ten-inch trout better than a ten-foot sturgeon? I would rather read a tiny essay by Charles Lamb than a five-hundred-page libel on life by a modern British novelist who shall be nameless. Flavor is the priceless quality. Style is the thing that counts, and is remembered in art, in literature, and in berries." We are just about prepared for a dissertation on style when back he comes to his starting point, the strawberry.

His style is perfectly adapted to his subject. The essays go rambling on, in an easy, informal tone, much as a man's thoughts do when he is lounging out in the woods communing with nature, a cigar in his mouth and a fishing rod in his hand. I think this is the effect Van Dyke aimed for. He wanted to appear as a moralizing fisherman and he has undoubtedly succeeded.

The book is filled with beautiful descriptions, good stories and "cheerful thoughts" which cannot help pleasing the reader. It is just the book to read in front of the fire in winter to bring back pleasant thoughts of summer camping-days, or beside some stream in summer, with the real nature he describes all about, to aid in carrying on the thoughts he suggests. There can be no better characterization of his work than his own words. In his essay on "Fishing in Books" he classifies books on angling into two classes — the literature of knowledge, and the literature of power. In the first class he puts guide-books and instructions in fishing. The second class, to which I assign him, he defines thus: "The literature of power includes

all (even those written with some purpose of instruction) in which the gentle fascinations of the sport, the attractions of living out of doors, the beauties of stream and woodland, the recollections of happy adventure and the cheerful thoughts that make the best of a day's luck, come clearly before the author's mind, and find some fit expression in his words."

C. L., 1902.

Yale Verse. Compiled by C. E. Merrill, Jr. New York, Maynard, Merrill & Co., 1899.

"So all of youth our roundelay;
No rapt heroics we essay,
Nor to the clear cold heights may climb
These idle songs.
No! of the valleys green and gay
(Our caps and gowns a merry mime
Of caps and bells) we make our rhyme.
Worthless? Ah, that's for you to say,
For whom were gathered by the way
These idle songs."

Thus begins the "Yale Verse"; and, after these naïve, if not original introductory lines, we hesitate to judge harshly the verse which follows. Perhaps, indeed, to many it will be a pleasure to go back to the merry rimes of the "Cap and Gown," and read other songs of youth and love of the same sort, filled with summer sunshine, ladies fair, and lasses coy,—new, perhaps, but hardly better. To others it may be a joy to meet again, in different guise, choice thoughts and phrases culled from other verse-writers whom they have learned long ago to love; such phrases as, —

"But thy kisses brought again;"
"For the night is dark and the hour late,
And none keep watch at the wicket gate."
"Come back to me, beloved, or I die."

"Snow and Sleep," also, come in for a goodly share of riming, as they do ever.

Had the writers of these verses kept to the promise of their introductory stanzas, and essayed no "rapt heroics," the book would, on the whole, have

been more successful, for ever and anon, scattered among its roundelays of youth, we find some exalted poem that is not what it meant to be, and, therefore, makes us weep; sometimes a flagrant mechanical effect, sometimes a laboring abstraction, fretting itself with words, or an impressionistic picture, trembling at its own excess.

But we would not condemn entirely; there are many of the verses which will be read with pleasure by all who take up the book. Some few of the songs have a stirring, vivid movement; others excel in a dreamy cadence; and some of the lullabies have a most tender rhythm. The best, perhaps, are a stirring thing called "D'Artagnan's Ride," with an obvious, but very clever, mechanical device, some vague verses called "A Lost Memory," and a sweet little lullaby "Vesper Song." None of the songs can be noted for depth of thought, but there is a dainty imagery and fancy in some that must impress one, as in this one which we quote:—

> "One soft May night a wandering star bent down
> And kissed its image in the gloomy lake,
> And with the morn there rose a golden crown
> Pearl-strewn with dewdrops for the lost star's sake."

But, after all, the one which appeals to us most is not a stirring war song, is not a picture from fancy, nor a gentle lullaby, but a little bit of modern experience; it is called "The Cynic."

> "He is not like the other boys
> Who play Love's game of Hoodman Blind.
> While others draw their world-sweet toys,
> A little hearse he drags behind."

K. H. S., 1900.

Bob: Son of Battle, by Alfred Ollivant. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

Full of freshness and vigor, full of hard-fought battles and harder restraints, comes this tale from the Cumberland fells. It is pre-eminently a story of dog life; the chief interest turning on the sheep-dog trials of the North. The sturdy dalesmen are there, to be sure, with their courage, their stanchness and their keen sarcasm, but always we look first for their dogs, those sagacious tykes, who know no fear. Owd Bob, "the gentle

gray dog of Kenmine," is the hero of the story. He is the best sheep dog on the Borders, and is thrice winner of the cup. His sanguinary foe is the tailless tyke, Red Wullie. As they are, so are their masters; both brave, but the Squire firm and self-poised, the other, McAdam, passionate and vindictive. Yet it is the latter who excites our sympathy, his loneliness is so intense; he is without a friend in the world except his dog. When Red Wullie not only loses the cup, but is found guilty of the one unpardonable sin among sheep dogs, pitiful indeed is the old man's grief.

We feel that too much is made of McAdam's cruelty to his son; and that some details are unnecessarily harrowing. The story is, however, exceedingly interesting; a faithful and sympathetic portrayal of dog as well as of human nature. H. L. W., 1901.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Bob: Son of Battle, by Alfred Ollivant. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

Yale Verse, compiled by C. E. Merrill, Jr. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York.

Back Log Studies, by Chas. Dudley Warner. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston.

Voices of Freedom, by Horatio W. Dresser. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Sonnets in Switzerland and Italy, by the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. J. M. Dent & Co., London.

Ranch Tales of the Rockies, by Harry Ellard. Author's edition.

Publishing a Book, by Chas. Welsh. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

On January 23, the anniversary of Bishop Brooks's death, the Phillips Brooks House was dedicated at Harvard. It is a home for the religious societies of the University. It has been erected on a fund raised by the classmates of Bishop Brooks.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Agassiz, President of Radcliffe College, whose resignation took effect with January of 1900, has been made honorary president of the college. Since the beginning of the institution as the "Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women" twenty years ago, Mrs. Agassiz has been its honored president. Now, while she gives up the active duties and responsibilities of office, she will continue to preside at social meetings and public ceremonies as the head of the college.

It is reported that Yale is to have a school of forestry. There is a demand for such a school, it is said, and more than a possibility that the demand will be granted. It is to be remembered that the New York State College of Forestry is established at Cornell. In a recent report from Cornell in *Book Reviews* it is said that this college "is really established at Ithaca, although its students all expected to resort in the spring term to the 'demonstration area' in the Adirondacks. The need for such instruction as this college gives has long been recognized; and while it is not expected or desired that any large number of students should register in this college until the profession of forester, for which it prepares, has become more firmly established in the United States, it seems probable that a wise providence on the part of the State, as the largest owner of Adirondack timber lands, may soon call for its graduates to manage public forests. Certainly the unintelligent provision of the present State Constitution cannot continue to regulate them indefinitely."

Bryn Mawr is said to offer courses in applied mathematics for the first time this year. The number of mathematical courses offered in the college sums up to twenty-five undergraduate and five graduate courses, applied mathematics included. One tenth of the total number of graduate students are at present working in this department, it is stated. Withal, Bryn Mawr gives no course in solid geometry, so that students who do not offer it for entrance must pass the examination before their senior year or take the course in geometrical conics. In this way a student is not forced to spend any part of her college time on mathematics.

The department of psychology at Columbia University, in which the chair was recently endowed by Mr. Rockefeller, will send as a special exhibition to the Paris Exposition the psychological instruments made in its laboratories and thirty-three large groups of photographs. One item of

special interest will be a contrivance used to measure the features of a person at the same time that he is being photographed.

In a report from Harvard in *Book Reviews* it is said that "at the exhibits of American Universities at the Paris Exposition next year, in which Harvard will have a place, it is planned to show something of the work of every department of the university. The exhibit of the Astronomical department will be large and of special interest. It will consist of sixteen transparencies from original plates of photographs taken at Cambridge and at Arequipa, three wing frames holding about two hundred pictures of star clusters and planets, and twenty wall pictures of work done at the observatories. Among the collection of photographs will be the stellar charts and photographs of stella spectra produced with the aid of the great photographic telescope now in South America, the gift of Miss C. W. Bruce, of New York. The Harvard astronomical exhibit is made doubly important by the probable meeting in Paris next summer of the Astro-Photographic Congress of Astronomers from all over the world."

At Chicago the College of Commerce and Politics has been organized as a fifth college of the university. The degree given is the Bachelor of Philosophy. In the announcement of the new college it is stated:—

"The College of Commerce and Politics has been organized in response to the growing demand for a course of university instruction that should be adapted to the needs of students who desire to make their university work more directly introductory to a career in business, law, diplomacy, administration, etc., than is done in the Existing Colleges of Arts, Literature and Science. With this end in view a curriculum has been arranged, the backbone of which is supplied, in the main, by the Departments of Political Economy, Political Science, History, Sociology, Modern Languages and related courses in other departments. At the same time care has been taken to organize the curriculum in a broad spirit by including a liberal proportion of so-called culture studies; and it is believed that an adjustment may be reached between the aims and methods of general and special education that will make the work of the college of eminently practical as well as cultural value to important classes of students." Particular attention is given, it is said, to "the structure, organization, history and tendencies of modern industry and commerce, as illustrated and explained in the policy and experience

of the United States and leading foreign countries; the origin and characteristics of the economic, social and political institutions of the leading nations; their economic resources and policies; their customs, ideas and interests; the inter-relations of industrial and political life among the great nations are studied, as also the principal economic, fiscal, social and political problems that confront the nations of the Western world."

EXCHANGES.

We were interested to receive the December number of the *Radcliffe Magazine*—the second of its quarterly publications. In comparing it with the monthly exchanges, it occurs to us that the longer recurring interval between its issues may be the explanation of its more careful compilation and general solidarity. The college monthlies seem too much like a hasty attempt at journalism. The whole mass of our publications needs a general leavening. Too many of the stories are mere incidents; too many of the incidents are vague buried "themes." The serious element runs most often to tragedy and blood. The January Amherst *Lit.* offers a specimen of the horrible—startling even in a college tale. Another magazine that has also a leaning toward the morbid is the *University of Virginia*, so that it is doubly agreeable to find in it a dispassionate piece of work like the little poem "Faithful," artistic at the beginning and tolerable at the end. Two interesting contributions in the *Radcliffe* are "Impressions"—on the general character and spirit of the poetry of Morris, Rossetti and Swinburne—and "Miss Clayton: A Study." It is rather disappointing to find so little verse. The poetry in the *Wesleyan Lit.* is the best of the month, both as to variety of theme and matter of form.

A WINTER NIGHT.

The hills are sleeping. Scarcely I discern
  Their hazy margin through the dreaming trees;
  They sleep, but listen! Here a little breeze,
A tell-tale breeze, showeth a goblin turn
To publish how the far frost, still and stern,
  Fetters the night; the twigs crack as they freeze!
  Save that the wakeful airs tiptoeing tease

The slumbrous boughs, all sleep; nor any yearn
Toward the sweet brooding moon, but she must shed
  Her general benediction on forever,
  Being unthanked forever; the stars shiver
At their eternal watch; sleepless o'erhead
  The still, pellucid heavens, while east and west
  The earth still sleepeth and the hills have rest.

—*Wesleyan Lit.*

A WINTER NIGHT.

Winter-cold is the night!
Chiseled in deepest blue
Each star-shape silver-white
Shines cold-clear down the sky's long avenue.
The rich moon with its broadly streaming flood
Washes the earth with light—
The earth whereon I stand.
The icy ether fires my smouldering blood;
The stars I breathe and feel;
The magic heavens my trembling senses steal
Until, exquisitely unmanned,
My spirits swoon
With the delicious cold, the dark, the riding moon!

—*Columbia Lit.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

January 4.—College reopened at nine o'clock.

January 6.—Miss M. A. Currier, formerly of the elocution department of the College, lectured in the College Hall Chapel on "The American Voice."

January 7.—The Rev. George E. Horr, of Somerville, preached in the Houghton Chapel at the usual hour.

January 8.—A most interesting lecture was given in the chapel by Professor Goldmark on "Das Rheingold" at 8 o'clock. The Wagner Club gave Professor Goldmark a reception in the Faculty Parlor later in the evening.

January 10.—A reading of Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" was given in the afternoon in the chapel by Mr. Charles F. Underhill.

January 12.—Mr. Wadsworth Harris, leading man of Mme. Modjeska's company, read several selections from Shakespeare in the chapel at 4.05.

January 13.—Mrs. Anna Gailen Spenser spoke on the "Personal Problem of Charity" at 3.20 in Lecture Room I. The Barn Swallow entertainment in the evening was a circus—with all the usual side-shows and fortune tellers and lemonade booths.

January 14.—The Rev. William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts, conducted the morning services in the chapel.

January 15.—The song cycle "In a Persian Garden" was given in the chapel in the evening. Dr. Clark, of the Central Church in Boston, read an explanation of the Rubaiyat quatrains, from which the words are taken, and the music was given by the quartette of the church: Miss Caroline Clarke, soprano, Miss Katharine Ricker, contralto, Mr. Herbert Thayer, tenor, Mr. Arthur Wellington, bass, and Miss Mary Stowell, accompanist.

January 17.—Professor Santayana, of Harvard, talked to the Philosophy Club in the Faculty Parlor. His subject was "The Criteria of Taste."

January 19.—A meeting of the Economics Club was held in Miss Coman's parlor at Stone Hall. The subject was "The Trust Conference," and the members who took part were Miss Meisenbach, Miss Cranston, and Miss Byington.

January 21.—The chapel services were conducted by Professor Bowne, of Boston University.

January 22.—The entertainment given annually by the Wellesley College Settlement Chapter was held in the barn in the afternoon. Candy and coffee were sold, and a play "Cicely's Cavalier" given. The following girls took part: Miss Franc Foote, Miss Nunnemacher, 1900, Miss Gordon Walker, 1900, Miss Voorhees, 1900, Miss Wright, 1900.

January 24.—A meeting of the College Settlement Reading Club was held in the Norumbega Parlor. The longer papers were by Miss Balch and Sue Hall, 1901, and there were several short topics.

January 25.—The Day of Prayer for Colleges was celebrated by three services held in the Houghton Chapel. At the service at 10.30 A. M. was

used, for the first time at Wellesley, an adapation of the Oxford Bidding Prayer. This adaptation was made from several sources. The Right Rev. Arthur Hall, Bishop of Vermont, and Professor Ashly, of Harvard, wrote out, separately, versions of the prayer as used in Balliol College, Oxford. The form used in this country by the Episcopal Seminary at Cambridge was also used in making the Wellesley adaptation of the famous English prayer. We print the Wellesley prayer in full below, thinking that it will be of interest to those readers of the MAGAZINE who were unable to attend the morning service.

In the afternoon the long service of the day was held, at which the Rev. Chas. Cuthbert Hall, of New York, preached. The subject of his sermon was the "Soul's Awakening." A song service was held in the evening.

January 28.—Dr. Hall conducted the morning services.

THE BIDDING PRAYER.

(The minister and congregation standing.)

Ye Shall Pray

For Christ's Holy Catholic Church, which is for the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the world, and especially in that part of it to which we belong. And herein for the President of the United States and for the Governor of this State and for all that are in civil authority over us; for the council of the nation, now in Congress assembled; for the judges and magistrates of this Commonwealth, that all in their several stations may serve truly and painfully to the glory of God and the edifying and well-governing of his people, remembering the account which they must one day give.

Ye Shall Also Pray

For the ministers of God's Holy Word and sacraments, that they may shine like lights in the world and adorn the doctrine of God, our Saviour, in all lands.

Ye Shall Also Pray

For all the commonality of this State, that they may live in true faith and fear of God, and in brotherly charity one towards another. And that there may never be wanting a supply of persons duly qualified to serve God in church and State ye shall implore His especial blessing on our schools and colleges; and here

in Wellesley, for the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, President of the Board of Trustees, and all the trustees associated with him, for the officers of this College, for the heads of houses, with their respective officers, and as I am the more especially bound to pray for the good estate of Wellesley College, for its President, Dean, professors, assistant professors, instructors, scholars and all members of the same, that here, as in all places set apart for God's honor and service, true religion and sound learning may ever flourish and abound.

To these prayers let us offer our unfeigned thanks for all God's mercies—spiritual and temporal. For our gracious preservation and all other blessings of His Providence, and especially for our benefactors, among whom I am particularly bound to mention Henry Fowle Durant and Pauline, his wife, founders of Wellesley College, and all other benefactors; but above all, for His inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, for the means of grace and for the hope of glory.

Finally, let us praise His holy name for all his servants departed this life in his faith and fear, beseeching him to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that we may be partakers of His Heavenly Kingdom, and all this we beg in the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, Who has taught us to pray, "Our Father who art in heaven," etc.

SOCIETY NOTES.

At a regular meeting of the Agora, held Saturday evening, January 13, the following programme was given:—

I. Impromptu Speeches.

1. Latest News in the Transvaal . Miss Moore.
2. Late Trouble Between San Domingo and the French Government . . . . . Miss Towle.
3. Present Attitude of the Senate Toward the Philippine Question . Miss Cross.

II. General Subject for the Evening: Discussion of Several Questions of the Day.

1. History of the Samoan Question . Miss Button.

2. Open-door Policy in China . . Miss Haines.
3. Governments in Our Foreign Dependencies . . . . Miss Eaton.
4. Debate.
   Resolved: Congress was Justified in Excluding Roberts.
   Affirmative . . . . Miss Pappenheimer.
   Negative . . . . . Miss Locke.

The dedication of the Zeta Alpha Society House was held Saturday evening, January 13. Many of the Society alumnæ were present, including Mrs. Florence Soule-Smith, '89; Miss Mary Barrows, '90; Mrs. Mary Hazard Frost, '92; Miss Amy A. Whitney, Miss Gertrude Bigelow, '93; Miss Elizabeth M. Wood, '94; Miss Kate W. Nelson, '95; Miss Clara Willis, '96; Misses Helen Gordon, Edith Howland, '97; Misses Josephine M. Baxter, Freda Moore, Josephine Hayward, '98; Misses Florence Breed, Helen M. Cady, Katharine B. Read, '99.

The following are the programmes of regular meetings held by Society Tau Zeta Epsilon: That held Dec. 11, 1899.

Subject: Study of Rembrandt.

I. Music . . . . . Isadore Rogers.
II. Review of Rembrandt's Paintings, Mabelle Charlton Phillips.
III. Representation of "Portrait of Rembrandt."
   Model . . . . . Gertrude H. Hubbs.
   Critic . . . . . Rebecca M. White.
IV. Representation of "A Young Girl."
   Model . . . . . Clara Lorenzen.
   Critic . . . . . Mabelle C. Phillips.
V. Music . . . . . Mildred S. Elliot.

For the meeting held on Jan. 13, 1900.

Subject: Study of Rembrandt.

I.	Music	Ethel Nye Gibbs.
II.	Representation of "Saskia."	
	Model	Anne K. Edwards.
	Critic	Mildred S. Elliot.
III.	Representation of "Portrait."	
	Model	Marion Patterson.
	Critic	Anne Snyder.
IV.	Representation of "Rembrandt's Mother."	
	Model	Louise Chase.
	Critic	Pearl Randall.
V.	Music	Clara Lorenzen.

The December programme meeting of Alpha Kappa Chi was held in Elocution Hall, Friday evening, January the twelfth. The following programme was rendered:—

I.	The Roman Theater	Gertrude Gage.
II.	Translation of "Phormio," Act II. .	Estelle Smith. Alice Rowe.
III.	Reading of "Phormio," Act II., Scenes 1–3.	
	Phaedria	Miss Fletcher.
	Geta	Bessie Porter.
	Antipho	Ethel Forcier.
	Act II., Scene 3:—	
	Phaedria	Edna Foote.
	Demipho	Caroline Pulsifer.

At a regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society on January twenty-seventh Miss Louise Sylvester was initiated. The following programme was then presented:—

1.	Paper: "A Comparison of Puck and Ariel"	Louise Williams.

II. Dramatic Representation: "The Tempest," Act I., Scene 2.

Prospero	Sue Hall.
Ferdinand	Clare Conklin.
Miranda	Mary Davis.
Ariel	Jean Gregory.
Caliban	Constance Draper.

III. Dramatic Representation: "The Tempest," Act III., Scene 1.

Prospero	Anna Blackmer.
Ferdinand	Harriet Goddard.
Miranda	Ethel Bowman.

Miss Alice Hunt, Miss Adams and Mrs. Rothery were present.

DENISON HOUSE NOTES.

The Wellesley dolls received their customary welcome this Christmas. At one of the Christmas parties there was a little boy who was so courageous as to announce that he would rather have a doll than a ball, and his temerity was suitably rewarded.

There were eleven Christmas parties at the house this year. The Kitchen Garden Class gave a Sweeping Drill; the little tots gravely played the story of "Little Johnnie Doubter"—who didn't believe in Christmas; the Maple Leaf Club had a shadow pantomime, "Jack and the Beanstalk;" Miss Scudder told the story of "The Other Wise Man" to the grown people, and Miss Converse told the story of Christmas to the small members of the Kindergarten Club.

On Saturday evening, January 13, the residents of Denison House invited their friends to meet Professor and Mrs. Patrick Geddes, of Edinburgh. Professor Geddes spoke on tenement-house reform, especially the reforms in Edinburgh.

The reading-room in No. 95 has been turned into a small gymnasium, and enthusiastic classes have been formed among both boys and girls. The gymnasium is too small to meet the needs of the entire neighborhood, but it is a step in the right direction.

Among the guests during the month were: Miss Anderson, Head Worker in Neighborhood House, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Franklin, formerly of St. Peter's House, Philadelphia, and Miss McIntosh, who has long been connected with Girls' Friendly work in Boston. Miss McIver, Wellesley '90, spent Sunday, January 14, at the Settlement.

THE NEW YORK WELLESLEY CLUB.

The seventh annual luncheon of the New York Wellesley Club was held at the Hotel Manhattan, Madison Avenue and Forty-second Street, on Saturday, the twentieth of January, at one o'clock. The guests of the club were Miss Caroline Hazard, President of Wellesley College; Hon. Seth Low, President of Columbia University; Mr. James G. Croswell, Headmaster of the Brearley School, and Mrs. Frank M. North, a trustee of Wellesley College. A reception was held before the luncheon, when the members of the club had the pleasure of greeting Miss Hazard. Mrs. George A. Plimpton, President of the club, presided. After luncheon, Miss Hazard, who was introduced by Mrs. Plimpton, spoke upon "Wellesley of To-day," and said in part: "We meet to-day in the Wellesley spirit,—and what is that spirit? What more can we say than that it is the spirit of helpfulness, the spirit of service, which has been builded into the foundations of the College, and which has been unconsciously imbibed by every student who has shared its bounty. . . . It is delightful to see how widely scattered Wellesley students are. I heard of one or two in Japan the other day, and from the far West letters come. All over the country there are earnest and eager women turning their eyes toward Wellesley. It is a great happiness to think that Wellesley's future is a bright one."

Miss Hazard told of the changes at the College: the cap and gown on professors and instructors, the life that centers around the new chapel, Wilder Hall, the observatory, the new chapter houses of the Shakespeare and Zeta Alpha Societies. She also spoke of the necessity of a new gymnasium and of the smaller needs of the College, and of Wellesley's loss in the election of Miss Woolley to the presidency of Mount Holyoke.

President Low was introduced next and said he felt particularly interested in being present at the luncheon, for "I am here for the first time,"

he said, "actually myself, the president of a woman's college." He then told of Barnard's new connection with Columbia upon an entirely equal footing in the university system, a fact which made him president of Barnard as well as of Columbia.

Mr. James G. Croswell followed with a speech on "Woman and Her College Days," warning the college woman against studious exclusion and lack of human interest. Mrs. Frank M. North then spoke of the "Traditions of Wellesley," recalling many personal recollections of Mr. Durant, when the College had his beneficent presence within its walls.

The club was very happy to welcome Miss Hazard, and, as alumnæ, feel that Wellesley is to be congratulated most heartily upon her choice of president.

The Colorado Wellesley Club held a banquet-luncheon at the University Club, Denver, on Thursday, December 28, 1899. Miss Helen M. Ring acted as toastmistress, and responses to the toasts were given by Miss Anna Wolcott, Miss Helen L. Sumner, '98, Miss Helen L. Atkins, '97, Mrs. Myra Camp Bostwick, '87–'88, Mrs. Emma Teller Tyler, '89 and Mrs. Grace Nutter Brann, '96. There were present fifteen members and two guests, Miss Florence Root and Miss Lynn, who are still studying at Wellesley.

Eleanor Sherwin, '89, is studying at the School of Housekeeping in Boston. Her address is 45 St. Botolph Street.

Miss Juliette Wall, '91, who was last year assistant head worker at Denison House, Boston, is at home this winter.

Miss Minnie Morss, '91, is taking charge of Freeman Cottage during the absence of Miss Dennison.

Miss Frances Pinkham, '93, is teaching in a private school in Wissahickon Heights, near Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Sara Capps, '95, is spending the year in Germany, at Kurfürsten Strasse 112, Berlin, W.

Miss Elizabeth Hale Peale, '95, has recently been made an Elector of the Wellesley Alumnæ Chapter of the College Settlements Association in place of Miss Kate Morgan Ward, '92, resigned.

Miss Elizabeth R. Waite, '95, is still teaching in the high school at Barrington, R. I.

Miss Helen P. Dennis, '95, is in the Medical School at Cornell University.

Miss May Belle Willis, '95, is studying harmony and doing some composing.

Miss Florence Leatherbee, '95, is teaching at Chauncy Hall, Boston, Mass.

Miss Annie Leonard, '95, has a position in Hillhouse High School, New Haven, Conn.

Miss May Pitkin, '95, is Dean of Women and Instructor in English at Beloit College, Wisconsin.

In June, 1899, Misses Flora Barnefield and Edith Boardman, members of the Class of '95, received the master's degree from Brown University.

The following engagements are announced among the members of the Class of '95 :—

Miss Isabelle Coe to Mr. Nelson J. Ayling.
Miss Harriet Lance to Mr. Nathaniel C. Hall, of Lyme, Conn.
Miss Bertha L. Morrill to Mr. Azel Ames, Jr., of New York.
Miss Helen Wilder to Mr. Charles Rufus Harte, of Boston.

Miss Alzora Aldrich, '96, is doing graduate work in French and Germanic Philology at Radcliffe.

Miss Gertrude Carter, '96, is in Philadelphia studying at Church Training and Deaconess House, preparatory to mission work in China.

Miss Helen F. Cooke, '96, has one hundred and thirty pupils in Greek and English at the East Orange (N. J.) High School.

Miss Anna Genung, '96, is working for a master's degree from Columbia University.

Miss Mary Hefferan, '96, has been appointed by President Harper to an honorary fellowship in Chicago University. Zoology is her special work and embryology her particular subject.

Miss Frances Hershey, '96, is teaching English and Latin at the Township High School, Sterling, Ill.

Miss Ethel Howard, '96, goes with her family to Palestine in February.

Miss Bertha Hyatt, '96, is preparing the exhibit of the American Library Association for the Paris Exposition.

Mrs. Julia Lyman Day, '96, spent last summer in Europe with her husband. She is now at home in Aurora, Ill.

Miss Helen Margesson, '96, is secretary and treasurer of the Wellesley Chapter of the College Settlements Association and secretary of the Old South Historical Society of Boston.

Miss Mary Montgomery, '96, is still studying in Europe. Her address is as before, Potsdamer Strasse, 27 Villa I, Berlin, Germany.

For next spring and the remainder of this winter the address of Miss Isabelle Moore, '96, is in care of Thomas Cook & Son, Rome, Italy.

Miss Cordelia Nevers, '96, is, presumably, at Langlaagte, South Africa, near Pretoria.

Miss Martha Shackford, '96, is spending the winter in Italy, Germany and France.

Miss Elizabeth Snyder, '96, is one of the supervisors of drawing in the public schools of St. Louis, and also has classes in water colors for teachers.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ella C. Colt, '97, to Mr. Harrison G. Fay (Harvard, '93).

Miss Annette C. Gates, '97, is teaching this year in the public schools of Montclair, N. J.

At Hanover, N. H., Jan. 22, 1900, Miss Catherine Rossiter Bisbee, '98, read a paper before the Ladies' Literary Society on the life and work of the American composer of music, Mr. Edward A. MacDowell, and followed the criticism with piano rendering of some of Mr. MacDowell's representative pieces.

Miss Grace B. Gilpin, '98, is teaching this year in Newport, R. I.

The following notice is inserted, at the request of the President's Secretary, in the belief that it will be of interest to many of the alumnæ:—

"A teacher of Higher Mathematics is needed for a school in the northwest province of India, under the management of the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. A person qualified for the place would be able to give instruction in at least all the courses in Mathematics ordinarily offered for election in college. A salary of $400 a year with home, and passage out and back, will be paid for this work on a contract of six years, or the above salary and passage one way on a contract of three years. No one who does not find herself in thorough sympathy with missionary work should apply for this position. The school is situated within sight of the higher ranges of the Himalaya Mountains. The climate is said to be delightful, at no time in the year reaching the temperature of the hottest weather in New England. Applications may be addressed to Miss Mary Caswell, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

The addresses of the following former students are desired. Anyone who can supply the address of any person on the list will do the College much service by sending the same by mail to Miss Mary Caswell, Wellesley College. The year of admission to college is added after the name:—

Mrs. Will Blackburn (Nanie A. Sherwin), 1890.
Mary F. Brown, 1885.
Mattie Louise Browning, 1880.
Mrs. Landon C. Bukeley. (?)
Josephine C. Cody, 1885.
Winifred L. Cummings, 1884.
Lulu Cushing, 1875.
Mrs. R. A. Easton (Emma J. Hyde), 1877.
Lillian B. Franklin, 1885.
Mrs. Hazelwood (Annie Rockwood), 1875.
Mary E. Huntington, 1875.
Lydia Alberta Hutchings, 1877.
Jennie R. Kenney, 1888.
Emma Isabel Leavitt, 1877.
Jennie McMartin, 1885.
Mary McMartin, 1882.
Mary L. McClelland, 1894.

Julia M. Merry, 1881.
Fanny O. Philbrick, 1885.
Mary A. S. Phillips, 1888.
Anna F. Robbins, 1886.
Clara G. Robbins, 1886.
Elizabeth D. Rockwood, 1875.
Emma R. Ross, 1875.
Lena J. Ross, 1896.
Marie D. Ryder, 1892.
Mrs. Augustus E. Scoville (Susan R. Greene), 1875.
Anna Schwietering, 1883.
Mary C. Sherwood, 1887.
Mary E. Slack, 1886.
Mabel Stevens, 1887.
Harriet Stevenson, 1886.
Myra Tower, 1888.
Cora G. Wenzell, 1884.

MARRIAGES.

TOWNSEND–BAKER.—August 16, 1899, Miss Alberta F. Baker, student at Wellesley College, '92–'94, to Mr. William Townsend. Address, P. O. Box 114, Kalgoorlie, West Australia.

CONGDON–GATES.—In Milford, Mass., Sept. 11, 1899, Miss M. Bessie Gates, formerly of '97, to Mr. Frank J. Congdon, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

BRAGG–DAVENPORT.—On September 14, 1899, Miss Mary F. Davenport, '96, to Dr. Francis A. Bragg, of Foxboro, Mass.

MCKEAN–DENNIS.—October, 1899, Miss Gertrude Dennis, '96, to John McKean, of Worcester, Mass.

EGGLESTON–SWEET.—In Providence, R. I., November 1, 1899, Miss Ada Sweet, '96, to Oscar Hall Eggleston. Address, Mansfield, Mass.

BARTO–DARLING.—In West Hartford, Conn., Dec. 6, 1899, Miss Jennie Lelia Darling, formerly of '99, to Dr. William Lorrence Barto.

ELBERT–SMITH.—In Newport, R. I., Dec. 27, 1899, Miss Ella Lavinia Smith, '88, to Dr. Samuel George Elbert. At home at 1000 French St., Wilmington, Del.

SHERMAN–PIERCE.—In New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 1, 1900, Miss Sylvia C. Pierce, formerly of 1900, to Mr. Edward Wills Sherman. At home Thursdays in March at 32 Bedford St., New Bedford.

PRENTISS–SWEETSER.—In Marion, Ind., Jan. 3, 1900, Miss Delight Sweetser, fomerly Mus. of '95, to Mr. Francis Fleury Prentiss. At home, Mondays after March first. The Lennox, Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

BIRTHS.

In Chicago, Ill., Dec. 19, 1899, a son, Helmer, to Mrs. Clara Helmer Merrill, '93.

DEATHS.

At Lincoln, Neb., Bertha Hebard Pettis, M. A., '88.

At Natick, Mass., Dec. 7, 1899, Oliver Woods, father of Miss Ida Elizabeth Woods, '93.

At Newton, Mass., Dec. 13, 1899, Charles E. Eddy, father of Miss Mabel Eddy, Sp., '93–96.

At New Haven, Conn., Jan. 11, 1900, Elizabeth Watrous Raynolds, '81, wife of Prof. Edward V. Raynolds, of Yale University.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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EDITOR IN CHIEF.
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MARY C. SMITH, 1901.

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All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Lucy Wright, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Martha G. McCaulley, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Mabelle C. Phillips, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications should be sent to Miss Elizabeth A. Towle, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Terms, $1.75 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Payment should be made by money order.

THE TREE OF SONG.

An idle tree, whose timber builds no ships,
  Whose wayward growth is all unfit to trace
  Trim parallels in park and market place;
Yet precious for the fragrant dew that drips
From blowing sprays to comfort fevered lips,
  For lilt of hidden birds, for changeful grace
  Of leafy shade that sunbeams interlace,
For heaven's dear blue about the spiring tips.

The world's great highway takes no heed of it,
  Though paths wind thither through the April flowers;
The earth's blind forces feel no need of it,
Yet sweet are winds that waft the seed of it,
  And sure the league 'twixt all effectual powers
  And this blithe gossip of the golden hours.

KATHARINE LEE BATES, '80.

THE TRAGEDY OF A LITTLE SHOP.

"THEY'SE a new shop settin' up!" said all the dirty little children, and they flattened their noses against the window of the shop and looked in at the woman and the old man and the strange young girl who were moving about between the counter and the shelves. The woman and the old man arranged boxes and other articles in various nooks and corners, but the young girl walked slowly, with her hands stretched out before her, touching all the things in the shop. Her long fingers glided over the shelves, picking up little objects, holding them a perceptible second, and putting them down again.

"Watch!" said one of the children; "the woman'll hit 'er in a minute!"

But the woman didn't.

"She's a-comin' to fix the winder!" cried the children, and those who were not bold ran away; but they were nearly all bold, and impudent.

The woman was about forty years old, and she looked patient. Her skin was thick and gray and mottled, and her hair was a little clammy, but her teeth gleamed white when she smiled at the children, and her eyes were blue and kind. She cleared the stray shavings out of the window, and, with slow uncertainty and many contemplative pauses, began to display her wares. The occupation was evidently an important and a serious one for her.

"Cake!" said one of the children, laying a wet, red tongue against the window-pane.

"Candy!" murmured a little girl.

"Crucifixes!" said another girl with a certain sharp surprise in her tone; and all the children turned and looked at each other.

The woman festooned rosaries from the small gas jet which hung in the centre of the window, and put little images of saints on pedestals of gum-drop jars. The floor of the window was covered with a pattern in hooks-and-eyes. Rolls of tape, white alternating with black, went round the front and side edges of the floor, and a row of root-beer bottles stood up on the back edge.

"Fresh—bread—re—ceiv—ed—dai—ly," read a child between the strokes of a tack-hammer. "Wood—and—coal—dress—mak—ing."

Presently the young girl came to the window and began to touch all the things there just as she had touched the things in the shop. The woman moved aside, watching her.

"She don't look at nothin'," whispered a boy; "she only feels 'em!" and very suddenly all the children ran away from the window.

"She's blind!" they said when they stopped running. They said it softly, and they tried to make themselves smaller inside of their clothes.

There was a round, black stove in the middle of the shop, so placed that anyone who went out by the back door had to dodge the elbow of the stove-pipe. This was inconvenient, perhaps, but the woman did not know it.

"I've always wanted a stove where everybody could put their feet around the edge at once," she said contentedly, the evening of the day on which she had moved into the shop. One of the gas burners in the window was lighted and there was a fire in the stove. The little room was thick with hot air and pungent with reminiscences of the dinner which had been cooked in the kitchen behind the shop. After many days and many dinners these reminiscences would assume a composite character, and be generalized as "a smell"; this first night they were specifically and unmistakably cabbage. The three occupants of the shop sat near the stove with their feet "all round the edge at once."

"Who would have thought I'd ever have it!" said the woman softly,—"a little shop all my own, with a counter, an' scales to weigh, an' a window fixed like that one; who would a' thought!"

There was not a gleam of interest or of sympathy in the face of the blind girl.

"All my life long," the woman continued, "I've wanted this,—ever since I was a little girl an' bought a stick of candy for a penny. All these years I've saved up the money and had my dreams out of it."

"Dreams!" said the old man.

He was an opium-eater. After a moment he stood up.

"Where are you goin'?" asked the woman quickly, the reflectiveness quite gone from her tone.

"To smoke in the kitchen," he answered; and there was a jeer in his voice,—and petulance.

"I begun when I was ten to save," resumed the woman, after the back

door had been closed, "one penny, two pennies, an' all the time it was like a picture in my heart. The shop with the counter, an' me behind it, sellin'. I never bought no candy nor little things after I was ten. 'My shop,' I says to myself, 'and nobody over me.' Thirty years did I save to get the two hundred an' fifty dollars. Thirty years, Mollie!"

"And now it's all spent but the fifty that's to go for three months' rent," said the blind girl impassively.

"But I've got the shop!" cried the woman. "My dream's come true!"

"I have dreams, sometimes," observed the blind girl, "and I sees myself a lady, all fine dressed, with a big house and things to eat. But if they come true they wouldn't last, because I ain't got rich people's behavior. I know that, even if I had the big house and the servants. Dreams lasts,—but other things passes off."

"When people dies, yes," assented the woman.

"Did you ever dream you was makin' out your bills, and keepin' the 'counts, an' addin' an' writin' orders?" asked the girl. There was a curious veiled mockery in her words.

"No!" answered the woman, wondering.

"Well, why didn't you?" said the girl.

The woman laughed.

"Yes; it was easy to keep your shop, dreaming about it, wasn't it?" the girl continued, with more open contempt; "but who'll keep them accounts? He won't. And I can't do arithmetic but in my head. And you——" She broke off scornfully in the middle of her sentence.

"It won't be no trouble," said the woman, cheerfully. "I always 'll like a list of the things I've sold in the day, and nobody but me 'll see the writin'; so I don't care."

"I'm going to bed," said the girl after a pause. "Steer me 'round the stove-pipe; I ain't got it steady in my mind yet."

When the woman was left alone she sat for half an hour doing nothing. Her name was Annie Monahan; she was slow, timid and ignorant, and she was proud. She did not ask questions about the things she failed to understand; she did not volunteer information as to her own deficiencies. Externally, her life had been a practical one in all its details. She was a garment-worker; she had supported her father and the blind girl; and in thirty years

she had laid by two hundred and fifty dollars. But she was not a practical woman.

At half past nine the old man came in from the kitchen.

"You're wastin' a lot of gas," he said.

His daughter greeted him with a smile which had no connection with his rough words, but she suggested that he should put up the shutter before the window.

"Where's Mollie?" he asked.

"Gone to bed."

The blind girl was known as Mollie Monahan, and she called the old man "father." Sixteen years ago, before he had begun to eat opium, he had brought her home, a child of three, to Annie. "Her mother's dead," he had growled; and Annie had not asked who the mother was, perhaps because her own mother was living, or, rather, dying, at the time. She had accepted the child and loved it.

"My father has his faults," she was wont to say, when occasion required that she should make excuse for the old man, "but his heart's in the right place,"—and then she would glance significantly at Mollie.

Considering the fact that Mr. Monahan had not contributed to the support of Mollie since the day on which he had brought her home, he could well afford the luxury of having his heart in the right place.

"I'm goin' to walk round the block," he said now, pausing in the act of adjusting the shutter.

"Well, father, I'll go with you," said Annie; "I want the air."

Mr. Monahan muttered something ugly, and shuffled past her into the shop. She waited a moment, then, without comment, closed the door, locked it, and began to take some of the coals out of the stove for the night. "Seems s'if I was always havin' to make him hate me, and it's only to keep him straight, for love," she thought mournfully. The old man did not speak to her again, but there was more of despair than of anger in his hollow, burning eyes.

"Don't you know," said Annie Monahan to the blind girl the next day, "don't you know the big places have 'openings,' and all their customers comes and walks through and looks at things? And this is our opening."

"But we ain't got any customers," said the blind girl, in her cool tones.

"They'll come," asserted Annie, with conviction.

The first to come was Patrick Daly, aged six. He had one cent, and he wanted candy.

"The man to the corner gives more'n that," he volunteered, watching Annie's heavy face out of the corner of his eye.

"Does he, dear? Well;" said she, and slipped two extra lemon drops into the paper bag. She was fond of children.

"You're a little liar," observed the blind girl, without emotion; and the boy gasped and fled into the street.

Later in the day Mrs. Flannigan, from the tenement next door, came in and "looked about." She said she'd try a loaf of Annie's bread, because the grocery man and she had had words, and she'd "just show him!" Two or three other people sauntered in during the afternoon; no one bought very much, and the children contented themselves with making faces at Mollie through the glass door; a futile amusement, because Mollie could not see them. After a few days they grew bolder, and came in with an air of bravado to spend their pennies; and at the end of a week Mollie had ceased to be a curiosity to them, but they preferred to purchase their candy from "de woman," for they discovered that the blind girl never, under any circumstances, gave them overweight.

"They all tell me it's a dull season everywhere," said Annie, when the shop had been in existence two weeks. She and Mollie were sitting before the stove, and the shutter had been put up for the night. The blind girl did not seem to think it worth while to reply to this remark. When she was a child she had sometimes bitten Annie, but she had always been sparing of words.

"They all say it takes time to build up a trade, and I know it does," Annie continued; "it takes time to do everything; it took me thirty years to save my two hundred and fifty dollars."

"And two days to spend it," said the blind girl. "You could have saved it quicker in a savings bank."

"I don't understand them things," said the older woman; "I'm slow, you know, Mollie; I'm not quick like you. Sometimes I think it's the

humanest thing could happen to you, darlin', bein' blind; there'd be nothin' to keep you from doin' miracles, like the saints, if only you could see. And I can't talk to strange people,—they make my head turn; but I don't want them to know, so I says to myself, 'Annie,' I says, 'it's best to say nothin', and what you can save, you can save.' And I done it. When I'm a little ahead I'll buy some of the things they're askin' for and we don't have."

"Most of the things they asks for we don't have," commented the blind girl.

"But we couldn't buy all at once," Annie explained, wistfully. She was always expecting the blind girl to sympathize with her, and always being disappointed.

"How many people has made a rush for crucifixes?" inquired Mollie, with the persistence of a gimlet.

"I've always had it in my mind when I got my shop to have rosaries and St. Josephs and those things; it wouldn't have been real without," said Annie. "And it's good for the customers to see them around; it puts them in mind to buy more than just victuals."

The blind girl smiled satirically.

"There was a shop when I wasn't no bigger than these children 'round here, and I used to stare in at the Blessed Virgin, little and blue-painted, and I've wanted one just like it."

"Well, you've got six," said the blind girl.

"They ain't just the same," replied Annie. "They don't make them just like that now, the man said."

The blind girl laughed softly. "That's what I told you," she observed; "dreams stays."

Annie Monahan looked puzzled, but she had learned not to ask for explanations. "This ain't the season for crucifixes," she continued, "but they'll be on hand for Lent, and they do dress up the window,—if you could see, Mollie. And the neighbors 'round here's real friendly. They say to me, 'Never mind, Miss Monahan; if you don't have what we want we'll just keep on askin' till you can get it.'"

"If you don't sell what you've got you can't buy nothin' new," said Mollie.

"We'll sell!" responded the older woman, but her lips quivered sud-

denly. Perhaps if Mollie could sometimes have seen the patient face and the kind blue eyes she might have modified her attitude toward the woman, —and life.

During the long pause which followed this conversation something like a groan came from the next room. Annie Monahan lifted her head watchfully, and then got up and opened the back door. The old man was sitting with his head on the kitchen table, but when he heard the opening door he looked up, and, after a moment, staggered to his feet.

"I'm goin' out fur a while," he announced.

"No, father," said the woman.

"Yes, fur a while, I'm goin'," he repeated.

"No, father," said the woman again.

For a few moments he stood looking at nothing in particular, then sat down as if he had forgotten his words. His daughter went back into the shop and closed the door.

"He's gettin' restless," said the blind girl.

But this time it was the older woman who did not think it worth while to reply.

At the end of a month Annie added up her accounts. Her expenses were small, for the family ate the stale bread and pie which remained unsold, and burned the wood and coal which had been laid in as a part of the stock. According to Annie's idea, therefore, they were at no expense for bread and fuel. The blind girl grunted disdainfully at this idea, but could not give an adequate explanation for her disdain; partly because her own remarkable keenness in numbers was a matter of instinct rather than training, and partly because Annie had neither instinct nor training through which to cope with the difficulty. But if Mollie was skeptical of the expense account, she was completely baffled by the account of sales. It was not a large account of sales, and its structure was simple: a date, and the list of articles sold under that date, with the prices; another date, another list of articles, and so on, in one long continuous column. There were times when Annie, who was a slow scholar, could not read her own writing, and then she would say to the blind girl, who was, in a very literal sense, auditing the accounts, "Well, I can't make out what it is, but it's something,—because I've wrote it down, and here's the price."

The two women added up the long column four times.

"The adding's all straight," said the blind girl, at last, "but, just the same, you ain't sold within five dollars of that much; no, you sure ain't."

They could not verify their accounts by the cash drawer because Annie had not always set down the pennies she had taken out for tea and meat.

During the second month the kindly neighbors began to initiate the shopkeeper into the mysteries of political economy, and to explain why "there wasn't no show for a little shop these days."

"It's them big department stores," Mrs. Flannigan said; "they starts wid a lot of money behind 'em, an' they buys so much of wan thing that they gets it dirt cheap, an' then, of coorse, they kin sell it for next to nothin', and that's what the little shop can't afford. And I'll put it before ye, Miss Monahan, if I ain't obliged to buy for the cheapest I can, when my man's been laid off, it's goin' on t'ree months now. Not but that I'd buy the thread of you, an' the buttons, an' the turkey red, if you had it, Miss Monahan, for there's the carfare down town, and there ain't nobody better desarvin' a lift than you, nor that needs the money worse."

"O, we're comfortable, as for that," Annie answered gently; "we can wait. It's only I'd be glad to see the trade looking up."

"And there's your bread, now, Miss Monahan; it's onlucky you struck on bread, when the grocery's 'at the corner with bread fresh twice't a day 'stid o' once't, and rolls besides, which you don't have."

"No," said Annie; "we don't have rolls."

"It's not that I'm not sayin' your bread ain't as good as his, for all it's a little dry in the marnin's, Miss Monahan; but I've always traded to Murphy's grocery, and there ain't reason in goin' against them as is friendly to you: He let's the money go for as much as a week if I'm short. I buys milk off him, an' canned goods,—and why not the bread? It's him that would be askin' the question, not me."

"An' I'd be the last one to say you was wrong, Miss Flannigan," answered Annie. "He's a kind man, is Mr. Murphy; he always smiles to me when I go in for milk, an' says, 'Just you wait, Miss Monahan; if you can hold on long enough it'll sure come your way. Trade's a queer thing,' he says; 'almost it's human, it's that contrairy.'"

But in the long dull evenings, when all the children who wanted a

cent's worth of "broken mixture" had gone to bed, and the shutter was up, and the blind girl was asleep, Annie wept silently as she sat before the cold little stove.

"It seems as if I couldn't bear it if I have to give it up now," she said once to the blind girl. "I love it deeper every day; more than I did even when it was a dream."

And the blind girl remarked dryly that without doubt it was an agreeable kind of life.

In the middle of that second month the old man disappeared.

"I knew he would!" said the blind girl.

He carried with him the money for the third month's rent, as well as all the cash in the cash drawer.

"And that was one reason I felt the shop was the right thing," cried Annie, "because it would keep father under my eye, and give him something to do, piling the wood and coal, and carrying it to them as bought."

"Only they didn't buy," added the blind girl.

After this the two women began to live literally from hand to mouth. Annie spent several days in a vain search for the old man, but the blind girl complained that the children entered the shop and took candy without paying for it; and one day some person unknown bought fifty cents' worth of small articles and departed with goods to the extent of about six times that amount, including the six blue-painted virgins and two bottles of root beer. So Annie gave up her search and sat in the little shop day after day waiting for some one to come in and ask for something that she might happen to have in stock; waiting also for the sound of an unsteady footstep, and for the burning, hollow look of the old man's eyes. But even now she refused to face the possibility of giving up the shop.

"It seems as if I can't bear that to happen," she said, "and we do sell a little something every day."

She knew that the eyes of the neighbors were upon her. They were waiting for the downfall of her commercial enterprise as children wait, greedily, for the toppling of a shaky tower of blocks. They told her, incidentally, about the failure of the man who had preceded her in the little shop, and how he was sold up, and how his wife cried and "hollered" all up and down the street.

The account of sales for that second month was pitifully small, and in spite of the fact that Annie had kept a comparatively accurate expense account the blind girl was still puzzled.

"I'd kiss a Bible that you ain't sold as much!" she declared. "You don't fool me that in them few times I wasn't in the shop you sold more than you did all the rest of the month put together."

"I'm not tryin' to fool you, Mollie dear," the woman insisted, "but the things is set down."

In the third month the baker stopped bringing bread, because, he said, Annie took so little that it wasn't worth his while. There were days when not a customer came to the little shop.

"I don't know why," Annie said once; "it's not true, because I've got you, Mollie dear, and I've got father, too, somewheres; but there's such a loneliness around me; seems I walk in the middle of it—and I want not to. I think I've had it before, because it don't seem new-like, but I ain't noticed it till now, maybe. Sometimes I wonders if I ain't real wicked to have it, an' ongrateful, when I think of you always round, Mollie. You like the shop, don't you, dearie? You're happy here? I've never left you out of the dream of the shop. Things wouldn't seem pleasant without you. Ain't you glad we done it, Mollie? ain't you?"

The blind girl turned away with an impatient twist of her shoulders.

"Of course," the woman added regretfully, "I couldn't expect of you to care so much, to be so lightsome as some, on account of being blind."

Two or three of the more well-to-do neighbors gave Annie a little sewing, and one evening Mrs. Flannigan sent her Mamie in with a plate of fried fish, because "Flannigan" had got his job back.

"They're real kind!" Annie would repeat to herself over and over again, crying as she said the words.

One day a Chinaman came into the shop. He was a very smiling, sleek creature, and while the blind girl measured out some candy for him he examined the contents of the window.

"Nicee litty shop," he remarked affably; "want see lat." He pointed to a crucifix, and Annie took it down and handed it to him. He examined it with curiosity and delight.

"How muchee diss?" he asked.

"That one's fifty cents."

"You Annie Monahan?" he questioned further, still holding the crucifix.

Annie's gray face turned white; she came one step nearer to the man and nodded without speaking. The blind girl stopped wrapping up the candy.

"Ol' man dead," continued the Chinaman with the same cheerful half-smile; "too old. You come make him flunelal?"

An intuition of all the horror and wretchedness of her father's death flashed into the woman's face and glared from it steadily for a few seconds, then faded, changed, slowly hardened into a fierceness of the eyes, an obstinacy of the mouth.

"No!" she cried out, at last. "I've took care of him livin'; I've followed him up; I've hunted for him, and while I was gone they come into my shop and stole things. Now he's dead it don't matter. I ain't got money to spend for that. I'd have to sell out. No! No! I've saved thirty years for to have my shop, and he never helped me once. I've took care of him livin', but now it don't matter."

"Allee samee I—— He good to me," said the Chinaman, shrugging his shoulders. "I tightee squeezee one night; old one he no tellee policeman. I plomise you hab him,—no boy cut him up dead."

"I ain't a-goin' to! I ain't agoin'! Mollie," with a desperate accent of appeal in her voice, "I ain't a-goin' to! I'd have to sell my stock." She clenched her hands.

The blind girl opened the cash drawer. "Of course it's your money and your shop," she said; "but then, there's his soul."

"He never took no care of his soul when he was alive," cried Annie. "I had to do it all. It's only fair he should begin to look out for it now. I won't sell my stock!"

She went over to a corner behind the stove and sat down in a chair. Her face was stubborn and desperate. She had been a real saint all her life, and she had suffered many things.

The Chinaman winked appreciatively at the blind girl, but finding that she did not respond to his pleasantry he turned to the window again and examined the St. Josephs. The blind girl tied a string around the candy an

waited. The silence in the little shop at last roused the man to a sense of his surroundings, and he took a purse out of his sleeve.

"I buy him, too," he said, holding up the crucifix.

"What is it?" asked the blind girl, turning toward the corner where the older woman sat.

Annie came forward and shook her head, at the same time adopting the Chinaman's pigeon-English.

"No sell that to you," she said.

The man laid the crucifix on the counter with unabated good nature, and paid for the candy. The blind girl passed her hand along the counter until she found the thing that he had laid down; she wanted to know what it was.

"That was the first crucifix anybody ever wanted to buy since we began," she remarked, when the Chinaman had taken his departure.

"I know," Annie answered; "but I couldn't sell a crucifix to a heathen." The blind girl had never heard of a paradox, but she appreciated the situation.

In the fourth month the landlord began to threaten for his rent, and the neighbors began to advise Annie to sell out and cheat him of his triumph; but Annie only shook her head and said, "I won't give up the shop." She gave up keeping the accounts, because she was really too tired to keep them any more. She never sat alone in the shop now before the stove. She never went into the kitchen alone after dark. She never went to confession. She and the blind girl never spoke of the old man, but he was constantly in their thoughts. Right and wrong had lost their simplicity in the mind of the older woman.

In the fifth month the landlord sold Annie up. She did not cry and "holler" up and down the street, and that was a disappointment to the neighbors; she sat in a corner of the shop with a dazed expression on her face, and when anyone spoke to her she said:—

"And it didn't make no difference about the sellin' out; it come just the same whether I buried him or not; but I didn't bury him. I don't know where he is. And that Chinaman come to give him up. He was a good Chinaman."

The auctioneer was an entertaining man. He tried to rouse the two women from their silence, but they did not respond to him, and he was forced to continue his appraising of the poor little stock for the auction without their help. Toward the end of the day the blind girl suddenly spoke.

"I know what you done with them accounts of sales," she cried out, "when you was always sellin' more things nor ever showed! You added the dates in with all the money. That's what you did! I've been thinking out that thing for four months. I knew I'd get it."

Annie only looked at her own idle hands; perhaps she did not even hear what Mollie was saying; but the auctioneer heard and turned round sharply:—

"I thought you was blind?" he said.

"And so I am," retorted the blind girl; "but it don't take eyes to see as two and two makes four."

At the end of the second day, when the stock had been hammered down and even the stove with the inconvenient stove-pipe had gone, the auctioneer let Mollie help him with his accounts, and in the evening returned to the shop with a friend, who held quite a conversation with the girl.

"What you going to do now?" she asked Annie, when the men had gone.

"I'm goin' to confession," the woman replied, "and then I'll go back to the old trade; I can't do nothin' in life now but buy masses for his soul and take care of you; my shop's gone, an' the dream's killed because of bein' made real. And I've sinned."

"You needn't bother about me," said the blind girl; "that man's been talkin' to me, and he has a show that travels. I've hired out to him for a lightning-calculator. No," she added, as Annie made a movement toward her and gasped, "it ain't nothin' to do with my character. It's 'rithmetic. There's some good come out of this shop-keepin', anyway."

FLORENCE CONVERSE, '93.

A HANDFUL OF HERBS.

"Here's rosemary—that's for remembrance."

From rue and mint and rosemary,
And all the various sweets that be
More fragrant made by memory,—
By memory, yet not my own,
Of waysides that my feet have known,
Of gardens that my hands have sown;
But memory yet, ancestral, dim,
That rises in me—freak or whim
Of homesick heart for hedgerow trim,
And briony copse, and hawthorned lane,
And English Mays that round again,
Year after year, while years remain,
Year after year,—though not for those—
Ah, English hearts!—who sung the Rose—
Two centuries heaped by New World snows—
Two centuries dust—who yet to me
This largess left of legacy:
England to love, English to be.
Even so, from meads of English dew—
That never for my childhood grew,
Yet peeped my childhood primers through,—
From rosemary and mint and rue,—
I pluck these measures, tie and send
Them wheresoever you may wend,
My Herrick, gay and gentle friend,
And grave and gentle, being one
Whose like I shall not look upon
While the years wait, while the years run,—
And sending, call (lest in your ear
Such measures sounding, strike the fear
Of poesy laid upon her bier)
On Saint Elizabeth to be
Chief patron saint, and bid you see
Distich nor hemistich of me,
But only rue, mint, rosemary—
Dear rue, and dearest rosemary.

LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES, '91.

AN ALIEN.

I.

THERE was the echo of a resounding slap in the nursery, followed by a moment of deep silence fraught with intense anguish, and broken by the quivering accents of a deeply enraged little girl of ten. She stood with blazing blue eyes and tangled red-brown hair facing her small brother. Wrath and dire retribution were in her voice.

"You needn't look at me like that, Braxton Kimbrough! I'm glad I slapped you—just as glad as I can be!"

Remorse was taking hold of her, and the words faltered as she looked at her brother, who, with eyes blazing like her own and clenched fists, was standing on an improvised platform, from which he had been delivering Patrick Henry's address to the Burgesses of Virginia. The boy's self-control was a rebuke to the impetuous, domineering nature of the girl. She suddenly felt miserable and guilty.

Just then Mrs. Kimbrough appeared at the door. She looked from one child to the other, and then, with the instinct of the mother who has but two children, and the youngest a boy, she sided with—the boy.

"Helen!"—there was a you-know-you-are-in-the-wrong tone in Mrs. Kimbrough's voice—"Helen, what have you been doing to your little brother?"

He was only two years younger than Helen, but the mention of his extreme youthfulness seemed to put her more than ever in the wrong. She resorted to bravado after the manner of sensitive natures who know they are foredoomed with or without justice. In this case Helen had the additional misery of perceiving that she was clearly in the wrong.

"Well, you see, mummy, Bobs hollered so loud that he just made my head ache. I'm sure Patrick Henry never hollered that way when *he* said 'If this be treason, make the most of it!' An' I kep' tellin' him not to holler, an' he would, so I—I—just slapped him."

Mrs. Kimbrough looked rather helplessly at the two young combatants. She frequently felt unable to cope with her children; they were strange, peculiar children, she assured herself. Sometimes she wondered how they could be so unlike herself.

Helen noted the look of irresolution on her mother's beautiful, placid face, and instantly divining that she had scored something of a success, swept on triumphantly:—

"An' he made me be La Fayette at the surrender of Yorktown when I wanted to be George Washington, and he says he's goin' to be Paul Revere, an' I have to be Molly Pitcher, an' I want to be Paul Revere." Helen's triumph came to a sudden end. She had overshot the mark.

"Helen, you are a very naughty little girl!" Mrs. Kimbrough's soft, Southern voice was as severe as she could make it. "Have you forgotten that last week you made your little brother" (oh! why wouldn't she leave out the "little"? Helen began to feel like a culprit again) "play Colonel Tarleton, and that you as General Washington hurt him badly with your father's old cavalry sword, 'making your mark' on his hand? And have you also forgotten that the week before you almost strangled him when you were playing 'The Death of Major André'? This last is too much. You will have to stay by yourself in my room for the rest of the day."

And then, with that gratitude which marks the royal or maternal favorite alike, the boy turned against his protectrice and came to his sister's rescue. He knew that, no matter what befell, his mother would always be on his side; but Helen's favor and friendship were precarious and hard to gain, and were valued accordingly. Besides, he cared more for Helen's little finger than for his mother's whole beautiful body. Mrs. Kimbrough was a dim, unsatisfactory factor in his existence. Helen was his daily life and inspiration. He went over to his sister and put his arm around her—the mighty were fallen!

"It's all right, mummy," he announced in authoritative, masculine fashion. "We'll play somethin' else, an' I won't holler any more. Please don't take Helen away; she thinks up all the games, an' I s'pose she ought to be Washington. We'll play Washington at Valley Forge."

Mrs. Kimbrough shrugged her shoulders slightly. It was obviously her duty to punish Helen, but as long as the injured one plead for her ——! It really was much easier to let them alone than to see that Helen stayed in her room all day and was properly repentant. Before she had fairly left the room they were amicably arranging an elaborate ceremony for the tattered remnants of Washington's army to renew allegiance to the American flag after their dreadful winter at Valley Forge.

At the door Mrs. Kimbrough looked back and noted with silent disapproval that Helen was Washington and Bobs the tattered army. She smiled dubiously at her strange children. They puzzled her infinitely with their boundless devotion to each other and their rampant patriotism and seemingly inexhaustible fund of Colonial and Revolutionary war lore—the never-failing source of their games and pleasures.

II.

The Marquis arose, gracefully and softly, and looked at the young girl before him and then at the door of the drawing-room.

"May I see the señora—*immediatemente*—now?" He paused, smiling deferentially at Miss Kimbrough. But that young lady was not looking at the Marquis. She was not even listening just then to what he was saying, but was gazing intently at the floor and wishing, in a slightly irritated way, that he would move about in a quick, vigorous fashion as an American would do, and that he would not insist on inserting Spanish into his correct and fluent, if stilted English. She decided that when their engagement was a little older, and she felt more at ease with him, that she would speak to him on both subjects.

The Marqués moved noiselessly behind his chair and stood leaning over the carved back. He spoke again, quietly but with insistence.

"Indeed, *cara*, I feel that to have gone to her first would have been best, but—" he shrugged his shoulders gracefully and smiled again—"that is not the American way, I believe, and I would risk nothing."

His voice was earnest if his manner was rather trivial, and then, as the young girl still made no answer, he learned forward upon the chair and a slight pallor overspread his face. "It cannot be—that you do not wish me to settle this important matter irrevocably—you have no regrets?"

Miss Kimbrough shook herself slightly as she arose. She smiled at the Marquis with a rather poor attempt at gayety.

"What an insinuation—that I should have regrets—so soon!"

She moved past him quickly and stood at the door an instant.

"I will ask my mother to come down and see you, and—good-night!" She was gone before he could realize her intention, and was running lightly up the stairs. As she got near the top she ceased running and went more

and more slowly, her hand trailing along the banister and a perplexed frown showing in her forehead. At the top step her mother met her. Mrs. Kimbrough's face wore an expectant smile and her hands were outstretched, but the young girl pretended not to see them and turned a little aside.

"The Marquis Ramon de Solis wishes to see you for a few moments, mother," she said.

"Of course I will give my consent, Nell?"

There was a little ripple of delight and triumph in Mrs. Kimbrough's soft voice, and the southern slowness of speech was perceptibly accelerated.

The girl looked at her mother meditatively for an instant.

"O, of course," she said at length. There was a note of hesitancy and doubt in her voice which did not escape Mrs. Kimbrough. She laid her hand on the young girl's arm.

"O, I'm so glad, Nell!" she said quickly. "It's just what you are fitted for."

She did not say what it was that her daughter was fitted for, but Miss Kimbrough was at no loss to translate her mother's somewhat vague remark, and when she had left that lady to go down to the Marquis and had got to her own room she seated herself before her dressing-table and proceeded to translate it. She looked at herself critically. Her blue-gray eyes with their straight brows and thick lashes and the imperious mouth were especially good, while the mass of reddish-brown hair made her naturally fine, white skin look almost luminous. She would do very well for a marchioness or a princess, or even a queen if it came to the last extremity, she decided humorously. When she thought of the queen, though, she smiled at her fervid imagination, and rose from the little mahogany stool on which she had been sitting and began to walk restlessly around the room, touching the curtains and moving about the chairs. Suddenly she stopped before a photograph conspicuously placed on a chiffonier; it was the picture of a young boy taken in the uniform of a West Point Cadet. Finally she picked it up and brought it over to the dressing-table and sat down in front of it, with her elbows on the table and her hands thrust into the dark masses of her hair. She leaned forward toward the picture and looked long and tenderly at it.

"Bobs," she said, softly, "don't look at me that way! It's much too

pleasant an expression. When I tell you what I've done to-night, you will be very cross. But, please don't scold me! I couldn't bear it, dear, from you! I don't feel just right about it, Bobs. Shall I go down and tell the Marquis that I won't marry him, after all? It seems so odd that I, of all girls, should be marrying a foreigner. And a Spaniard, too! It's quite a new departure, isn't it, dear? Lots of girls have married Englishmen and Frenchmen, and Italians and Russians, but, some way, Spaniards have never been really fashionable in our set! Never mind—I always had a reputation for originality. And I like him very much. For goodness sake don't think I'm in love with anyone else, or being urged into it by mamma, or anything tragic like that! Of course it's delightful to see how pleased she is, and really, Bobs, it is lucky from a financial point of view, for I've been a very expensive member of society. But I'm afraid you won't like it at all. You are such an uncompromising American—*un intransigeant*—and you will probably consider me in the light of a deserter from the camp, so to speak, and you will regard me with fine scorn and say I longed for a title! It does seem funny for me to marry a foreigner—we were always such wildly patriotic children. Don't you remember how we used to play 'George Washington at the Surrender of Cornwallis?' And how I would always make you Cornwallis, because I would never be anybody but 'the Father of our Country'? And do you remember the time you were Patrick Henry, and I slapped you because you hollered so loud when you came to 'If this be treason, make the most of it'? And the time we signed the Declaration of Independence, and you were your beloved ancestor, Carter Braxton, and I was Thomas Jefferson, and we spilled the ink all over the new library carpet? And now, Bobs, I'm going to marry a Spaniard instead of a nice, athletic, football-playing, American college man, whom I always expected would be my fate. It seems quite awful and traitor-like, doesn't it? But I shall always be a good American, Bobs,—you know that! How could I be a Virginian and a direct descendant of Carter Braxton and Edward Pendleton, and the sister of a lieutenant (you will get your commission, won't you, Bobs?) in the American army, and not be loyal to the red, white and blue?"

The girl smiled persuasively and a little apprehensively at the picture, as if afraid of some mark of disapprobation; but Cadet Carter Braxton Kim-

brough, or Bobs, as he was familiarly known to his admiring mother and sister, still looked forth from his frame with the same pleasant, manly expression on his young face.

"And, Bobs," she went on, "if I marry the Marquis, I'm going to give Washington Birthday parties and Fourth of July celebrations, and make him eat Thanksgiving dinners just as if he was a good American. Won't that be amusing?"

She laughed lightly, and as she did so she heard the heavy entrance door close, and a moment later the rustle of her mother's skirts on the stairs.

Mrs. Kimbrough swept into the room, and sank into a large chair with a highly pleased expression on her face. She was very little changed from the pretty woman who had puzzled over her strange children in the nursery down at old Newington on the Pamunkey, though the children were now grown. She still retained her beauty and that ease of manner which the consciousness of unexceptional lineage, great personal attractions and fine social position had given her. But a certain indolence of intellect and superficiality of education had prevented her from ever becoming the mental equal of the man she had married, or anything more than an attractive society woman. Carter Braxton Kimbrough, when he married the handsome Miss Pendleton, was, perhaps, the most brilliant and promising member of the junior bar in Virginia, and his election to the Senate, some eight years after his marriage, was only what his friends had hoped for and his enemies feared. The small fortune he had amassed while practicing his profession, enabled him, he decided, to indulge himself in the luxury of working for his country and of taking his wife and two children to Washington with him. His statesmanship and social abilities had made him immediately popular and prominent, and a brilliant career opened before him, which was unexpectedly closed by his sudden death at the beginning of the second Cleveland administration.

Mrs. Kimbrough, thus left with her two children and only a moderate fortune, had at first thought of going back to the old Virginia mansion, and renouncing entirely the gay, social life of the capital. But her own inclination and the persuasions of her many friends made her finally abandon that idea. She was greatly influenced, too, by the fact that her daughter would

be ready to enter society in a year, and that, with her beauty and influential friends, she would be likely to make a brilliant marriage. Through a senator—a friend of her husband's—she obtained for her son an appointment to West Point; and, relieved of anxiety on his account, she determined to remain in Washington and give her daughter all the social advantages in her power.

Miss Kimbrough, however, did not seem in any hurry to profit by her opportunities further than to have a very good time and enjoy the reputation of a beauty and a popular success. After almost three winters of that she was still unengaged, and seemingly very lighthearted and unconcerned about it. Her mother thought it most strange that she should be so indifferent; it was one of the many things in her daughter's character that Mrs. Kimbrough could not understand. She puzzled over the young girl as she had puzzled over the child. But now that Helen had acted like any other sensible girl and had become engaged, her mother suddenly found her much more comprehensible, and with maternal solicitude and pride she was greatly pleased that her daughter was to marry so exalted and delightful a person as the Marqués Ramon de Solis, a secretary of the Spanish Legation, handsome, young and wealthy.

Mrs. Kimbrough looked at her daughter's rather serious face, and her own satisfaction began to slowly ebb away.

"Nell!" she exclaimed, impatiently, "you certainly are strange! I don't believe you are half as glad about it all as I am." The girl winced a little.

"Why should I be so very glad? I am not glad to leave you and Bobs and America ——"

Mrs. Kimbrough leaned forward.

"Dear!" she cried, "you know I don't mean that. And why should we be separated? The Marquis may be here for a long time yet."

Miss Kimbrough shook her head.

"He told me to-night that he would probably be recalled very soon."

Mrs. Kimbrough's mobile face discarded its pleased expression and assumed a distressed look. She was very good at that sort of thing.

"It will almost break my heart to give you up, and I think Bobs will be quite inconsolable; but really, Nell, you are a lucky girl." Mrs. Kim-

brough's face took on its pleased look again and she settled herself back in her chair. "The Marquis," she lingered just an instant on the title, "the Marquis, Nell, is certainly charming. He is one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, and I understand that his abilities are of the first order. Your dear father would have been pleased with that." The young girl winced again. "And, Nell, he is most generous. He insisted on talking business a little, and, my dear child, you are to have ten thousand a year of your own, and he is going to settle an estate on you. It is on the Mediterranean, near Maribella; and although he was very modest in the way he spoke of it, I could understand that it must be a very beautiful place. Isn't that delightful, Nell? Bobs and I will come and visit the Marquésa Ramon de Solis at her estate on the shores of the Mediterranean!" Mrs. Kimbrough laughed with the pleased air of a child.

Miss Kimbrough turned slowly around and made a little grimace at herself in the mirror.

"That certainly is nice," she said, "especially the ten thousand. I'm so glad you can have all your income now, and won't need to spend anything more on me. I'm afraid I've been a very expensive luxury!" She looked hard at the image in the glass and smiled at her mother. "Am I worth ten thousand a year and a Mediterranean villa? Do I look like a Marquésa? I wonder what the Spanish for *chatelaine* is? I know so little of the language. Fancy marrying a man whose native tongue you can't speak! I must begin and study it hard."

Mrs. Kimbrough smiled brightly. "That's a very good idea, dear. When you become a Spanish subject of course you should know the language."

Miss Kimbrough suddenly let the hand mirror she was holding fall on the table. She turned with a startled look to her mother. "O, but I shan't really become a Spaniard, shall I? I don't know anything about international law, but it never occurred to me that by marrying a Spaniard I would actually become one, too."

Mrs. Kimbrough shook her head vaguely. "I'm not sure, but I rather think in the eyes of the law you will be a Spanish subject. But how notionate you are, Nell," she went on severely; "what difference does it make? Of course at heart I hope you will always be a loyal American. With your

ancestry you could hardly be anything else. But for goodness sake don't make a fuss about nothing. You can hold to your opinions, and the Marquis can have his, and no one will be any the wiser. Only don't let your foolish, rampant patriotism get you into trouble! There will be no occasion for you to announce your opinions and beliefs and quote the 'Declaration of Independence.'"

"But suppose there does arise an occasion; suppose I should have to decide for or against America—for or against my husband and his people ——"

Mrs. Kimbrough sighed impatiently. "Nell, you certainly are the most uncomfortable person! What on earth is the use of raising such hypothetical questions? There never will be a war between America and Spain, and you will never find yourself in a position from which a little tact will not extricate you. Of course, as a diplomat's wife you will have to resign some of the freedom of speech you are so fond of, but I am sure the Marquis de Solis is too much of a gentleman and too deeply in love with you to try to change your feelings for America or your American ideas."

The young girl sat looking thoughtfully down at the dressing table, and twisting around the silver toilet articles. "He is a man of very strong will," she said at last, slowly. "That is one of the things that most attracted me in him; and if he should take it into his head to make a good Spaniard of me ——!" She laughed in a rather aggressive way. "Suppose he should want me to love all the friends of Spain and hate her enemies, bow down to the Queen Regent and cheer for the little boy King! Really, I don't believe I could ever learn to like the little, sickly King. It seems to me he had much better step down and out and let some strong, able-bodied, clear-headed gentleman manage the kingdom's affairs."

Mrs. Kimbrough frowned. "If you have such ideas, Helen, I hope you will refrain from mentioning them to the Marquis. He is an amiabl man and a loyal royalist, doubtless, and they would only wound him."

"That's just it—he is a fine man of firm convictions. He is so fine th I couldn't pretend to him; and I like him so much that I could not bear f him to think me weak enough to forget my country. I foresee," she we on, with rather an alarmed expression, "that we shall have to keep ab lutely silent when with each other, or else there will be much dome wrangling!"

She suddenly got up from her little mahogany chair and threw herself down on the floor beside her mother. "I never have been able to understand how American girls married foreigners. It's strange how one's ideas change! Here I am going to do something which seemed a little while ago perfectly incomprehensible to me! I wonder if any of the girls whom I have known and who married foreigners ever felt the same way. There was May Taylor, who married that Belgian *charge d'affaires*, and Margaret Whitney, who married that horrid French *vicomte*, and oh, lots of them! I've got ever so many of the bridesmaids' pins! Here's Evelyn Wright's—don't you remember her? She married that Italian count,—Frangipani,—and had this little gold crown for the maids' pins. I remember when we were walking up the aisle that I had a dreadful inclination to cry, and I wondered if she did not regret losing her American name and friends and home. And now I am going to do it! It must be very hard to adjust oneself to such entirely different environments. And yet if one doesn't one would feel very much out in the cold." She buried her head in her mother's lap. "I shall feel like telling him all the time that I'm still a good American, and will never be a Spaniard. I shall feel like an alien and a traitor either way; I shall be a 'Girl Without a Country,' or like the man in 'Under Two Flags.'"

She laughed in a troubled fashion and looked up rather helplessly at her mother. "Shall I tell the Marquis after all that I won't marry him?"

Mrs. Kimbrough was very much embarrassed. She had always been the advised rather than the adviser, and she was a little indignant at being called upon to decide so important a question. She intrenched herself behind a certain severity of manner and vagueness of opinion. "It is rather late to raise that question, Helen. And it strikes me as being eminently foolish, too. Why should you object to marrying so exceptional a man as the Marquis Ramon de Solis just because he does not happen to be an American? He is not the man to be lightly refused for a mere fancy."

Miss Kimbrough looked at her mother in some distress. "I don't think you quite understand; it isn't a mere fancy—it's part of my life, I think. I'm not the descendant of half a dozen Revolutionary heroes and colonial governors for nothing. I think I must have republican enthusiasm and the love of liberty in my very blood and bones. And as for the Marquis, his

money and his Mediterranean villa,—well, I'm sure I should be happier in old, dilapidated Newington with you and Bobs and an American flag than in any Spanish villa."

Mrs. Kimbrough looked hurt and dignified. "I'm sorry, Nell, that my opinion has no weight, and that my pleasure in your brilliant future is nothing to you. I have tried to do my best for you. Our limited income ——"

The girl was on her knees with one arm around her mother's neck and a hand pressed over the lips. "Dear, if you say another word I shall cry! Don't I know that you have always done everything for me? You have spent money on me and done without it yourself, and petted and spoiled me to death. And of course I'm glad I'm going to marry the Marquis, and relieve you from all anxiety about your good-for-nothing child! And I'm quite in love with him, I think. Really that is why I fear my irrepressible spirit of '76, for I like him so much that I want to be sure I can learn to love him and be 'sympathetic' with him in everything. Perhaps I shall convert him! If he loves me as much as he says he does he may get out his naturalization papers some fine day! At any rate I just promised Bobs that I would be true to the flag and celebrate the Fourth regularly, and make a patriotic speech to the Marquis every twenty-second of February, and insist on his eating a Thanksgiving dinner on the last Thursday of every November."

Mrs. Kimbrough was immensely relieved. Her mercurial temperament was as easily elated as depressed. She got up with a pleased air. "Well," she said, "this has been a rather strange conversation! You should have been telling me how much in love with the Marquis you are, and how it all happened, and I should have been planning the wedding; and instead of that we have been talking of Revolutionary heroes and the American flag and international law!" She stooped down and kissed the young girl. "Good-night, dear; I must hear all about it to-morrow. And you are very much mistaken, you know. Bobs will be delighted, and your American prejudices won't suffer the slightest, and you and the Marquis will 'live happily ever after.'"

Miss Kimbrough shook her head meditatively when her mother had gone out. She got up slowly and began to unfasten her evening dress. "I hope she may be right, but I'm afraid not," she said to her image in the

glass. "I've an odd fancy that I shall be very unhappy. But it is too late to change my mind now, I suppose. I've another odd fancy." She went over to a corner of the room and took down an American flag which had been draped across an old cavalry sword. She took it over to the bed and fastened it to the twisted mahogany post with a bit of ribbon. "I have an odd fancy," she said, "that I would like to sleep under the protecting folds of the American flag to-night!"

III.

The Marquésa Ramon de Solis looked around her at the brilliant and animated scene: at the beautiful, elegantly dressed women who were crowding into the galleries and even on the floor of the Senate chamber of the Palace of the Cortes; at the members of the diplomatic corps, who in full dress, splendid in stars and crosses and decorations of every sort, were moving about, in and out, consulting with senators and sending the little pages here and there with messages. At the entrance the brilliantly uniformed Palace Guards were drawn up waiting to open a passage at the approach of the Queen Regent and her suite. Personages of authority in military, naval and palace uniforms seemed to be everywhere. Outside, the plaza in front of the Palace was one suffocating, struggling mass of yelling, cheering people. The splendid Blue Dragoons, drawn up in front of the Palace, could scarcely hold them in check and keep a way clear for the long line of Hussars and Royal Piquers which was approaching slowly, followed by state coaches carrying ladies-in-waiting, the chamberlains of the court and the grandees of Spain. Behind these and accompanied by outriders came the royal carriage, in which sat the Queen Regent, preoccupied and disturbed looking, and on her right the little boy King.

It was the twentieth of April, and the Queen was going to the palace to open an extra session of the Cortes. She had that to say to the deputies and senators which made her pale and grave. Inside the Senate room the scene became more animated and restless as the tension of waiting was added to the suppressed current of agitation. There were little bursts of excited talk and laughter and a general restless movement in the throng.

The Marquésa from her seat in the gallery—it occurred to her that she had been seated in an unnecessarily conspicuous place—could take in the

whole shifting, magnificent court pageant. As she looked around a curious feeling of strangeness came over her. She shook herself slightly in her old way, and smiled a little.

"I am a stranger in a strange land," she said to herself. "I feel like the old lady in the nursery rhyme—'Lord ha' mercy on me; can this be I?'"

She leaned back suddenly in her cushioned seat and closed her eyes, pressing the lids down tightly over the eyeballs to keep back the tears which she felt were welling up. And then she opened them wide to assure herself that they were quite dry, and smiled scornfully upon the assembled Spanish Cortes. She had hated herself often and fiercely during the one brief year of her married life, but she had never hated herself so fiercely as she did while she sat there waiting for the Queen Regent to enter and say that which would practically declare war between her husband's country and her own. She wondered in a sort of blind rage how she came to be there; why she had sold her birthright; and if she could ever have been that little American girl who lived at historic Newington and in Washington; that rampant, irrepressible little American patriot and young lady of decided views and indomitable will. It came over her with new and crushing force that she was hopelessly cut off from her country and her people—and she had done it herself! She had expatriated herself! She was an alien in this land and a traitor to her own! She closed her eyes again, weakly this time, and the tumult and glittering uniforms and gayly dressed women faded away, and the last year of her life rose up before her.

They had left America almost immediately after the marriage, and had traveled about a good deal on the Continent. In the early autumn they had gone to Maribella. It was a beautiful little château which the Marquis had presented his wife; airy and light, and built much after the French style. The gardens were the crowning beauty of the place. They were terraced down to the water's edge, with beautiful flowers in luxuriant growth and oddly clipped evergreens and magnolias and the tropical-looking Spanish bayonet in profusion. A flight of marble steps led down from the terraces to a boathouse at the foot of the landing. The Marquésa would have found this place delightful if she had been happy, but every day she felt herself further from understanding and caring for her husband. The vast differences in race prejudices and education and ideals and principles had opened

a gulf between them which the young girl, in her ignorance and willfulness, could not, and which the man, in his cold dignity, would not attempt to bridge over. She had soon learned that her charm and the influence which she apparently exerted over the polite, deferential Spaniard were powerless before his immovable will. He loved her after his fashion—but it was a fashion which would not hesitate to sacrifice her and her affection to his ambition. The courteous formality of manner which she had found so delightful during their brief engagement had chilled and repelled her after marriage. She already looked back with amused surprise to the days when she had dreamed of learning to love him and of making a good American of him. But little by little the Marquésa's unhappiness over her own affairs was engulfed in her anxiety about public matters.

The active interference of America in Cuban affairs was becoming openly offensive to Spain. A war cloud was gathering slowly, almost imperceptibly, but surely, and with this foreboding of danger her own land had never seemed nearer and dearer. When, during one of the numberless crises in Spanish affairs at the beginning of the winter, de Solis was called to Madrid, being a senator in his own right, she was glad to leave Maribella and go to the capital, where she could, at least, watch the train of public events. But there she was no happier. The unbending formality and etiquette of the court circle in which she moved, coupled with its somber character, oppressed her. She began to have a very sympathetic feeling for the Queen in "Ruy Blas," whom she had hitherto looked upon as a rather weak and trivial personage! She had, of course, no real friends, and she felt that she was an alien, and that as an American alien she was regarded with hostile eyes. It was almost more than she could bear to mingle with a people so antagonistic to her own. It was still more insufferable to realize that her husband was taking a most active share in widening the breach between her own land and his. He had quickly become a leader in the Cortes. It occurred to the Marquésa that he was, perhaps, doubly active in order to disarm any suspicion of having American proclivities. She wondered whether, in the light of events, he regretted having married her. She almost wished that he would accuse her of standing in his way politically, so that she might unburden herself in wild reproaches. His formal courtesy and unfaltering pursuit of his aims were maddening. Her nerves and health began to be seriously affected by the tension.

After the Maine disaster and during the spring their relations became more and more strained as public events became more alarming. There were dinners over which she had to preside, and at which the chiefs of various factions in the Cortes were present. She knew that when she withdrew the situation of Spanish and American affairs would be the sole topic of conversation, and there were times when she would feel that such things were unbearable; when she would promise herself that she would go to her husband and tell him her position was insupportable; that she could no longer remain in a house that was neutral ground for antagonistic factions and a rendezvous for those who were discussing the advisability or non-advisability of a war with her native country. But she never did. The Marquis's unalterable calm and chill formality of manner invariably repelled her and checked the impetuous words on her lips.

She had no one to turn to—not even Bobs. A barrier seemed to have been raised even between them. He had never approved of her marriage, and had been as uncompromisingly severe in his young judgment of her as she had feared he would be. He wrote, but there was none of the old, boyish devotion and sympathy. There was, instead, a refined, unconscious cruelty in his treatment of her—a taking-for-granted that she had lost her patriotic love for America or even the right to consider herself an American, and a tacit understanding that she was a respectable sort of traitor, and would champion Spain in the coming struggle. His letters cut her like knives. She seemed to be inextricably entangled in some horrible maze, without even the thread of her husband's love to guide her out.

Suddenly the Marquésa roused herself and opened her eyes. The silence which had fallen on the Cortes was making itself felt. Through the blur of her tears she could see the court chamberlains bowing their way in, and then the Queen and little boy King advancing, and finally the brilliant spectacle was all filled in about the throne like some grand finale at the opera, where all the cast is grouped together in beautiful attitudes, and calcium lights are thrown on, and the curtain goes up for the last time. It only needed the calcium lights, she reflected, with scornful amusement. The Queen was seated with Alfonso, in the uniform of a cadet and decorated with the Order of the Golden Fleece, on her right, and the keen-eyed Prime Minister near him. Below them were grouped in picturesque and brilliant

masses the captains-general, the most notable of the Court circle and the grandees of Spain. On the other sides of the throne were ranged the members of the Diplomatic Corps, splendid in full dress.

The Queen read the speech, which her ministers had so carefully prepared for her, seated. Her weak voice could scarcely carry the message of frightened defiance to the breathless throng. And when those near the throne would burst into frantic applause, in despite of Court etiquette, whole sentences would be lost. The Marquésa, leaning over the balcony rail, had to strain her keen hearing to catch the words. But she managed to follow the trend of that message which is now history. Toward the close of the speech the Queen's voice became firmer and fuller, as if relief that her task was nearly accomplished had given her strength.

"These complications were brought about by a section of the people of the United States which, seeing that the autonomy previously offered in my message was about to be put in force, foresaw that the free manifestation of the Cuban people through its chambers would forever frustrate the schemes against Spanish sovereignty which have been plotted by those who, with resources and hopes sent from the neighboring coast, have fettered the suppression of the insurrection in that unhappy island." As she listened a wild fancy possessed her to rise in her seat and tell these people the truth as the American people, in their humane judgment, conceived it. The impulse became almost irresistible. Suddenly she felt a horrible fear of herself. Was she going crazy? Had the strain and unhappiness and fear been too much for her? She sank back, breathlessly, into her seat. The plaintive voice still went on:—

"Should the Government of the United States yield to this blind current, menaces and insults which we have hitherto been able to regard with indifference,—for they were not the true expression of the sentiment of the American nation,—would become unbearable provocations, which would compel my government, in defense of the national dignity, to sever relations with the Government of the United States."

The Queen ceased speaking, and fierce cheer after cheer arose. As she left the throne and passed from the room with the little King, Sagasta declared the Cortes opened.

IV.

"You will have to excuse me to-night; I do not think I can go to the opera." The Marquésa rose from her place at the dinner table and stood facing her husband, who also rose politely with that noiseless gracefulness which characterized all his movements. She was as white as the gown she wore. Since that afternoon in the Cortes, four days before, she had felt physically ill and her brain confused and feverish from the excitement and horror of the conviction that war was inevitable.

"Perhaps it would be well to dismiss the servants?" The Marquis spoke with calmness and deference. "I am sorry," he went on, after an instant's pause, during which the two men withdrew; "I am sorry that you do not feel like going to the opera, because—I am afraid you will have to keep your engagement." He spoke in the soothing tone which one uses to a frightened or rebellious child, and with a quiet air of authority. "It is most unfortunate."

The girl raised her pale face defiantly to her husband. "It is quite impossible that I should be seen at the opera to-night. Too much has happened in the last few days. You cannot ask it of me."

De Solis rolled a cigarette thoughtfully between his slender fingers. There was a cutting coldness and positiveness in his voice when he spoke. "And yet—I am afraid I shall have to insist. Your absence would be remarked, and it is most important that I should be seen there this evening with my—American wife."

While he had been speaking the Marquésa had sunk down in a chair beside the table, but when he ceased she got up and came quite close to him. "I will not go. What should I be doing there when you and your Queen and her ministers are plotting war against my country? You hate us for our interference in Cuban affairs, and for the disapproval with which the United States has looked upon the inhuman, dishonest treatment of Cuba by Spain, and for the clemency and justice she urges you to show her. Your country and your government are infamous and cruel!"

De Solis looked at his wife tranquilly, but a disagreeable light came into his eyes. "Why do you say 'your country' and 'your government'? They are yours as well as mine. Have you forgotten that you are a Spanish subject? But I must thank you," he said quietly and with a slight bow

"for myself and my country and my King. I had no idea that you held such opinions of us when—you married me."

"Can you deny that what I have said is true?"

The Marquis de Solis looked coolly at his wife's anxious face. "Your question is an insult," he said.

The Marquésa looked thoughtfully at her husband, and she thought she saw the lids droop slightly over the somber eyes. She did not believe the diplomatic evasion which he had offered her as a reply. In the brief year of her married life she had learned much of diplomats,—that like Jesuits they hold that the end justifies the means, and that in diplomacy there is no such thing as a lie.

The Marquis drew out his watch. "I am sorry to interrupt this interesting conversation, but the carriage will be around in twenty minutes. If you have anything more to do to your toilette ——"

The girl stood staring blankly before her. Whenever her impetuous nature had come into collision with her husband's cold, determined one, she had always had to yield. But she had never felt quite so helpless before. There could be perhaps no greater indication of the change that had taken place in the girl who, a year before, had been Helen Kimbrough than this—that she was being made to do what she had said she would not do, and what, she fiercely assured herself, her husband ought not to have asked of her.

She moved slowly toward the door. "I will be ready in twenty minutes," she said over her shoulder.

The Madrid Opera House was crowded, from the floor to the topmost gallery. The suppressed excitement which was felt throughout the entire city had communicated itself to the immense audience which could not keep quiet, but moved restlessly about and applauded frantically at every provocation. Expectancy was in the air. It seemed that anything might happen at any moment. The Queen Regent's speech and its deep significance was known to every one, and the answer to America's ultimatum was foreshadowed.

In one of the boxes sat the Marquis de Solis and his wife. He noticed with secret dissatisfaction that she had lost a great deal of her brilliant color and animation. The evening seemed interminably long to her. It was the intermission after the third act. She leaned back, fanning herself slowly,

and noting, with a scarcely concealed aversion, the throng of unfamiliar faces and the foreign, excited gestures and the noisy *bravos*. Suddenly the curtain went up with a jerk, and from the deep center of the stage the director of the Opera came forward, down to the very footlights. He was nervous, and raised his hand with a gesture of magnificent importance. His voice trembled with excitement. In his agitation he spoke quite simply, and not at all in his usual manner.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to announce to you that war has been declared between Spain and the United States."

The Marquésa de Solis rose dizzily from her seat. The excited yells and huzzas of the seething masses of people on the floor and in the boxes and balcony seemed to come to her from miles off. She dimly saw the waving of handkerchiefs and hats and the showers of flowers which the women were tearing from their dresses and throwing at the manager, who stood there bowing and trying vainly to make himself heard. The same scene was being enacted in every playhouse and music hall in Madrid. She put out her hand uncertainly, and looked toward her husband. He was leaning over the edge of the box shouting with the rest, and there was an exultant, savage light in his eyes. The girl shrank back in a sort of rage of hate. She looked mistily around her, and then pushed her chair back softly so that she could easily get out. The slight movement attracted the Marquis's attention. He put out his hand, and pressed her into her seat.

"Where were you going?" There was a disagreeable note in his voice.

"I was going away," she said, vaguely. "I am going to America. I think—they will need me. Look! Every one is going."

It was true. The audience was leaving the theater, pushing, laughing, cheering, singing its way out. People were standing up in their boxes talking excitedly, with their backs turned to the abandoned stage. Above the noise and confusion could be heard the orchestra playing a medley of national airs.

"Quite true, *cara*. We will go, too; but not to America." The Marquis smiled grimly.

They drove home in perfect silence. The sleepy porter wondered why

they had come back so early in the evening, and opened the big doors hurriedly, surprised into alacrity. Once inside the vestibule, the Marquésa turned to her husband.

"I must speak with you an instant." She led the way, wearily, into a little reception room.

"It is about this war," she began, nervously. "I can never forgive you for having helped so greatly to bring it on. Why have you done so? I have not dared ask you before, but I dare now. Why have you helped to bring this about? You were well treated in Washington. You have always seemed to like my country." She was trembling and pale.

"No; I have never liked your country or your government," the Marquis spoke, calmly. "It has not used us well—of late, especially. It is not wise to spy upon us and accuse our ministers of underhand tricks nor our officers of dastardly deeds. You forget, *cara*, that I too am a patriot. I too must defend my country and her honor even at the risk of a war with America! Do you think Spain can stand by and tamely submit to be dictated to by the United States? Spanish honor will not bear that indignity. If I had a hundred lives I would give them, every one cheerfully, to help preserve Spanish sovereignty!"

The girl looked at him, and an unwilling sort of admiration for him touched her for the first time.

"That is it," she said, slowly. "You love your country and I love mine, and they are as wide asunder as the poles. You are of the Old World and I am of the New. We are each incapable of changing our ideals, of understanding and sympathizing with each other. We should never have married. It was worse than a sin—it was a mistake."

She spoke in an impartial sort of way as if she were discussing some one else's affairs. She went on after an instant's pause: "I must go back to America; my brother will need me. There is no place for me here. I should never have come here——"

The Marquis stepped quickly to her side and laid his hand heavily on her arm.

"You will not go to America!" he said, firmly. "You will go to Maribella and stay there until I return. Do you think I will give you up? Oh, I will take means to see that you do not escape me! You will be very

safe at Maribella; you will not get away——" He stopped suddenly in his excited, rapid talk. "See, *cara*," he said more kindly, "I shall resign from the Cortes and offer my services at once. I must go; my country calls me to. For your sake I wish it were some other nation we were to fight, but you must understand that I have to go with my people. I shall not see you again; will you not tell me good-by?"

She threw out her hands wildly. "No! no! I think I hate you; I hate myself. So you will fight my own people—my own brother! Oh, if anything happens to Bobs I shall know that you helped kill him!"

The Marquis paled a little. He bowed ceremoniously.

"Thank you!" he said; "and good-by. I shall leave instructions for your immediate journey to Maribella, where you will remain until I return—if I return. I shall be in Madrid for a few days, but I shall not see you in the meantime."

V.

It was the end of the 19th century, and Maribella was an airy, modern château, five miles from a railroad station, but the Marquésa de Solis knew that she was as much a prisoner there as if she were chained in some dungeon cell. She could go where she pleased in the surrounding country,—her horses and carriages were at her disposal,—but she realized that escape was out of the question. Her servants and attendants had received their instructions, and would carry them out. There was no one to whom she could appeal; American ministers and consuls had long since disappeared as if by magic. There were times when it all seemed incredible to her, and she could have laughed at her position. She would try to persuade herself that she had nothing to do but send a servant to the station for a ticket to Paris, and have her maid pack her trunks and she could start for America in twenty-four hours. Or she could descend the terraced steps to her boat house and sail away in her little sloop and get picked up by a passing vessel—one headed for America, of course—and so get away. This last plan was particularly pleasing to her, as she was often out in her boat, and always enjoyed a sail in the sheltered little arm of the Mediterranean. And then the bewildering conviction that she could do nothing of the kind would force itself on her. Gradually as the spring advanced and summer came the monotony and suspense of her existence began to tell severely on her. A

slow fever finally fastened on her, and frequently at night she would become delirious. Her frightened maid begged her to send for a physician, but she always impatiently refused. Letters from America had long since ceased coming. The last one from her brother had contained the news she most dreaded. He, with his graduating class, had left West Point to go to the front. He had written in boyish triumph: "We leave for Cuba on the 5th. You might play 'America' and 'Yankee Doodle' to celebrate—if the Don will let you!"

The only American news of the war which she received came by way of Paris. The Madrid papers puzzled her, and made her feel ill and depressed. They exaggerated every semblance of a success of the Spanish arms, and either lied outright about American victories or belittled them, so that she hardly knew what to believe. She knew that American sailors and soldiers *must* win; that poor, rickety old Spain, bankrupt and divided against herself, could never make a prolonged stand against America; but the Spanish censors' account of Spanish successes and American defeats all along the lines puzzled and bewildered her sick mind. She seemed to be losing all power of reasoning logically. Her world was crumbling about her. The days and nights seemed interminably long—America immeasurably far away. Her loneliness and anxiety bred sick fancies in her overwrought brain, and everything seemed to hurt her unstrung nerves. She began to have a sort of horror of herself; to upbraid herself more and more for having left America,—for having sold her birthright. In her feverish imagination she called herself a traitor to her country. The idea was with her day and night.

War news drifted slowly down to out-of-the-way little towns in southern Spain, and so it was the 9th of July before the Paris papers with their accounts of San Juan and Caney and Santiago, and the destruction of Cervera's fleet, got through to the little station near Maribella. The man who usually brought the Marquésa's mail was unaccountably late that evening of the 9th. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock had passed. About half after nine he came in slowly and rather frightened-looking with a bag of papers. The Marquésa feverishly opened them. Meager and distorted accounts of the late events had reached her, but this was the first authentic news.

As she read of the brilliant victories of the American arms all the

horror and despair of the past weeks fell from her. And then after the victories she began to hunt, with fingers that trembled so she could hardly turn the pages, for the casualties. Suddenly she seemed to cease to live; the world stopped for a moment while she read in the *Herald's* long list of killed and wounded at San Juan, "Lieutenant Braxton Kimbrough, 22d Infantry, shot through the heart. Died instantly."

She sat quite still staring at the paper with wide-open, unseeing eyes. A servant came in and arranged the lights and then went out softly, a little frightened by the Marquésa's white face and rigid position. She sat there a long, long time. Finally she got up slowly, as if she were physically hurt, and her face was still pale, but she was smiling strangely. Her eyes were unnaturally brilliant. She moved softly to the door. She walked as if with a purpose, but in an unconscious, mechanical way. At the foot of the stairway she paused an instant, as if making a decision, and then went quickly up the steps to her room. She closed the door quietly behind her and looked around, and then she went over to where an old cavalry sword was hanging on the wall with an American flag draped over it; and taking down the flag she threw it around her so that its folds fell over her shoulder and down the front of the white gown she wore. She went to her dressing-table and picked up the old photograph of her brother. She took it out of its little silver frame and looked at it tenderly, as she used to do in her old room, and kissing it once slipped it in her dress. She looked around the room wearily and curiously for a moment, as if it were unfamiliar to her, and then went softly out of a door opposite the one by which she had entered.

She walked quickly but stealthily through the narrow, dimly lit corridor, down a flight of steps, until she found herself out of doors under a colonnade which ran along one side of the courtway. She had met none of the servants, and from there it was easy to get to the gardens without being seen. She could run now,—run in the shadow of the big, tropical trees, in the patches of white moonlight, under the alleys of gleaming magnolias, stumbling, hurting herself against the sharp Spanish bayonet.

"Bobs!" she cried softly in the fragrant darkness. "Bobs, I am coming, dear! And I've got the flag! I shall be a good American once more, Bobs!" There was a note of wild exultation in her voice. "I am not a traitor any longer,—won't you believe me, dear? I haven't been

happy a moment since I left America and you." Her voice grew pathetically earnest. "I knew it was wrong to go! There is something in us which makes it wrong to desert our country.

"'My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land ——'"

She was so weak that her voice trembled and stopped on the high note. "People don't think much of it nowadays, but I had no excuse. You have been true, but I haven't."

She was at the top of the steeply terraced steps. "But I am going to make up for it, Bobs, if I can. I am going to get in my boat and sail over to you, dear, with the flag ——"

Suddenly there was the sound of a fall and a low cry of pain, and then all was still.

Two hours later the frightened servants found her huddled up at the foot of the steep flight of steps down which she had fallen in the darkness. There was a deep wound at the back of the head where it had struck the sharp base of a marble urn. She had probably died instantly. The flag was still over her.

ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE, '89.

THE CATHEDRAL AT RHEIMS.

That massive pile, by force nor age undone,
Above the city's dusty traffic stands,
The purpose of unnumbered toiling hands,
Whose solemn carvings face the western sun.
From lofty nave to far-receding choir
The mediæval windows richly glow,
And beauty, passionate as long ago,
Is symbol of the nation's great desire.

There royal heads have bent for consecration,
Submissive to the everlasting law;
There peasants creep for holy consolation,
With praying hands and eyelids touched with awe;
And alien saints, whose minds forsake the fold,
Fail not to answer to a faith so old.

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD, '96.

SOME OF RAPHAEL'S MADONNAS.

Of the many different subjects which Raphael painted, the one he himself seemed to love best was the Madonna and Child. More than a third of his panel paintings were devoted to this subject alone. It was already a very old subject, nearly a thousand years old, for the first Madonna pictures were brought to Italy from Byzantium after Justinian's conquest in the sixth century. One might wonder, then, why a young man like Raphael, just starting on his career, should not prefer something newer and more original. Certainly there must be some reasons to account for the popularity of a theme so well worn, and it is important to know what they are. The first Madonnas were not at all beautiful, yet they were held in the greatest admiration, and were set up over the altars in every church in Christendom. Evidently there was something in them better than beauty. This was, first of all, their religious meaning: they were intended to represent the great central fact of the Christian religion,—that the Christ of God came into the world as a little Babe. The worshiper, overawed by the mystery of divine things, takes new courage as he looks into the face of the little Child. The picture is a symbol to him of the divine goodness. But besides all this, even when the picture is not seen in a church and is not connected with any religious thought, it represents the dearest and most familiar relations of human life. Everybody in the world, man, woman or child, likes to remember the time when a mother held him in her loving arms. There is a tender spot in every heart which is touched by the sight of mother's love. We see, then, that the Madonna picture has its origin in the two best and highest things in life—religion and love. These influences are so strong that however imperfect the outward expression may be, they still make themselves felt.

What Raphael undertook to do was to paint Madonna pictures which should make religion and love as prominent as ever, and which, in addition, should be natural and beautiful. The pictures before us show how well he succeeded.

Previous to his first visit to Florence, Raphael had painted Madonnas only from others' designs. But when he caught the spirit of the new art movement of the day he began in earnest to express his own ideas. Pic-

ture after picture he painted in rapid succession, until in four years' time, during what is called his Florentine period (1504–1508), he had completed more than twenty, each entirely unlike any of the others. The first of these, and one of the most famous of the number, is the Madonna del Granduca, which is in the Pitti Gallery at Florence. This was painted in 1504, and has since had a number of owners, from one of whom is derived its present name, the Grand Duke of Tuscany (1781–1824), Ferdinand III. He is said to have been so fond of his picture that he never traveled without it. The Madonna stands holding her babe on her left arm and steadying him with the other hand, gently touching his side. With both little hands he holds fast to his mother, but turns to look out of the picture with a shy smile. The two faces are very serious and thoughtful, the mood of the mother being reflected in her child. This is an instance where a very beautiful picture is also extremely simple. It would be hard to imagine anything plainer in the way of drapery, any attitude apparently more unstudied, any composition containing lines so few and so simple in drawing. The child is held so close to the mother's side that the two seem to form one figure, and they are equally united in thought and feeling.

After other Madonnas in this same simple style Raphael soon went on to more difficult compositions, consisting of three or more entire figures in a landscape setting. The Belle Jardinière is a picture of this kind, and is so called in reference to the garden-like surroundings. The name is expressed in French because the painting has been in France for many years, now hanging in the gallery of the Louvre in Paris. When you look at this picture you feel as if you were out of doors, with the great blue sky above you and the green fields stretching beyond you in wide spaces. You are carried out of yourself in the glad liberty of nature. The young mother with the children at her knee seems a natural part of the landscape. The little St. John the Baptist kneels on the flower-starred grass in adoration. As he is the cousin of Jesus it is natural that the two should be playmates; but the older child has already discovered something unusual in the younger, and offers him this tribute of reverence. The Christ-child lifts his face appealingly to his mother, as if seeking some explanation of his companion's conduct. One little foot is supported on her foot, and his arm rests across hers on her motherly lap. They smile into each other's faces with perfect understanding; they are perfectly united in love.

Upon his removal to Rome, in 1508, although occupied with many extensive commissions, Raphael still found time to paint an occasional Madonna picture. The well-known Madonna of the Chair in the Pitti Gallery, Florence, is a painting of this period. This Madonna is as different as possible from any ever painted by Raphael in Umbria and Tuscany, and has the noble dignity of the Roman matron. The turban and shawl are such as were worn by the women whom Raphael daily saw in the great city. The mother clasps her child closely to her, as if to shield him from some mysterious danger toward which with one accord they turn their eyes. To account for the round shape of this picture, the story is told that Raphael painted it on the head of a cask during an excursion in the country with some companions. Attracted by the beauty of a cooper's wife who sat in a doorway holding her babe, he had a sudden inspiration for a Madonna, and having no other material at hand used a cask head for his picture. There is no reliable foundation for the tale, but it has been more readily accepted because Raphael painted comparatively few pictures in this form, and the Madonna of the Chair is remarkable among them. In some cases the circular shape seems accidental and unimportant; the lines forming the composition do not harmonize with the enclosing lines. The Chair Madonna is composed throughout on the circular plan, all the lines flowing in beautiful curves within the circumference.

The Sistine Madonna is the last which Raphael painted, and is not only the greatest of his works but one of the greatest pictures in the world. The composition is so arranged that we seem to be looking through a window into the open heavens. The mother bears her child forth through cherub clouds advancing steadily out of remote spaces. The child seems no burden, but sits lightly on her arm as on a throne, his back supported against her shoulder and his head nestling in her neck. As in the Granduca Madonna picture, the two figures are united in one outline, and a single purpose animates mother and child. Both fix their eyes upon the goal toward which they are moving, as if bringing glad tidings to waiting hearts. As the Granduca mother and babe are one in thought; as the Belle Jardiniere and her child are one in love; as the Chair Madonna and her son are united in anticipation,—so the Sistine Madonna and the Christ-child are united in service.

At either side is a kneeling figure in adoration, at the left St. Sixtus,

alert and energetic, at the right St. Barbara, pensive and dreamy. These saints were chosen for the picture because St. Sixtus was the patron of the Benedictine monks for whom it was painted, and St. Barbara was the patroness of Piacenza, where was situated the monastery which it was to adorn. The former wears a white tunic and gold pallium faced with purple, while the papal tiara, or triple crown, rests on the parapet below. Behind St. Barbara is a small tower, the symbol by which she is always accompained, and which suggests the story of her life. Her father was a wealthy noble of Heliopolis, Dioscurus by name, who desired to keep his beautiful daughter hidden from the eyes of any possible suitors, and accordingly confined her in a tower. Here she dwelt with high thoughts for company, and here she became converted to the Christian faith. When her father learned that she had adopted the new religion his love was turned to anger, and he gave her up to a cruel martyrdom.

The composition of the Sistine Madonna is completed by two cherubs leaning on the parapet across the bottom of the picture. Like the adoring saints above they are occupied in contemplation of the mysterious mission of the mother and child. One appears to be thinking intently, but the other gives himself up to perfect contentment. Thus do we in differing moods contemplate the great Christmas fact of the incarnation, and by diverse methods of approach realize the full experience of Christian faith.

ESTELLE M. HURLL, '82.

A TALE OF THE DESERT.

AN observer of life in the West End Park might have noticed there almost every evening after six, rain or shine, a brown-clad and pale-faced young woman, who paced mechanically to and fro among the walks and flower beds, occasionally sitting down when an empty bench presented itself. She was always there; she was always brown-clad, always pale, always mechanical. It would, however, have been a very keen and patient observer who had noticed her or had been able afterward to remember or describe her. One remembers and even individualizes the black swans, red-beaked, that one sees in the park pond, and the mottled ducks ecstatically submitting themselves to the fountain; but the brown sparrows hopping in the road, one never again thinks of them.

There was nothing interesting about the young woman's personality. Her gown was shabby, but not shabby enough to indicate bitter poverty. Her carriage was not buoyant, but did not indicate extreme fatigue. The droop of her head was not the droop of thought nor yet of overwhelming grief. The contour of her face betokened neither extreme want nor despair, but if you can picture a face utterly unlighted by hope, untouched by love, unglorified by ambition, hers was the face. It was so blank of every happy line that it told of a history unspeakably pathetic. You will begin to understand why I should call Jessie MacKenzie's history a tale of the desert.

Two newspaper items comprise her life, for one who reads between the lines. They were a marriage notice in the *Inverness Courier* and a death notice in the *Glasgow Herald;* but it is not time for either of them yet.

One year before the marriage notice I have referred to, Jessie MacKenzie left her home in Invernesshire to earn a livelihood in Glasgow. Her mother was dead; she had three younger sisters and an old grandmother. They all lived together with Jessie's father in a little stone cottage near Culloden Muir. Before her, seven generations of MacKenzies had been brought up there. The cottage was like every other lowly Scotch home. Poetic, idyllic-looking on the outside, they are low, with sloping eaves, hay-thatched, perhaps, and tufted with an occasional bright weed, or tiled in soft grays. If they are not gray stone they are whitewashed, and the baldness of the white is broken by delightful broideries of carefully trained rose bushes about the small door and between the diamond-paned windows. They have quaint beds of red, blue and yellow flowers on either side of the trim front walk, and behind the house is a compact kitchen garden—potatoes, cabbage, turnips, parsley, borders of pansies and a row of deep-fruited gooseberry bushes. But when you enter the house the illusion, the charm vanishes. The Scotch are sober, though they are intemperate. It is hard to be light-hearted under low ceilings in a semi-twilight. It oppresses one. And out of doors the huge, treeless brown-and-purple mountain-tops inspire gravity. Have you ever seen a party of American tourists rattling through the Trossachs behind the scarlet-coated coachmen? And how out of consonance was their American gayety with the ascetic solemnity of Ben-Ledi above them!

Colin Donaldson had long loved Jessie, and his love had been met with

indifference. Jessie had read novels; she had been to Inverness; she had dreams and aspirations. Plain Colin, the day-laborer, did not fulfill her ideal. So for three years she had refused him, twice a year. But her father was poor, and was getting old.

"Jessie, my lassie," he would say, "Ye maun na be sic a fule. Colin is a fine lad, and ye'll na find anither. I kenna hev ye on my hands wi' all the wee bairns at hame."

So Jessie found herself in the way, and accepted Colin with many misgivings. Then in a few days an aunt of Jessie's at Lochgarroch Locks died and left her oldest niece a small sum which assured her of an annuity of £30. Then the crisis came. Jessie decided to break her engagement with Colin and begin life in some great city.

When does one begin life? Each one has a date for its beginning, spiritual or intellectual. The reading of a book, the hearing of a play, a picture seen, a friendship made, a folly, a sin, a sorrow or a joy may awake one to the conscious beginning of life. Each one has along the road of his soul's journey landmarks and sign-posts with visionary fingers that mark the meeting of the crossroads of Beauty and Reality that point the way from Innocence to Guilt. And we all in our childhood look forward to the beginning of life; when we are sixteen, when we are twenty, when we begin college, when we end college, when we have a lover, when we have a house, when we take up a business or a profession,—then, we think, is our real life begun.

Jessie MacKenzie was unlike most of her people. They are very intelligent even in the remotest glens and hills, but content with their lot and fully aware that there is more wealth, more culture, more wisdom elsewhere, but falling not to them. They have good taste. They are themselves in perfect keeping with their surroundings. They read, they think, they are content to be inferior to their superiors. It is about all that most people can do in one life to make themselves perfectly fitted to their sphere. But in our new country the popular ambition is to make oneself fit for some other sphere. And it is very imperfectly done.

What Jessie looked forward to she herself would have found it hard to say. It was something totally different from anything she had known, and therefore she could not describe it. Unknown possibilities were delightful.

She would be a dressmaker. She soon would lay up £50. She would set up an establishment to which the beauty and fashion of Glasgow would flock. She would go to Paris to select materials and inspect styles; she would see the world. She would attend a large church. She would be philanthropic; befriend poor girls. She would be known and respected. The dominie would admire her; would pay her his addresses. She would meet some day on the street the day-laborer Colin. He would be overwhelmed by her magnificence and graciousness. Here Jessie's dream became vague, but she always pictured herself in the end the wife of her minister or solicitor, driving through the streets in an elegant one-horse cab. What woman's dream does not end with a man who loves her at her side?

"On the other hand," thought Jessie, "life here would be dull enough. I would marry Colin. I would live in a four-room cottage. I would plant the garden, milk the cow and tend my bairns. My hands would be hard and red, and I would wear a green shawl and a dark flannel skirt. When I was old I would still be here, in a dingy kitchen, knitting gray woolen socks for my grandchildren."

In the evening Jessie was pulling gooseberries in the garden. They were to be sent to market the next morning. She had just drawn her hand down over a well-loaded stem and sent a small shower of berries rattling into the large tin pint measure which she held in her left hand, when she heard a manly voice behind her singing loudly, "She's a bonnie wee lassie." Jessie looked around and saw Colin, washed and combed and in his "Sabbath cloe's," after his day's work. His rather stolid but frank and intelligent young face was beaming with anticipatory pleasure. "Weel, laddie!" said Jessie, pleasantly, but with a pang at her heart, for she felt that now was the time to break with him, and she would do it honestly and openly. She would brew no mock-lovers' quarrel.

He sat down on the back garden wall and watched her quietly. She wore no hat, and her fair hair crinkled crisply around her face, which looked very sweet and winning above the blue gown and freshly starched white apron. There was that strange, discontented, half-frightened look in her blue eyes which Colin did not understand. When Jessie had filled the tin she came toward Colin, and he pulled her up on the wall beside him. She then spoke to him in Gaelic, the tongue they all commonly used.

"Colin, laddie," she said, "I hae done ye wrang, for I maun tak back my word. I canna wed ye. I wad na mak ye a gude wifie for I dinna love ye eneuch, and I am gang awa frae here to earn my bread my own sel."

She stopped when the truth was out, quite breathless with excitement and anxiety. Colin looked at her angrily, and stammered a word or two. Then he shut his lips and smiled. Then he took her cold hand, and said softly,—

"But I will wait for ye, Jessie, mony a day."

Jessie sprang down from the wall.

"Ye had best na' wait," she said firmly, and took up her tin and went into the house. Colin knew it was final. Jessie went into her room, opposite the kitchen, which she occupied with Granny, and threw herself on the bed in a fit of sobbing. It was done. It could not be undone. A sense of overhanging gloom oppressed her. But she must be firm and pursue her plans wisely.

She told her father, who was angry and stormed. He told her she might go if she wished. She must not come home again until she had found her senses. He would not have such silly lassies trailing around his "biggins." He was done wi' her. Jessie knew that he meant it.

The next morning the parting was made. With her head full of high hopes, a few pounds in her purse and an unwieldy satchel in her hand, Jessie bade an unsentimental good-by to her family and friends. The wee bairns rapturously kissed her.

"I kenna sa' as ye be doin' recht," her father said, "but I wish ye weel."

"Granny" rubbed her eyes with the back of her hand.

"Ye'll be back in a wee whilie," she said in a trembling voice.

Maggie MacLane was at the station to see her off. As the train rolled out, Maggie called to her,—

"Ye maun na' let go your ba'ag, Jessie."

Then the great world loomed up between her and her Highland home. When, in the afternoon, she passed the Bridge of Allan, a man who sat next her in the third class compartment said,—

"Now you've crossed from the Highlands to the Lowlands, Miss." She arrived in Glasgow at the Caledonian station. The practical situation

burst upon her. Where to go? What to do first? She left her satchel at the station. She walked out upon the streets. She found her way to Argyll street. She was bewildered by the strange crowd, by the whistling tram-cars, the rumbling cabs, the yelling street-venders. And the first thing she did was to lose her purse. Then the poor child was utterly helpless. She wandered up and down the streets in a dazed fashion. She dared not put up at a hotel, though she could have drawn money from a bank the next morning. Night fell. She was faint, hungry, despairing. She sank down upon a bench in St. George's Square. Bare-headed women, with rings in their ears, hurried past her, carrying babies beneath their faded shawls. Red-nosed, evil-looking men leered at her.

She covered her face with her hands. "I am ruined," she moaned. And this was life.

She was found by a kind-hearted lady from the Christian Institute, who hurriedly investigated her truthful story and put her into lodgings for the night. Jessie went to her the next morning and they had a talk together. Jessie knew no one. She would not enter domestic service, she could not teach, she had had no experience to fit her for any manual employment.

After a few days' wandering about the streets, of answering advertisements, inquiring in shops and personal application at houses whose names Mrs. Coates gave her, Jessie found employment at finishing shirts for a tailoring establishment. She was to take them home, and could make about a shilling a day. She found new lodgings, a small room on the top floor of a tenement on Sanchiehall Street. She avoided the lower districts of the city where the working-people lived, because she was afraid of them, and she had an instinct that they would seek familiarity. Here she would be alone. And so, day by day, an awful aloneness settled down upon her. She stitched steadfastly in her room from early morning till twilight. In perfect quiet she would eat her bread and butter and tea. In the evening she would sit at her window and watch the ever-flowing life of the street. When it grew quite dark she would pull down her rickety blind, and try to read. She had a Bible, and bought from time to time penny novelettes. Or, if she was pinched for her rent, as she often was, she would sew again in the evening, and then drearily to bed, with no one to gossip with while she was undressing, no one to say good night to her or tuck the sheets in about her, no one to wish her pleasant dreams, or at all to care whether she slept

ill or well. And there was always the dreary morning to look forward to, when she would awake to her sense of aloneness, and the lodging-maid would bring her up her bread and tea and dried herring, and she would eat it wordlessly. Then to work again.

Jessie put out no tentacles to draw in humanity around her. Her resources in herself were so narrow that she had nothing to fall back upon. She was so quiet and apathetic in her manner that she gave no one an opportunity to befriend her. And then, she came into contact with very few. She could count them on the fingers of one hand. She did not forget her "kirk." She was too good a Scotch girl for that. She went to a church on Bath Street, where she slipped into a back seat punctually at eleven, and slipped out again as soon as service was over. Nobody but one old gentleman ever spoke to her. He remarked to her, on a most dismal, sleeting morning, "It's a fine day, this, Miss, a fine day."

To which Jessie gave an eager assent, so delighted was she at the sound of a human voice addressing her.

The days were years and the weeks cycles. If Jessie had been a character-reader the people in the streets might have interested her. But she was not. She soon found novel-reading distasteful. She grew to have a dull dislike for the people she met.

The first letter she got from home announced the death of her grandmother. If Jessie had been an analytic young person she would have been surprised at the shock this news gave her. She had grown so apathetic, so wooden and mechanical, that she scarcely had thoughts any longer, much less emotions. But over this letter she sobbed and cried. Lovely Invernesshire rushed back to her with all its moors and lochs and glens and gardens. How hateful was smoky, grimy, noisy, cloudy Glasgow! In a week she had written home, a naïve letter, short and touching:

"DEAR DAD: I have bitterly wept darling Granny's death. What shall we do without her? I have a great longing for my wee hame. I much prefer Culloden Muir to this Glasgow. Ach, but I am sair lonely. Wad ye welcome me? But I am prospering enough and do not want.

Hoping that this will find you in good health, as it leaves me, dear Dad,

Your daughter in affection,

JESSIE MACKENZIE."

Jessie waited feverishly day by day for an answer. She started whenever she heard the postman's ring. She lost her appetite, grew nervous and thin and pale. In two weeks the answer came, with a newspaper containing a marriage notice marked. The letter was brief and cold. All were well. They were glad she was in good health. If she had made a good beginning, she had best keep on. The newspaper notice was of her father's marriage to a widow, keeper of a news-stand in Inverness.

The pall settled down again over Jessie's heart and life. I think that if she had met Colin MacKenzie she would have married him on the spot. She was hungry for human sympathy. As she walked on the street she sometimes passed two women conversing vivaciously. It gave her a pang. She saw a cab roll by her with man and woman inside. They are husband and wife. They love each other and are talking pleasantly together. She watched a carriage unloading itself before the Charing Cross Hotel one day—father and mother and two tall sons, and two little children in red capes and white ruffled bonnets. They seemed so happy, so occupied with each other. The ladies who hurried by her on the street, their heads were full of pleasant thoughts. They would return to their homes soon and be surrounded by friends; and Jessie would return to her garret, and choke down in silence the same familiar tea, bread and herring.

She discovered the West End Park one evening, for she was so listless and solitary that few and short were her excursions. But the park proved only a transient delight. It revived for an hour or two that country she had grown to idolize. But the second evening it seemed only Glasgow. Still, after this she went there every evening, and watched the people with dull envy and heartsickness. Her thoughts ran wholly in two channels,—love of home, and envy of people. Every morning she would think: "How beautiful this would be at home. How fresh the rain! How white the mist would lie over the glistening fields of barley!" If the sun were shining: "Ah, how bright the flowers would shine this morning, the poppies and the blue cornflowers in the wheat! How the burn would bubble and sparkle in the glen!"

There was nothing in things but reminded her, by contrast, of her old home. Nothing in people's lives but reminded her, by contrast, of her own.

One Sabbath afternoon she was walking in the park. She saw a bench where three people were sitting, a laboring man at one end and an old gentle-

man and old lady at the other end. Jessie sat down in the middle. The old lady looked at her in mild surprise. It seemed she had been talking to the poor man. He was fumbling a tract in his toil-blackened fingers.

"The Lord will provide for you if you ask him," said the old lady, rising to go. "Good-by, my friend."

"Good-by, and thank ye kindly, my leddy," said the man, humbly and gratefully, turning in the opposite direction.

"God bless you and send you a good job!" said the old lady's hearty voice once more.

Jessie watched her and her husband, hobbling along on her arm, till they were out of sight. "Now they are going home to a comfortable dinner together. And they were sorry for the man. No one is sorry for me. No one knows I exist. If they did they would not be sorry for me. I have enough to live on; I left home of my own accord."

A lump came up in her throat. It was true. She had no one to live for; no one lived for her. She felt strange. As she went back to her lodgings there was a ringing in her ears. She heard every footfall of her own; she seemed to hear no others. She seemed isolated from herself. She hurried up the steep, filthy stone steps; she was frightened, as if some one had attacked her. She tried to hush her heart-beats, they were so loud. She went into the dimly lighted garret room and turned the key behind her. She saw her own face in the little glass that stood on her table; the eyes were widely opened and staring, the lips parted. "It is not I. Even *I* have left myself. I am more alone."

She was possessed of that strange feeling that one has for rare, brief moments that one is divided against oneself. She could not shake it off. Then all at once the scene by the gooseberry bushes in the little garden came back to her,—the sunshine, the fragrance, the cool, prickly sensation of the berries in her hand, Colin's words and looks, and her own last answer, "Ye had best na' wait."

There was a knock at the door. "Your tea, Miss," said the maid's voice. Jessie did not hear. Twice it was repeated. Then the maid heard an answer whose tone made her shudder, "Ye had best na' wait."

She scuttled away down stairs as fast as she could with her tray, and reported to her mistress. "Miss MacKenzie was very queer. She had not

heard her well for the last few days. There was summat wrong wi' her. And her voice was sae uncanny 'twad make one shiver."

So all that night Jessie remained alone with her secret. Transplanting is always dangerous, and to a simple, narrow soul sometimes fatal. The end is different—suicide, insanity, crime. Brooding is dangerous. Solitude is dangerous.

In the morning Jessie took her breakfast. But she felt that the maid looked at her with awed and curious eyes. "She sees it, too. I am not myself. I have gone. I am outside here, looking at myself. I have no soul."

Jessie's words and actions aroused fear. The landlady sent for a physician. He kindly asked her questions, but either she did not hear or did not understand. "You can tell me your name at least, my girl?"

Jessie looked around her wildly. "Jessie MacKenzie—no; she used to live here, but she is gone now—I don't know where."

No expostulations nor arguments could change her. Her face was a blank. But one thing she knew: "On an evening her soul had gone out from her; and had sat and looked at her, and now was gone away—she knew not where. I am not I. I am nobody." And then, of a sudden, some picture would rise up before her. She would clasp her hands and say, "Ye had best na' wait."

Jessie is in the asylum now. The doctors call her an incurable, and say that she cannot live long. She seldom speaks; she never laughs or cries. The attendants say that she has forgotten almost all her native tongue, for she neither understands them nor makes answer. Visitors who pass through the wards see a pale-faced woman, whose eyes are no longer the windows of a soul; they are vacant, deserted. The face is waxen, unfurrowed by lines, ghastly to see.

Friends of hers from the country visited her once, a sandy-bearded young Highlander and his buxom wife. He talked with her earnestly and took her hand, but awakened no spark of intelligence in the blank face and unanswering eyes. Finally the woman leaned forward and scrutinized him carefully in an unseeing stare. Then she parted her lips as if to speak. The attendants held their breath in astonishment. She looked at no one; not a muscle of her face moved, but she spoke and said, "Ye had best na' wait," and continued rocking herself gently to and fro in her chair.

FLORENCE WILKINSON, '92.

ON THE VERANDA.

O swaying vine, whose curtained grace
Makes me a sweet and hidden place,
  Whose living stars of limpid green
  In myriad witcheries are seen
To overdroop and interlace,—

You cannot know my human case;
Your glancing runes I may not trace;
  Though oft I court your tender screen,
    O swaying vine!

Yet many a soul-enchanted space
Within your emerald bower I pace;
  Yea, sometimes, when my sight is keen,
  I catch, your baffling spells between,
A glimpse of very Beauty's face,
    O swaying vine!

MARION PELTON GUILD, '80.

TWO RECENT ENGLISH TRAGEDIES.

Now that all the proper critics have done their prettiest for "Paolo and Francesca," there remains little to say concerning this fascinating tragedy, and less occasion for saying it. Mr. Swinburne's play, too, has been reviewed and laid aside, always with scanter courtesy than was shown toward the work of the younger man. After so many exhaustive criticisms of these two books and their authors, to attempt to give one's own impression of either of the dramas would be most disconcerting; but since I am exhorted by a stern-visaged editor to "review" the books about which every reader of the MAGAZINE already has her opinion, I have bethought me of the simple, albeit somewhat bold plan of combining my impressions in such a way that they shall artfully avoid the appearance of having been already uttered by many tongues. I do not know that any of our critics have been sufficiently reckless to speak of these tragedies in a single short article, although if one reads the two at about the same time one's ideas must overlap and mingle. Some of the elements of such a composite impression I shall now try, with uncertain

success, to put on paper. For since poetic tragedies do not often fall from heaven in pairs, the opportunity of studying contemporary English dramas is especially tempting.

The most cursory reading of "Rosamund" and "Paolo and Francesca" suggests many essential points common to both plays. The plots are simple; both are developed without intrigue or underplot, and with classic directness. The action in each play is carried on by four chief characters,—two men and two women,—so grouped that we have two young and rapturous hearts set over against the experience and relentless purpose of older heads. Giovanni and Albovine are men of unlike character: one is a shrewd statesman, a gentleman of quick and delicate feeling; the other is a sensuous barbarian. Yet both are men of mighty passion, men strong in war, men whose easy tyranny would not long rule a woman's heart. The other characters offer fascinating suggestions of comparison. Hildegard does not dominate the one play as Francesca dominates the other, yet her sweet girlishness is very winning, and her sudden leap into womanhood, when she knows the power and the bitterness of love, remind us of the more perfect unfolding of Mr. Phillips's heroine. It is natural to link the hatred of Rosamund with that which galled the heart of Lucrezia; and the heroic young lovers brighten both plays for us by their manly love and joy. If one looks for preferences, I think the search will lead to the conclusion that Mr. Swinburne's men are a degree more lifelike, and Mr. Phillips's women more truly conceived. The characters are concerned with similar, although not identical, problems. Both tragedies deal with adultery and murder, with guilt acknowledged by the guilty, but without sense of shame. Both are dominated by an acquiescence to Fate, which recalls the subtle beauty and witchery and impotence of our old Jacobeans.

To study the parallelisms in scheme and character grouping and general treatment is to marvel at the difference in the poetic and tragic effects of the two plays. Mr. Swinburne's book lacks the exquisite power that somehow, in "Paolo and Francesca," melts our hearts with almost every word. "Rosamund" is possessed by an impassioned strain, a remote music, which reminds us that the author of "Atalanta in Calydon" is no longer young. The old fluid cadence falters. The restraint, the choice diction, the familiar alliteration of sibilants, the sudden line of flashing beauty, all are here, but with a

difference. The strong lines are fewer, the sibilants no longer sing, and, in the absence of the old power, even the well-chosen word cannot put into this controlled work the vitality belonging to Mr. Swinburne's early poetry. Such a vitality does animate Mr. Phillips's play; moreover, there is here the further touch of that genius which is a diviner gift than the fire of youthful exuberance. The impassioned imagination that conceived "Paolo and Francesca" could not fail to find expression in sustained and harmonious plaintiveness that pervades the book, as the saddening sound of wind lingers in the pine tops. It is the swift vision of the younger poet that creates the greater strength of his lines. It is no easy matter to define more precisely the difference in poetic effect. Despite the simplicity and the grace of Mr. Swinburne's powerful monosyllabic lines, they have not the distinction and adroit suggestiveness of the equally controlled verse of Mr. Phillips. While one is still under the melodious spell of the blank verse in "Paolo and Francesca" it is difficult to attune the ear to any other cadence. Yet, although "Paolo and Francesca" is undeniably richer than "Rosamund" in music, the work of the more experienced singer has assurance and flexibility of uncertain charm. The music lags now and then, but some sonorous lines are in Mr. Swinburne's own manner. Still, with all due respect to this experienced writer of poetry that has pleased us all, I am sure the readers of both plays must be sensible of the superior beauty of Mr. Phillips's writing. The simplicity and composure of genius pervade the book, as do the melody and the serene and swift insight of a true poet.

The most noticeable weakness of both plays lies in the dramatic rather than in the poetic aspect. No doubt the fatalism mars the tragic effect of both, and perhaps this is sufficient explanation of the seeming inconsistency now and then between cause and effect. I think, however, that beyond this fundamental weakness there is in both plays a failure to conceive and sustain the intrinsic relation between character and action. Mr. Phillips comes much nearer this high requirement of a tragic poet than does Mr. Swinburne. "Rosamund" falls apart. Throughout the play one wonders why the queen speaks and plots as she does, and the catastrophe owing to the uncertainty of Rosamund's motive is absurdly ineffective. "Paolo and Francesca," on the other hand, holds us spellbound by the reality of the closing scene.

It is only after reading the play that the haunting story recalls our

critical sense, and makes us wonder just why Lucrezia's mood of hating or loving was so impassioned, and just what, after all, Lucrezia has to do with the tragedy. Francesca's part is perfect. Can any one find Francesca otherwise than adorable? But Paolo, however good a lover, is not a great dramatic character. Still, the test of this play, as a play, is yet to be made. I believe it has not been proposed to present "Rosamund." No sane stage manager would so jeopardize his chances of winning popular applause. But "Paolo and Francesca" will be put on the boards in London, where the theatrical critics may pass a judgment very different from that of the book reviewers. The issue is full of interest. Is it safe, I wonder, to venture the prediction that, in spite of a few structural defects, "Paolo and Francesca" will act just because it must appeal to human minds and hearts?

GRACE LOUISE COOK, '99.

EDITORIALS.

I.

It is with much pleasure and with no small degree of pride that the outgoing editors send forth as their last issue this graduate number of the Magazine. We felt that it would not be too violent an interpretation of Article IV. of the Constitution of the Magazine to offer to our readers a number made up wholly of contributions from graduates of the College. The generous and willing response with which our suggestion has been seconded by the alumnæ themselves is most gratifying. The alumnæ lists of the College are rich in names well known to literature; for never, since her earliest days, has Wellesley lacked representatives in literary fields. From her first graduating class until her last there extends an unbroken line of literary workers in whom the College may take just pride. This, joined with the fact that the Wellesley Magazine and, in earlier days, *The Prelude*, were the first literary training schools for many of the students who have since found wider audiences lends to our Alumnæ number all the significance of inspiration for the undergraduate world. The Magazine as well as the college is proud of the children it has reared, and is happy in this opportunity of offering to the college world their work.

II.

The editors of the Magazine announce regretfully the result of the prize story contest. In spite of the fact that the competition was extended, and the aims of the contest clearly stated, there were, in all, not a sufficient number of good stories submitted to enable us to publish four in accordance with the conditions which governed the contest. We are therefore obliged to withdraw the prize offer. This disheartening result of our effort to quicken interest in short-story writing at college must force upon us one of two conclusions. Either we cannot write in reasonably pure and forceful English, stories which shall be coherent, consistent and interesting, or we are too indifferent to the whole matter to take the trouble which good short-story writing involves. Since the plots of several of the stories submitted were capitally conceived, however incompletely they were worked out, it is our opinion that the careless and hasty technique of the majority of the work

we received was due to indifference to literary form, arising from lack of practice rather than to want of ability. We hoped that this prize offer, by calling attention to the dearth of good short stories from which the MAGAZINE keenly suffers, might awaken some interest in short-story writing for its own sake. That there is some interest in such writing was shown by the number of stories handed in. The final judgment we are led to make, therefore, is by no means wholly discouraging. The contest and its results seem to us to point most forcibly to a need for intelligent, organized effort to secure more practice in story writing among undergraduates. Whether it be by clubs among ourselves, by additional elective courses offered by the English department, or by a prolonged series of Prize Story Contests, it is clear that some attempt ought to be made to arouse greater literary activity among us.

III.

IF prize-story contests made up the whole of editorial experience we should not have the courage to turn to greet a vigorous young board, strong in the confidence of power untried. But prize-story disappointments are really only incidents in an experience that ranges through many varied fields, that leads along roadways widely diverse. If the paths that you must follow, 1901, are not always hedged with flowery trees, if they carry you often over hilly country, you will find when the journey is over that it has been pleasant withal. For there is good comradeship to cheer the way, the satisfaction of experience well earned and many fair memories at the end. At the top of the hills the horizon lines broaden, and in the quiet valleys the flowers sometime blossom within your reach. May you start on your journey with good cheer, 1901, for the joy of new discoveries awaits you, although you are not the first pilgrims who have fared this way. The dusty and scarred journeymen of 1900 hail you and give you godspeed.

AN error in a recent number of the MAGAZINE has brought to notice the fact that Boston possesses not one school of Domestic Science, but two. The first school of this kind was not that founded recently by the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, as we stated. In 1888 the Boston Young Women's Christian Association recognizing the need for a school for the training of housekeepers met that need by its School of Domestic Sci-

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ence. Lectures and practice-work are combined in the course, and, in addition, each student manages in turn all details involved in housekeeping for the twenty-five members. The success of the school in training housekeepers and teachers of Domestic Science testifies to its thoroughness and efficiency. We are glad to correct here our misstatement in regard to the priority of the St. Botolph Street school.

FREE PRESS.

THE woman's college holds an unique place in the educational world of to-day: it is not a girls' boarding school, with all the regulations and restrictions which that implies; neither is it a great university, giving absolute freedom of action, without regard to conventionality, to its students. It cannot be the first: the aim of the college is to make the student think and act for herself, become a responsible being, fitted to direct and inspire other lives; in a word, to become a leader in the world of thought and action. It certainly cannot be the second; the truest friends of the higher education for women would be the last to wish for them an undergraduate life which should disregard all conventionalities, or give to the woman student as great freedom of action as is accorded to her brother. There must surely be a middle ground, and in the minds of many friends of women's colleges, that "middle ground" is to be found in some scheme of student government. The expression is a very flexible one; it may be made to include most of the great questions which affect the life of students, or it may be limited to a much narrower field, that of maintaining order and ordinary discipline. The scope is not the most important question for consideration, but rather the principle which is involved. It is probably best for such a movement to develop gradually; for student government to begin with the more ordinary, although not less important questions of college life, and, as it were, to prove itself and its right to be, before having intrusted to it some of the larger problems. It is quite possible that its greatest success lies in its wise limitation of the questions which it shall decide; for the experience of some colleges has shown that there is danger of the machinery becoming so complicated and cumbersome as to make the best results impossible. One of the first questions confronting student government in any college which has the dor-

mitory system, is that of order and discipline; a problem which is not unworthy of careful investigation. It is at this point that the first steps have been taken at Wellesley, and in the "House Organization" of College Hall, at least a beginning made in that direction. Whether this beginning will lead to larger efforts in the same direction, the experience of other colleges, would seem to answer in the affirmative; certainly it does not need the prophetic vision of a seer to understand that the success of this movement in College Hall will have much to do with its future in the college at large. However, the question does not depend for its interest and importance upon this outcome; if the movement were to be no wider in the future than at present, it would still be worthy of the support of every true student who is really interested in the welfare of her college.

The problem which the students of College Hall are attempting to solve is not a simple one or unworthy of their best efforts. A building of between two hundred and three hundred residents, which is not only a dormitory, an administration building and recitation hall, but also a "highway for the nations," presents a foeman worthy of the steel of the most ardent supporter of student government. It is not a small achievement to make such a building habitable for those who find in it their home, to reduce the amount of noise and confusion to a minimum, to impress upon its inhabitants the truth that we live not unto ourselves, and that what seem the most trivial observances of order have their mainspring in the great fundamental principles of self-forgetfulness and consideration for others. If the question were asked as to the success of this first step in student government at Wellesley, the answer would be shaped very largely by the preconceptions of the one answering. To the skeptical, confident of failure, and to the impatient, expecting an immediate remedy for all the ills of the past, the failures would naturally be "writ larger" than the successes. Rome was not built in a day, and certainly an edifice which is so dependent for its material upon the moods and "feelin's" of human nature, must rise slowly, although surely, to its full height. Certainly those most interested in its success here would be the last to claim for it perfection in its present stage of experiment; but to those who have watched its development closely, the results are very encouraging, not only in what has been accomplished in the maintenance of order, but also in the place which it has won for itself in the esteem of the students, and

especially in the earnestness and skill with which it is being conducted by their representatives.

As in all forms of democratic government, the success of this movement depends in no small measure on the creation of a public sentiment in its favor. A representative government must be not only *for* the people, but *by* and *of* the people, who must stand behind it, supporting it by act and word and influence, each citizen feeling that he is as responsible for its success as is the man whom he has put into office as *his* representative. The support of the students would seem to go without saying, for in a community in which the majority are looking forward to teaching as a part of their life-work, the training is invaluable. To know how to govern wisely and well, calls for some of the highest powers of humanity, tact, discrimination, judgment, firmness, poise, impartiality, understanding of human nature, the ability to rise above a servile dependence upon popular opinion and many other qualities which cannot be acquired from books or even in the class-room, and yet which are of inestimable value in every sphere of life.

To those who are interested in promoting the strength of the college which lies so largely in the hands of its student body, the appeal made by this form of government cannot be less strong. The moment a student feels a responsibility for the life of the college, that moment her interest in its welfare grows deeper, her sense of honor more keen, her discrimination between right and wrong more clear, and she realizes that she owes a duty to her college which will not allow her to close her eyes to wrong which may mean ruin to the individual as well as injury to the institution. The friends of student government at Wellesley feel that there is a wide field for it here, but they do not ask for a belief in its efficacy as a panacea for all ills; they wish only for the cordial support of faculty and students, that the plan of organization now being tried may have every opportunity to prove itself a source of real strength to the college. MARY E. WOOLLEY.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

FROM Harvard we hear that "an interesting addition has recently been made to the University Library, consisting of a volume of records of the class of '29, among the famous members of which were Oliver Wendell

Holmes, James Freeman Clarke, Benjamin R. Curtis and Dr. S. F. Smith. According to the agreement, the book remained in the hands of the late Rev. Samuel May, the first and only secretary of the class, until his death. Then it was handed over to the library. With the volume has come a quantity of clippings, letters and original manuscripts, all pertaining to the class."

In a report from McGill University we hear: "The Transvaal war is making itself felt in university circles. Several students went in the first Canadian contingent, and others have volunteered and been accepted for the second. Dr. McRae, one of the newly elected Fellows in Pathology, has obtained leave of absence to go out as a lieutenant in the artillery."

The George William Curtis fellowship has been established at Columbia. The fellowship is in political science, and was endowed by a gift received last spring as a memorial to Mr. Curtis.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, now Professor of English literature at Princeton, met his first class there at the beginning of this semester. He was enthusiastically received by about two hundred and fifty students who have elected his course on "Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson."

An attempt is being made, it is said, to form a dramatic association at Yale. It seems that for several years plays among undergraduates have been limited to society plays, and have not been worth while from a dramatic or literary point of view. This new association intends to produce each year some standard English play of actual literary merit. There will be trials for membership, in which three of the University professors will act as judges. This first year the association does not aim at giving a play, but intends to get itself firmly established for future work.

The *Book Reviews* announces that "the Presidents of Harvard University, Columbia University, Johns Hopkins University, the University of Chicago, and the University of California have issued an invitation to sister institutions to a conference to be held in Washington some time in February, 1900, for the consideration of problems connected with graduate work. The invitation says: "There is reason to believe that, among other things, the deliberations of such a conference as has been proposed will (1) result in a greater uniformity of the conditions under which students may become candidates for higher degrees in different American universities, thereby solving the question of migration, which has become an important issue with the

Federation of Graduate Clubs; (2) raise the opinion entertained abroad of our own Doctor's degree; (3) raise the standard of our own weaker institutions."

The progress of the Teachers' College of Columbia University is of unfailing interest in the history of educational problems. The college which began its work in 1887 as a "college for the training of teachers" was made a part of the Columbia educational system in 1898. It is a professional school for the study of education and the training of teachers. Dr. Russell, the Dean of the College, is reported as saying in *The Teachers' College Record*, that the scope of the work includes not simply such purely professional subjects as the theoretical and practical training of teachers of elementary and secondary schools, of specialists, of principals and superintendents, but also the broader field of the investigation of educational foundations, the interpretation of educational ideals, the invention of educational methods and the application of educational principles. "Just as it is necessary to have a West Point for the systematic training of competent leaders in the army," Dr. Russell says, "so the training of the leaders in education must surpass that obtainable in the normal school; it is properly the function of the university." In the keenness of the competition, he maintains, which arises among the holders of the baccalaureate degree who are in search of positions in secondary schools, lies the opportunity of the Teachers' College. The *Teachers' College Record*, in which Dr. Russell's paper is published, made its first appearance in February.

Last month we referred to the College of Commerce which is now under way at the University of Chicago. A movement toward the establishment of schools and colleges of commerce is becoming apparent among many of the colleges. There are new courses in commerce and international law at the University of Pennsylvania. The President of the University of Wisconsin, in his recent report, heartily recommends such a college to his regents. In the *Arena* for February Professor Jones, of the University of California, in describing the reasons for the establishment of the College of Commerce there a year ago, says, "The general tendency is to make universities respond more closely and completely to all the activities of life that surround us." With the broadening commercial interests of the United States, with the large proportion of college men who must enter business life, these colleges of commerce bid fair to grow and prosper.

The honor system in examinations at Princeton is said now to be regarded by the students as an essential, integral part of Princeton life which will never be abandoned. The system was begun seven years ago, and was adopted by most of the larger colleges except Harvard, Yale, Brown and Pennsylvania. The movement at Princeton arose, as such a movement must to be truly significant, from the students. In a recent report from Princeton in the *Tribune* the movement and its growth is described in detail. The system is based naturally upon the idea that "it is human nature for a man to do what is right if he is trusted, and to do what is wrong if hemmed in by all sorts of restraints, detectives, etc." It was only after two years of fair and successful trial that the students adopted a formal constitution "in order to preserve more perfectly the high standard of honor recognized by the establishment of the honor system, to regulate the procedure and organization of an undergraduate committee of investigation and punishment and to insure its continuous and uniform action." The student committee holds court of justice, receives evidence on both sides, and sends a brief of evidence without names, and also a recommendation of punishment to the faculty. The faculty, it is said, although not pledged to do so, have not failed to adopt the committee's recommendation, without qualification. A professor, finding evidences of cheating, hands papers and evidence to the student committee. Students are in honor bound to report any suspicion of unfairness. To the glory of the system, it is said that during the last academic year not one case of cheating was known.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Greater Inclination, by Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1899.

Although for several years stories by Edith Wharton have been appearing in the magazines, it is only with the publication of the "Greater Inclination" that her vigorous originality is apparent. Indeed, the book lures one into the paradox that one of the most virile writers of recent stories is a woman. The significance of the title, it is true, is somewhat elusive, as the eight stories in the collection have motives quite diverse. Among them, "A Coward," "The Twilight of the Gods," and "A Cup of Cold Water," are of slighter worth.

"The Pelican" is an ingenious study of a pretty, superficial woman inoculated with the lecturing mania. There is no subject so intangible that she cannot bring it down to drawing-room compass and confide it to her audience with a charming inconsequence which wins her instant popularity. That is in the beginning, and "she is doing it for the baby," whose education must be provided for. Some thirty years later, though no longer riding on the high tide of popularity, "she is still educating the boy." And when her son, furious and insulted, learning for the first time of his mother's impostures on a sympathetic public, bursts upon her in his anger, she cannot understand. "I sent his wife a sealskin coat last Christmas," she says, in grieved expostulation, as the door closes behind him. "The Portrait" deals with a painter who sacrifices his integrity as an artist to his sympathy as a man. He paints into the portrait of an unscrupulous politician all that a loving and trusting daughter sees in her father's face, and exhibits to the world a failure which the critics find utterly inexplicable in a man of his genius. In the "Muse's Tragedy" we have a modern Laura, widowed of her Petrach. At first glance the situation gives little promise of originality, so that we are agreeably surprised as the novel relation which existed between the poet and his inspiration is gradually revealed to us.

But it is in "Souls Belated" and "The Journey" that Mrs. Wharton has given us her best work. The former is a story of a woman who, maddened by the pettiness and bigotry of the people among whom she lives, breaks away from conventions, hoping to find freedom of intellect and soul with the man she loves. We find no hint of didacticism, no upholding of conventional morality, as we are shown the hopelessness of escape by this means,—only the futility of an attempt to shape one's life in opposition to the received canons of society. And the solution suggested at the end, while the only one, promises little happiness to the actors.

"The Journey," on the other hand, has no problem for its motive. It is the story of a young wife who is traveling with her sick husband, and who discovers one morning that he is dead. Such an experience, it is true, is not uncommon to human kind, but the character of the heroine makes this story unique. She has an instinctive horror of death. She cannot endure the thought of being put off at some station where she must remain with her husband's body. But this, she reflects, is what must happen if it is dis-

covered that he is dead. The only escape is in concealment, and with what intense agony of mind she succeeds in keeping her secret, the story goes on to tell. With a deft stroke here and there at the beginning of the story, Mrs. Wharton models into distinct relief the peculiar character and disposition of the wife. Each detail counts. Even "the visiting cards, which were still a surprise," tell volumes about her, while the transformation of her husband, the Fairy Prince, who had rescued her from her thralldom of school-teaching, into a querulous invalid, whom she half pities, half despises, is no less delicately suggestive.

While such power of psychological analysis as these stories reveal is by no means uncommon, it is somewhat surprising to find it in one who does not use it to serve the merely petty ends of realism. For it is with its aid that the author gives an impression of horror of the mysteriously subtle sensations of fear, so insidiously infectious that they are caught by the reader, and leave their mark on his mental experience. It is this analytic ability, together with her original subjects and artistic skill, that makes "The Greater Inclination" one of the most noteworthy of recent publications of short stories. O. F. S., 1900.

The Ship of Stars, by Arthur T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1899.

When a book comes to us full of the life and thoughts of people who live in an out-of-the-way corner of the world which few of us have visited, we feel justified at first in hesitating to pass judgment. Mr. Quiller-Couch has overcome any such reluctance on our part in the opening chapters of his book, "The Ship of Stars." First, he introduces us to the minister's family in the quiet, commonplace town of Honiton, and especially to Taffy. Then he puts us all into Tobey's van, and takes us to the very uncommon little town on the seacoast. When Taffy has his first experiences on the rocky coast we take our first whiffs of the salty sharpness of the air. We meet with him the wind, which gives us a friendly "clap on the shoulder, as if it had been a comrade waiting," and explore together the wonderful moving sands, "the tiny particles running over each other and drifting in and out of the rushes, like little creatures in a dream." From the same grassy

hillock we look with Taffy on the "blue line of sea and yellow sands curving around it with a white edge of breakers." In fact, we come to know Cornwall as Taffy knew it, and grow to love it as he loved it.

The distinct and delightful atmosphere of Mr. Quiller-Couch's book is not the only feature which makes it welcome to us. A great deal of its charm depends on the fresh and wholesome romance and the miniature studies of local characters, such as the revivalist preacher, the squire who had a mania for saving his soul, and the friendly Smith. And these characters are merely incidental as compared to the high-minded Pastor, Taffy's father, the girl Honoria and Taffy himself. First and last and always, it is the author's treatment of Taffy that we admire. We read with delight the delicate portrayal of boy life and child feeling—that time of whimsical dreams and adventures. Then we follow his experiences at Oxford, and trace the evolution of the dreaming child into the practical, self-reliant man,—a development as consistent in its entire course as it is charming in its details. And Honoria, too, we watch with interest, so practical in childhood, but at the end so like the boy Taffy in her dreaminess. We read of Honoria the woman: "It came to her with a pang that she and Taffy had changed places. He had taken her forthrightness, and left her, in exchange, his dreams." The story of the "Ship of Stars," which Taffy gayly promised to tell her when they were children, in later life finds form in Honoria's brain alone. Taffy's dream changed from the "Ship of Stars" to a dream of great action, in which his life should be the embodiment of his Father's prayer, "Lord, make men as towers."

E. J. N.

The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson, edited by Sidney Colvin. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1899.

> "There is no cutting of the Gordian Knots of life;
> Each must be smilingly unravelled."

Fortunately we cannot enter into a discussion of the advisability of the right or wrong in publishing letters of so intimate a nature as these within a few years of the death of their author. Briefly, the letters are now ours for all time, and we may decide for ourselves of what value they are to us.

Robert Louis Stevenson is an accredited master of the English language; one who understood its fine art so entirely he painted his pictures over and over again, that he might create just those beautiful evanescent forms and shadows living, yet unborn within his mind. This is Stevenson, the artist in his essays, as for instance: "A Letter to a Young Gentleman," "A Christmas Sermon" and "Pulvis et Umbro." But it is Stevenson the man, not the artist, that we seek and love in these letters; as always behind all art is the man. No letters, not even the Browning love letters, could make a full revelation of an exquisite personality. And it is this revelation of personality, not any literary criticism, not any contemporary records, which constitutes for us their worth.

With what a fine literary frankness Stevenson reveals himself. With what untiring sweetness he takes the ills of a life in which he had not only to meet constant sickness and weakness, but also misunderstanding from those he loved. How brightly he rails at his own physical ills, and comically calls himself a "sickist." With what patient endurance he encounters lack of confidence from those who so little understood his artistic and Bohemian nature, and even his literary ambitions. With what fine diligence he toiled unceasingly at his work. Truly, he exemplified his own theory of literature, that "in the wages of the life, not in the wages of the trade, lies your reward." What tenderness he showed for his father and mother and to his friends. We are reminded of Henley, whom he found sick these eighteen months in a dreary little Edinburgh hospital, and whose acquaintance, made there, ripened into a warm friendship. With what manly courage he met each uncertain day, and with what silent unselfishness he disregarded pain, poverty and disappointment. Aye? Smilingly he unraveled each "Gordian knot of life."

J. A. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

How Women May Earn a Living, by Helen Churchill Candee. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1900.

The Ship of Stars, by A. T. Quiller-Couch, (Q). Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1899.

The Greater Inclination, by Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1899.

Sketches of Lowly Life in a Great City, by Michael Angelo Woolf. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1899.

ART NOTES.

One of the most interesting happenings in the Boston art world for the month of February was the Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the Water Color Club at the Boston Art Club. The collection was of particular interest to us because of our friends among the contributors. Mr. Charles Woodbury, the treasurer of the club, exhibited a number of charming landscapes. Mrs. Whitman, who spoke to us some time ago on the subject of interior decoration, had her work represented by portraits and landscapes. John La Farge and Maurice B. Prendergast sent a number of most interesting bits of work. The most charming of Mr. Prendergast's studies was, "After the Shower on the Piazza," a scene before St. Mark's, Venice. Cecelia Beaux sent four sketches, among them drawings of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Captain Wainwright. They were by far the most attractive features of the exhibit.

At the gallery of Messrs. Doll and Richards, Mr. Chas. H. Woodbury had a most charming exhibition during the greater part of February. What was most noticeable in all his pictures of the sea was his wonderful understanding of the changes and variations of coloring in the ocean at different times. He showed us the green sea, the foam-flecked sea, the steel blue sea,—no characteristic phase seemed to have escaped his eye. Some of the ocean pictures are "The Maine Coast," "From the Cliffs," "A Flair." Mr. Woodbury gave us also some New England landscapes. The view in Boston, "Across the Common," taken from his studio window, is very charming. It was exhibited with one or two others of this collection in Wellesley some time ago.

The St. Botolph Club exhibit for March is the work of Mr. Twactchman and son. The announcement is in itself a promise of great pleasure to all art lovers.

We seem sometimes to forget that music as well as painting may be included under the generic term "art." So, though many of us visit the pic-

ture galleries frequently, Music Hall sees little of us. Those of us, however, who heard Pachman in his superb Chopin work on February 23, felt amply repaid for our unwonted mid-week excursion to town. The whole program was a veritable treat, and we could heartily echo the deep-voiced Teuton who followed the climax of a wonderfully brilliant passage with a great, awe-filled, marveling "Ach!" audible all over the house.

It seemed almost too good to be true to music lovers that the same week should hold Pachman and the "Judas Maccabeus" oratorio by the Handel and Haydn Society. The soloists in this oratorio were Mme. Trebelli, a wonderful soprano, Miss Gertrude May Stine, known of old to Wellesley girls, Mr. H. Evan Williams, New York's great tenor, and Mr. Myron Whitney and son, Boston's favorite bass singers. Such artists brought out the arias and recitatives of Handel's great work superbly, while Mr. Emil Mollenhauer conducted orchestra and chorus with his usual precision and expression.

EXCHANGES.

In spite of the decree of the *Amherst Lit. Monthly* that "the college man should leave essay writing pretty severely alone," we venture to put in a plea for its continuance. What we have found this month justifies our temerity. The *Yale Lit.* has an unusually good essay in embryo—which is, after all, the most we look for in our college magazines—on "The Spirit of Nineteenth Century French Poetry." It enters into a discussion of the temper of the great literary revolution introduced by the romantic movement under Chateaubriand and his successors. The *Columbia Lit.* presents, in an appreciative manner, the history of the "Threnody" in English poetry, and comments especially upon those songs of lamentation which have attained the highest place in our literature.

The *Mt. Holyoke* has an article on "Mount Holyoke's President Elect," accompanied by a portrait of Miss Woolley.

Our attention was attracted by a special announcement of the *Literary Review* in regard to the following prizes in a competition open to college undergraduates:—

1. $25 for the best short story.
2. $25 for the best essay on any literary subject.
3. $25 for the best poem of not more than fifty lines.

The stories of the month show possibilities rather than fulfillment. There is a very charming sketch in the *Columbia Lit.* called "The Queen's Fool." The theme is unique and attractive, and treated with daintiness and grace. "A Polynesian Idyl" in the same number is well worth reading. It is a queer combination of humorous extravagance and unpleasant, extraneous detail. The style is attractive.

While the *Columbia Lit.* is the best exchange of the month, the *Yale Lit.* has several good stories—too brief, perhaps, but forcible and picturesque. "The Downfall of Sober Phiz" is especially attractive in color and setting; "The Blue Bay" has a delicately wrought theme; and the "Ways of Their Races" and "The Seventh Beggar" both deserve mention.

The stories of the *Harvard Advocate* are fairly well told, but they seem somewhat a little strained for good effect—a fault common to most of the month's fiction. The most finished of the Harvard stories is called "Mary."

"The Course of Fame" in the *Williams Lit.* has touches of power and some real appreciation of tragic incident.

While the *Vassar Miscellany* is disappointing in stories, it contains an interesting article on "Modern Book Illustration," with mention of those artists who have achieved most notable success in the craft. Mr. John Burroughs' rustic home at Slabsides is described in the same magazine.

The *Smith Monthly* offers a rather striking, but poorly balanced tale, called, "Beyond the Switch Lights." The massing of incident is not borne out by the denouement.

We find the best verse of the month in the *Smith Monthly* and the *Columbia Lit.*, from which we clip the following:—

SOLITUDE.

My life had a joy for itself alone—
A dream of a wild, free, boundless plain,
A rushing of wind and a shiver of rain,
And the beat of the great sea strong and rude.
Share you my dream that was all mine own;
I have painted for you my solitude."

I have no joy in your wild, dark sky,
And I dare not turn me to look behind

For the fear of the rush of the mad, mad wind
Through the infinite spaces, pitiless.
And O for the sound of a human cry
In the terrible, utter loneliness!

Yea, but the joy floods high in me,—
A mad, sweet joy to be all alone
Where the soulless winds do strangely moan
And the storm clouds brood and drift and brood.
But how should you know the mystery?
I can never paint you my solitude.

—*Smith Monthly.*

THE HEART OF THE JESTER.

Corselet and breastplate, helm and greave,
His armor mocks your hostile care.
Only the chance touch on the sleeve
May make him wince at unaware.

—*Columbia Lit.*

SONG.

The hour is late, and we have drifted far—
Far into the enchantment of the night;
The starlit maze of bloom upon the shore
Melts into one white line, and soon the wave
That bears us on shall hide that, too, from sight.

The hour is late, and, see, a flock of dreams
Follow, all drowsy-winged, the wave where dips
Our shallop's prow. Ah, Sweet, sing on, for then
The bandit dreams will flee the beckoning Dawn
Nor hush my joy, the song upon thy lips. —*Smith Monthly.*

A PRAIRIE LULLABY.

The noisy north wind has gone away
That played with the scarlet-red lilies all day
In the prairie grass thick and deep.
And the sun that shone on the wheat fields green
No longer out in the west is seen,
And 'tis time for my baby to sleep.

The flax flowers have shut up their eyes of blue,
Just as my little one now must do,
  And the frogs are beginning to peep.
The meadow lark sings his evening song
As he sways up and down on a grass stalk long,
  While I rock my baby to sleep.

The slender oat straws nod sleepy and slow,
And the bearded wheat heads are bending low,
  As the shadows grow dark and deep.
The last ground sparrow is safe in its nest,
And the prairie wide is silent in rest,
  And my baby is fast asleep. —*Smith Monthly.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

January 30.—The freshmen elected their class officers as follows: President, Elizabeth C. Torrey; vice president, Frances Griswold Terry; recording secretary, Helene Buhlert; corresponding secretary, Louise Woodward Allen; treasurer, Carrie Holt; executive committee, Lucy Hegeman, Winona Tilton, Flora Dobbins; factotums, Eugenia Foster and Kate Lord; athletic association member, Louise Sargent.

February 1.—The mid-year examinations began.

February 3.—The examination period was pleasantly broken by a most successful ice carnival, given under the auspices of the athletic association. The lake was frozen smooth, and skating was never finer. The festival lasted from 6.30 to 9.30 P. M. On the shore, by a great bonfire, the band was stationed, and the music could be heard on the farthest edges of the lake. From the shore the scene was most animated and picturesque. Calcium lights sent long shafts of light across the ice, and from time to time rockets and red lights were touched off. Many of the skaters carried gay-colored lanterns at the ends of their hockey sticks. During the evening coffee and sandwiches were served at College Hall. In the Browning room, Miss Coman, Miss Woolley, Miss Hill, Miss Balch, Miss Hume and Miss Alice Chase received the guests. The carnival was in every way so enjoyable an occasion that it will undoubtedly be repeated next year. There is

no reason why an annual ice carnival should not be added to the list of Wellesley's out-door festivals.

February 4.—Dr. Lyman Abbott preached in the Houghton Chapel at 11 o'clock.

February 5.—A very delightful concert was given in the College Hall Chapel under the auspices of the Class of 1900. The class was fortunate enough to secure for this concert the Kneisel Quartet of Boston and Miss Aagot Lunde. The concert was one of the most brilliant and delightful of the year. By the proceeds from this concert the senior class is enabled to increase materially its funds toward a gift to the college.

February 10.—The entertainment at the Barn Swallow meeting took the form of a dance.

February 11.—Dr. Lyman Abbott held the morning service. At the vesper service Mr. Woods spoke on "The Duty of the Working Man."

February 13.—The second semester began.

February 18.—The Rev. Roland C. Smith, of Northampton, held the regular service at 11 o'clock. Instead of the usual vesper service a most impressive and interesting service was held in memory of John Ruskin. The service was given under the direction of the departments of English, English Literature, Economics and Art, and of the Wellesley College Settlement Chapter. President Hazard conducted the service, which included special prayers, responses and addresses. Miss Brown spoke on "Ruskin's Interpretation of Art," and Miss Balch and Miss Scudder treated the social aspects of Ruskin's work. Miss Marks, president of the Settlement Chapter, gave a reading from Ruskin. Among the hymns was one which was sung at the funeral of Ruskin, and written by Canon H. D. Rawnsley, who visited Wellesley last fall.

February 19.—The Zeta Alpha junior members, Miss Lathrop, Miss McCaulley, Miss Park, Miss Reed, Miss Sage and Miss Smith, gave a Colonial Ball in the Barn from 3 to 6 o'clock. This pretty costume dance is always one of the gayest and most enjoyable affairs of the winter term.

February 20.—A memorial service in memory of the founder of the college, Henry Fowle Durant, was held in the College Hall Chapel in the evening. The service was conducted by President Hazard. The address was made by Professor Hayes, of the department of Mathematics. The college chorus sang.

February 22.—The annual concert by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs was given as usual on Washington's Birthday in the College Hall chapel. The concert, which was an especially good one, was enjoyed by a large audience. The number of seats was so out of proportion to the tickets demanded that the clubs have decided to repeat the concert on March 5, for the benefit of those who were unable to procure tickets for the regular concert.

February 23.—Mr. Alleyne Ireland lectured on "Labor in the Tropics."

February 24.—An interesting reading was given in the Chapel by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian poet and author. Mr. Roberts read from his unpublished romance, "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," and from his poetry. After the reading a reception was held in the Horsford Parlor for Mr. Roberts and for the Authors' Club of Boston, who were the guests of honor of the College on this occasion. Among those present were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, Miss Annie Whitney, Miss Charlotte Porter, Mrs. H. A. Beach, Miss Eliza Orne White, Col. Higginson, Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, Prof. Rolfe, Mr. Nathan Dole, Mr. Herbert D. Ward.

In the evening the Phi Sigma Fraternity gave a reception to their friends in their new chapter house on Tupelo.

At the Barn Swallow meeting, tableaux and pantomime, illustrative of well-known songs, were given. Miss Caroline Rogers, 1900, was chairman of the committee of entertainment.

February 25.—Dr. E. S. Tipple, of New York City, preached at the usual hour. At the vesper service Mrs. Andrews spoke on the subject of Pundita Ramabai's work.

February 26.—Mr. Andrew J. George, of Brookline, gave a stereopticon lecture on "Wordsworth and the Lake Country."

February 28.—The Philosophy Club was addressed by Professor Gardiner, of Smith College, on the subject "Jonathan Edwards, an Early American Idealist."

SOCIETY NOTES.

A regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held in the Zeta Alpha House, January 27. The following programme was presented:—

I.	Comparison of Goldsmith and Fielding,	Miss Park.
II.	Fielding's Versatility	Miss Smith.
III.	Current Topic: The Trust Conference,	Miss Byington.
IV.	Scenes from Vicar of Wakefield.	
	Act I., Scene 2, The Arrival at the Inn.	
	Scene 3, In the New Vicarage.	
	The Vicar of Wakefield . .	Miss McCaulley.
	Mr. Thornhill	Miss Libby.
	Mr. Burchell	Miss Grover.
	Moses Primrose	Miss Reed.
	Mrs. Primrose	Miss Oliphant.
	Sophia Primrose	Miss Ring.
	Olivia Primrose	Miss Henning.

At a regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Fraternity held in Society Hall on January the twenty-seventh the following programme was given:—

The Short Story in the West.

1.	Roughing it in the West as seen in Bret Harte	Miss Helmholz.
2.	Music	Miss Wilcox.
3.	The short stories of Hamlin Garland .	Miss Vogel.
4.	A review of Octave Thanet's Stories of a Western Town	Miss Whiting.
5.	Music	Miss Abercrombie.
6.	Reading of the Rebound . . .	Miss Sperry.

At a regular meeting of Phi Sigma, held in Society Hall, February 17, the work of the second semester was begun and the following programme was given:—

Early Italian Art.

1. The Italian Renaissance in Art and Literature . . . . . Miss Huntington.
2. The Work of Botticelli . . . Miss Hall.
3. Music . . . . . Miss Abercrombie.
4. Giotto as Interpreted by Ruskin . . Miss Logan.
5. Reading: "How Sandro Botticelli saw Simonetta in the Spring," from Maurice Hewlett . . . . Miss Gordon.

On the evening of February 23 the Phi Sigma Chapter House was dedicated. The following former presidents of the Fraternity were present and took part in the dedicatory service: Miss Montague, '79; Miss Mabel G. Curtis, '90; Miss Helen Foss, '94; Miss Edith May, '97; Miss Sarah Doyle, '98; Miss Bertha Wetherbee, '99. The following former members were present: Miss Grace Curtis, '88–89; Miss Esther Bailey, '91; Miss Lillian Crawford, '92; Miss Helen Eager, '93; Miss Mary Hill, '93; Mrs. Ethel Stanwood Bolton, '94; Miss Bertha Longley, '94; Miss Mary Chase, '95; Miss Abbie Paige, '96; Miss Edith Ladd, '97; Miss Katharine Pinkham, '97; Miss Martha Dalzell, '98; Miss Helen Hunt, '98; Miss Minnie Coolidge, '99; Miss Frances Mason, '99; Miss Lucy Plympton, '99.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

[The alumna editor would like to know the names and the permanent addresses ef tho corresponding secretaries of the classes, '79–'99 inclusive, and will be very grateful to all alumnæ who can give her the desired information.]

DENISON HOUSE NOTES.

February is a short month, but every month at Denison House contains some interesting event. The most important occasion in February was the reception given by the Teachers' Club on the 5th, to meet Admiral Sampson. Mayor Hart was also present, and the evening was most enjoyable.

The Woman's Club had a very interesting talk on alcoholism, from Dr. Dutton, at one of their meetings. The club has begun to make articles for its annual sale which will be held in May.

The Denison Dramatic Club will give the play of "Damon and Pythias" on March 2nd at Union Hall, Boylston street. The club has been studying this play all winter, and it is hoped that the performance will rival that of "Julius Cæsar."

Among the visitors at the house this month were Miss Huntington and Miss Stackwell of Wellesley.

Our friends will be grieved to learn that Miss Dudley has been called to Denver by the death of her father. She will return to the settlement in March.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WASHINGTON WELLESLEY ASSOCIATION.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Washington Wellesley Association was held Friday afternoon, December 29, at the residence of Miss Jackson.

The program arranged for the meeting proved to be one of unusual interest. After welcoming our thirty guests and members of the Association, the president, Miss Jackson, introduced Miss Hoge, '98, who gave us a very entertaining account of her visit to the College last Commencement. Then Miss Draper, 1902, gave the College "Annals" for the past year, including a description of the installation of the new president. Afterwards a very pleasant hour was spent in greetings and conversation.

The past year has been a very active one for the Association in both a social and a business way. There have been several social meetings, generally taking the form of a tea, given by some member in honor of a Wellesley guest from abroad. From a business standpoint this club, in common with the other Wellesley clubs, has directed its efforts chiefly toward the Edowment Fund. Although the results have been less successful than the members hoped they would be, the club feels that each individual has done all she could, and that enough cannot be said in praise of the untiring efforts of Mrs. Mabel Godfrey Swormstedt, '91, chairman for the District of Columbia.

The officers for the year 1900 are as follows: President, Caroline Cadwell Tyler, '86; vice president, Nancy J. McKnight, '87; secretary, Edna C. Spaulding, '92; treasurer, Harriet J. Buckley, Sp.; business manager, Frida M. Raynal, '97.

THE NEW YORK WELLESLEY CLUB.

The regular meeting of the New York Wellesley Club was held Saturday, February 17, at half past three o'clock, at 30 East 57th Street. Mr. John Burroughs, the guest of the club, spoke very delightfully, in an informal way, of his observations of birds. At the close of the talk tea was served, and the members of the club were given an opportunity to meet Mr. Burroughs.

Miss Minnie H. Webster, Sp., '86–'88, has a position in the Athenæum Library, Boston.

Miss Edith S. Tufts, '85, and Miss Grace Stone, '89, are teaching in the Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. Ethel Glover Hatfield, '90, with Dr. Hatfield, of the University of Chicago, and their young son, is spending the winter in Washington with Mr. and Mrs. Glover.

Miss Alice A. Stevens, '91, is teaching in the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Dora Emerson Wheeler, '92, has moved from Chicago to Austin, Texas. Her husband, Prof. William Morton Wheeler, has been called to a position in the State University.

Miss Alice W. Kellogg, '94, has returned from the Huguenot College, Wellington, Cape Colony, where she has been teaching for three and a half years. Her address is 19 Lancaster street, Cambridge Mass.

Miss Clara Stanwood, '94, has charge of the woman's department of the Boston *Record* and the Boston *Advertiser*.

Miss Mabel Wellman, '95, is teaching in the High School, Brookline, Mass.

Miss Cornelia Huntington, '95, has private pupils, at Milton, Mass.

Miss Bessie Smith, '95, is librarian of the Harlem Library, New York.

Misses Grace Miller and Grace Waymouth, both '95, are teaching in a private school in Akron Ohio.

Miss Edith Butler, '96, is teaching English at Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois.

Miss Agnes Caldwell, '96, is spending the winter in and about New York City.

Miss Harriet Clarke, '96, is at home this winter.

Miss Jessie Munger, '97, is teaching in Wayne, Penn.

Miss Nettie Taylor, '97, is teaching in the Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Mary Hamblett, '98, is in Miss Bell's school, Philadelphia, Penn.

Miss Helen Mason, formerly of '98, is teaching in Littleton, Mass.

Miss Sabra Maud Moore, '98, is teaching in Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Elizabeth Seelman, '98, is teaching in the public schools of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Orton, '98, to Professor Caldwell of Ohio University.

MARRIAGES.

JOHNSON–ALFORD.—In Waterloo, Iowa, December 27, 1899, Miss Mary E. Alford, student at Wellesley, '92–93, to Mr. Lewis E. Johnson. At home, Steelton, Penn.

SPRAGUE–BAILEY.—In Newton, Mass., January 24, 1900, Miss Isabel Dewey Bailey, Sp. '93–'94, to Mr. Goodwin S. Sprague.

JOHNSON–SIMONDS.—In Chicago, February 10, 1900, Miss Mary E. Simonds, '97, to Mr. Roswell Hill Johnson, of Buffalo.

CULBERT–DENNY.—In Worcester, Mass., January 11, 1900, Miss Alice Elizabeth Denny, '95, to Mr. Peter Robertson Culbert. At home, Worcester, Mass.

BIRTHS.

In Middletown, Conn., December 30, 1898, a daughter, Catherine Adele, to Mrs. Theodora Dudley Burr, '91.

In Cambridge, Mass., June 5, 1899, a daughter, Dorothy, to Mrs. Mary Sawin Weinschenk, student at Wellesley, '90–'91.

In Austin, Texas, January —, 1900, a daughter, Helen, to Mrs. Mabel Nevins Mather, '89.

In Washington, D. C., January 24, 1900, a son, John Glover Hatfield, to Mrs. Ethel Glover Hatfield, '90.

DEATHS.

At New Bedford, Mass., January 25, 1900, Mrs. Jason Warren Braley, mother of Miss Elizabeth W. Braley, '86, Miss Jessica N. Braley, '98, and Miss Anna Braley, Sp. '80–81.

At Cambridge, Mass., January 31, 1900, Oliver H. Durrell, father of Mrs. Jessie Durrell Grover, formerly of '97.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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EDITOR IN CHIEF.
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All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Edith M. Wright, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Martha G. McCaulley, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Mabelle C. Phillips, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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A GARLAND OF GREEK SONG.

To speak of a collection of poetry as a "garland" is of course not original with any one now, nor does it merely date back to the days of the illustrated "Parlor Annuals," which delighted the hearts of the mildly literary ones among our great-grandmothers, and were the objects of awesome admiration on the part of their children, who were straitly forbidden to touch them.

One of the earliest collections of Greek minor poems was called the Garland, and it was made by Meleager, a native of Gadara in Palestine, in the first century B. C. A goodly garden had Meleager from which to cull the flowers for his Garland, and he seems to have gathered them with a lavish hand; and being himself a poet of no mean rank, he twined in some "white violets" of his own, as he himself says.

In the dedication of his "garland" to his friend Diocles he mentions the names of forty-seven poets, and assigns to each one a flower; some were the famous classic poets, like Sappho, Archilochus, Alcaeus, Bacchylides, and Anacreon; others were contemporaries of his own, whose only title to

fame now is their place in this garland. The choice of some of the flowers shows a delicate and discriminating appreciation of the qualities of the poet; as for example when he gives to the keen, satirical Archilochus "rough flower of thorn," and to Erinna, a poetess who died at nineteen years of age, "The sweet crocus, fair as the flesh of the maid," and speaks of the "sweet myrtle of Callimachos, full of pungent honey." And who does not at once inscribe on the fly-leaf of his Sappho, "Of Sappho few, but roses."

This collection of Meleager's is the nucleus of the many collections which followed from time to time, and which are now preserved to us as the "Greek Anthology," a remarkable body of poetry extending over a period of more than eighteen hundred years. It is made up principally of short pieces in elegiac meter, an artistic, poetic form which remained in vogue through all the centuries without modification. Its beginnings are lost in the prehistoric haze, and it appears first in literature in full flower of delicate perfection.

This continuous line of poetry, like a slender, golden bridge, connects the classical age with the medieval and modern.

Like all the best expressions of Greek genius, in whatever form of art, it makes that direct and universal human appeal which gives it permanent value and an interest undimmed by time.

The elegiac meter seems to have been the first departure from the heroic hexameter of Homer, and proved a wonderfully plastic verse, adaptable to a great variety of subjects. Longfellow has well described it under the figure of a wave.

> "Peradventure of old, some bard in Ionian Islands
> Walking alone by the sea, hearing the wash of the waves,
> Learned the secret from them of the beautiful verse elegiac,
> Breathing into his song motion and sound of the sea.
>
> "For as the wave of the sea, upheaving in long undulations,
> Plunges loud on the sands, pauses, and turns and retreats,
> So the hexameter, rising and singing with cadence sonorous,
> Falls, and in refluent rhythm, back the pentameter flows."

Professor Jebb (in his Classical Greek Poetry) says: "An elegiac couplet has the effect of a complete whole. It is the first verse, the hexameter, which pitches the tone of feeling. But the relation of the second

verse to the first is almost infinitely various. Instead of sweeping the mind onward, as is done by a continuous flow of hexameter; it invites our thought to return upon itself; it gives a meditative pause, a moment of reflection."

The elegy, then, stands between the stately epic and the emotional lyric, between Homer and Sappho. It is used by the poets for a wide range of subjects,—the ringing martial battle cry of Tyrtaeus, the political wisdom of Solon, the ethical reflections of philosophers; love and revelry, the delights of life and the certainty of death; dedications upon works of art public and private, and upon votive offerings to the gods; inscriptions for the graves of all sorts and conditions of men, women and children, from the hero fallen in battle to the peasant and the sailor and the fisherman,—nay, even the pets of the household, the dog, the bird which the cat caught, the chirping locust, have their epitaphs.

From the fact that an epigram was originally composed to be inscribed or engraved on a stele or tablet, it was somewhat restricted in length by considerations of space. Some of the finest consist of only a single couplet; many have two couplets, or even three or four, but these last are apt to show a weakening of poetic force. The rich nectar is diluted.

IX. 342–369. In the anthology we have two epigrams on this subject of the proper length of the epigram. In one of them, Pannenio, who belongs to Roman times, says, "I affirm that an epigram of many verses is not according to the muses." The other says, "The best epigram is the couplet; if you go beyond three (couplets) you are uttering a rhapsody and not an epigram."

An old Roman poet has a very bright rule for an epigram,—

> "Omne epigramma sit instar apis; sit aculeus illi
> Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui."

which some one has translated,—

> "Three things must epigrams, like bees, have all,—
> A sting and honey and a body small."

Or this,—

> "The qualities rare in a bee that we meet
> In an epigram never should fail,—
> The body should always be little and sweet,
> And a sting should be left in its tail."

This rule, however, applies better to the Latin than to the Greek epigrams.

To change the figure, an epigram is something like an engraved gem in art, or like the sonnet form in poetry. Its very limitations in size demand for it a simplicity of form, an accuracy of minute detail and a delicacy of finish which would be impossible in a more extended work on a larger scale. There is, of course, the danger that work of this sort may degenerate into mere prettiness, as is sometimes the case, but the Greek principle of "nought in excess" long kept their poets to what Watts-Dunton calls their "high, imperious verbal economy."

The anthology has a further interest and value in that it takes us to every part of the Hellenic world. We are bound on a voyage of song, as Pindar would say; over the sea to Asia Minor, Smyrna and Ephesus and Miletus, and the islands along the coast, Cos and Rhodes and Samos and Lesbos; from Byzantium on the north to Alexandria on the south; from Syria and Palestine on the coast to Italy, Sicily and Marseilles.

These minor poems have some of the characteristics which belong to minor works of art in other fields. We miss something of the grand style of the great masters; we must not expect the magnificence of Pindar, nor the rich sweetness of the deep-hearted Lesbian rose, Sappho, nor the cameo simplicity of Simonides, master of the heroic and the pathetic. But perhaps these show us something of the life of the people: the general level of their intelligence and feeling, their love of nature, their family affections or feuds, their light-heartedness, their daily toil, their bitter griefs, so like the griefs of children without retrospect and without hope. If we are not among the mountain-tops of the great geniuses, we are among "the dewy flowers of golden Persephone, herself a fairer flower"; just as one traveling now in Greece turns from thoughts of the battle of Salamis to gather the pink heather on the hillside, and forgets for the moment the mighty past of Olympia, to fill one's notebook with the orchids and silver-leaved convolvulus that riot among the ruins.

There is a story — and the best of it is it is true — that when the silver mines of Laurium were reopened after many centuries of neglect, and the earth was thrown out, there sprang from some long-buried seed a new flower, a new variety of poppy not known in that region. So may some of the unfamiliar flowers of Meleagar and Antipater and Agathias bloom again for us.

Of all the many subjects which one might select, I have thought especially of three for our Garland,— Nature, Love and Epitaphs.

That the classical Greek poets should not have treated nature more as a special subject for poetry was certainly not because they did not live in the midst of the most beautiful and inspiring natural surroundings; nor was it that they were indifferent to them. From Homer down all the poetry is tinged with the very colors of their landscape; and in all their art they learned clearness of outline and purity of form from the sharp and clear-cut lines of their own mountains seen through the blue depths of the pellucid air, —an air capable of holding miles of color, violet and gold and rose, yet without haze.

In these later poets nature is more consciously treated, but with simple directness, and not with moralizings.

Imagination and fancy feel a kindred life in nature; Pan and the nymphs were not yet slain by science. Man's home and all his real life were out of doors; a house was only a shelter for some emergency of storm or danger. Much of the same feeling still lingers among people in southern countries. If you are cold, go out into the sunshine and get warm. A fire is good for nothing but to cook food.

Nature in Greece is pre-eminently gentle. She does not frown, but smile. Her mountains are not terrible; even the steep cliffs above Delphi are the Phaednadae, the shining cliffs. Forests there are none; the sun pours unhindered floods of light up and down the valleys. Olive trees shimmer and gleam like silver against the deep-blue sky, and the light sifts through between their slender leaves and dapples the ground beneath, but they cast no depth of shade.

In Greece Pan is not dead, — "the great god Pan down in the reeds by the river," or lurking in lonely glens of Mt. Parthenion or snowy Kyllene. At noontide the shepherd knows he must not pipe too loud, for Pan is taking his siesta, and terrible is his wrath if he is disturbed. To this day as one passes along the country roads of Greece, Pan looks out from the arch little face of every demure and playful kid. All wild and furry creatures are his, and the sweet, wild sounds among the mountains; "he shows to the hound the track of the furry foot." Here is a little song about him which bears the great name of Plato; and who shall say it is not worthy of him?

"Silent! shaggy scaur that Dryads keep,
Silent! rills adown the crags that run,
Silent! mingled bleating of the sheep,—
Pan himself the piping has begun.
To his tuneful lip the reed sets he,
Lo, the dance awakens at his call.
Let your young feet trip it merrily,
Water nymphs and wood nymphs one and all."

—*Hardinge.*

(Perhaps I ought to say at once that when I give metrical translations they are not my own; the Muses having denied to me "the accomplishment of verse." The prose—but I hope not prosy—versions are my own.)

If we go back as far as Plato we must not omit this which sings with the very music of pines whose needles respond to the wind like an Æolian harp.

"Come, sit thee down beside this lofty, tuneful pine, quivering with the frequent zephyrs' touch, and by the plashing streams my shepherd's pipe of reeds shall on thy charmèd eyes drop down deep sleep and rest."

(Henceforth this poem always brings to my mind the valley of Bari, on the southern coast of Attica; a valley which opens sunward and seaward between two spurs of Mt. Hymettus, whose slopes are clothed with pines which fill the air with their spicy odors.)

Many of the sweetest of these flowers of song appear without any name of author, and with no possible indication of place or date. One might make a garland of just these fugitive pieces. Here is one that invites the wayfarer to rest.

IX. 645. "Here throw thyself down upon the grassy meadow, O traveler, and rest thy limbs relaxed from painful weariness, where the pine, trembling in the western breezes, shall soothe thee as thou listenest to the song of the cicadas, and the shepherd on the mountains piping at noonday close beside the spring under a copse of shady plane trees. So, avoiding the heats of the summer dog-star, thou shalt cross the height to-morrow, mindful of this good advice of Pan."

IX. 374. Here is another nameless one, for a wayside spring, named The Clear. "I, the ever-flowing fountain Clear, gush forth for passing way-

farers from the neighboring dell. On every side I am well bordered with planes and soft-flowering daphne, making a cool, shady place to lie. So pass me not by in summer; rest beside me, and ward off thirst and weariness in quiet."

Among the many sounds of nature the Greeks seem to have loved the hum and murmur of insects, being as they are the very voice of the grass. Their favorite was the tettix, or cicada, whose golden effigy the Athenians delighted to wear in token that they were as truly native to the soil as he. This little insect, with his shrill, monotonous note, has almost a literature to himself.

Here is a little elegy about a cicada caught by a swallow, who is here called "a maid of Attica":—

"Thou Attic maid, fed with honey, dost thou, a chatterer, seize the chattering cicada and bear him to thy unfledged young? Thou chatterer catching the chatterer, thou winged the winged, thou summer guest the summer guest? It is not right that songsters perish by the mouths of songsters."

Another complains:—

"Why, shepherds, do ye ruthlessly drag me off the dewey branches, me, the wayside nightingale of the nymphs? Here are the thrush and the blackbird that plunder your fields—slay them. Why begrudge me my leaves and fresh dew?"

That they understood how the note of the insect is produced is shown by the following (by Meleager):—

"Chirruping grasshopper, drunken with dewdrops,
  Lonely, thou tunest a shrill meadow lay,
Perched upon petals, with legs that are saw-like,
  Swarthy one, as on a cithern to play.
Friend, sing anew for delight of the tree-nymphs,
  Answer to Pan with a rivalling strain,
That I, fleeing Love, may get sleep in the noontide
  Here, lying under the shade of the plane."

—*Headlam.*

VI. 54 M. 2.14. The story is told of a musician who, while engaged in a prize contest, had the misfortune to break one of the strings of his lyre with

jarring sound. "But before the tune halted in its fair harmonies, a delicate, trilling grasshopper perched upon the lyre and supplied the note of the lost string."

Browning tells the story, you remember, in his Two Poets of Croisic.

"Some mad thing that left its thicket
For mere love of music—flew,
With its little heart on fire,
Lighted on the crippled lyre."

Let us not imagine that this is too trivial a theme for song. Did not Keats write a sonnet on the grasshopper and cricket in the very spirit of Meleager or the Anacreontea:—

"The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury—he has never done
With his delights: for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the hearth there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshoppers among some grassy hills."

That these old bards should have been touched to song at the approach of spring need not surprise us. Meleager says:—

"Then if green leaves are merry and earth is all in bloom,
And if the shepherd pipeth, and fleecy flocks delight,
If Dionysus danceth and sailors are afloat,
If chant the feathered creatures, and bees are travailing,
How should not in the springtime the poet sweetly sing?"

—*Headlam.*

It is in the spring that the restless, roving spirit seizes the heart of the Greek sailor, as his fickle mistress the sea entices him out to try his fortunes. The time for sailing to begin, Hesiod says, is when the young leaves on the fig-tree are the size of a crow's foot.

X. 1. Leonidas of Tarentum sings: "Now is the season for sailing, for the chattering swallow has already come and the gracious westwind: the meadows are in flower; the sea, no longer agitated with rough blasts, has sunk to silence. Weigh your anchors and loose your cables, sailor, and sail with all sails set. I, Priapus, the god of the harbor, bid you thus that you may sail for all your traffic."

A similar one by Agathias begins: "The sea lies purple in calm; the wind whitens not the waves with a ripple, the zephyrs breathe softly: the swallow twitters while she plasters her nest beneath the eaves; have courage, good mariner, if thou wouldst sail to the Banks, or to shores of Sicily."

Our Meleager of the Garland was, for the most part, a poet of love. John Addington Symonds says of him: "Meleager had a spirit of the subtlest and the sweetest, a heart of the tenderest and a genius of the purest that has been ever granted to an elegist of earthly love."

For beautiful versions of fifty of his poems we are indebted to Walter Headlam. Andrew Lang, too, has done a number. His poetry is especially rich in his use of flowers.

Headlam, p. 49:—

"White violets I'll twine;
The tender daffodilly
With myrtles I'll entwine;
I'll twine the laughing lily.
I'll twine sweet crocus too;
I'll twine among my posies
Dark hyacinth for blue;
I'll twine the lover's roses.
That, thrown my lady's head
Of myrrhy tresses over,
A wreath with blossom shed
Her lovely locks may cover."

Headlam, p. 9:—

"Now bloometh the white violet, now bloom the daffodils
That love the rain, the lilies bloom that ramble o'er the hills.
Now love's delight, among the flowers the fairest flower that blows,
Zenophile is in her bloom, enchantment's own sweet rose.
Ye meadows, why so vainly smile for blossoms in the grass.
Whereas your fragrant posies all, my lady doth surpass?"

P. 31:—

"Soon Heliodora, with her prattle sweet,
In graces e'en the Graces will defeat."

P. 51:—

"On Heliodora's brow the garland pines,
But she the garland of the garland shines."

Or thus:—

"The garland withers in an hour,
My lady blooms, the garland's flower."

Marcus Argentarius, IX. 161. Here is one which reminds us of Aldrich's poem purporting to have been found among the papers of a Harvard undergraduate, beginning:—

"The bloom that lies on Fannie's cheek
Is all my Latin, all my Greek."

"One day while turning the leaves of my Hesiod with my hands, I suddenly saw fair Pyrrha coming toward me; and I flung the book on the ground and cried, "Why are you bothering me with your 'Works and Days,' old Hesiod?"

V. 34. Parmenio. (The rich lover.) "Zeus wooed Danæ with gold, and I woo thee with gold; how can I give more than Zeus?"

V. 59. Archias: "To flee from Love is a useless struggle. How shall I escape on foot when I am pursued with wings?"

Strato, XII. 177. "At the hour of evening when we say good-night, Moeris kissed me. I know not whether really or in a dream. I know very clearly everything else, what she said and what she asked. But whether or not she kissed me, too, I have my doubts; for if it is true, how is it that after being apotheosized by a kiss, I am still wandering on earth?"

Here, perhaps, is the original of Ben Jonson's, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

V. 261:—

"I love not wine, but shouldst thou wish
That I its slave might be,
Thou needest but to taste the cup,
Then hand it back to me.
For unto me that cup would bring
From thy dear lips a kiss,
And while I drank would softly tell
How it received such bliss."—*L. C. Perry.*

V. 74. Palladas. (The thorn in the garland) :—

"Flowers my fingers have been weaving,
Rhodoclea, you're receiving;
Here's a lily, and the cup
Of a full rose mantling up;
Fresh anemone hath met
With narcissus dewy-wet
And the dark-eyed violet.
Put this garland on, and then,
Lady, be not proud again;
Wreath and lady fair were made
Both to flourish, both to fade."—*W. J.*

V. 81. Dionysius the sophist. To a fair flower-girl: "You, with the roses, have the beauty of a rose. Which is for sale, you or the roses, or both?"

V. 270. Paul the silentiary. To one whose charms outshine her jewels: "The rose hath no need of crowns, nor thou, my queen, of silken robes nor head-dress set with gems. Pearls are not whiter than thy flesh, nor does gold heighten the gleam of thy fair locks flowing free. The dark luster of the Indian hyacinth is pale beside thy eyes. Thy lips drop dew, and the sweet grace of thy presence is as the magic girdle of Aphrodite. By thine eyes, wherein a sweet hope lingers, am I held spell-bound."

So sings Richard Crashaw to his mistress:—

"Eyes that displace
The neighbor diamond, and outface
That sunshine by their own sweet grace.
Tresses that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are."

Of the epitaphs there are nearly a thousand, both public and private, of all ages. Among them are some of the most beautiful specimens of Greek elegy.

As with the grave-reliefs, we find the epitaphs characterized by noble simplicity, naturalness and pathos, and a certain delicate reserve in the expression of feeling. Many of them are without name of author, and these

are the ones most likely to have been actually inscribed upon stelae; while many of those written upon distinguished people are only literary memorials. Such are the two famous ones on Plato.

VII. 61.:—

> "Earth in her breast hides Plato's dust; his soul
> The gods forever mid their ranks enroll."

And another, beautifully rendered by Shelley:—

> "Eagle, why soarest thou about the tomb?
> To what sublime and starry-paven home
> Floatest thou?
> I am the image of Plato's swift spirit
> Ascending heaven: Athens doth inherit
> His corpse below."

There are a number on Sappho, of which this one has been translated by Andrew Lang:—

VII. 14. Antipater of Sidon:—

> "Sappho thou coverest, Æolian land!
> The Muse who died,
> Who with the deathless Muses hand in hand
> Sang, side by side!
> Sappho, at once of Cypris and of Love
> The child and care;
> Sappho, that those immortal garlands wove
> For the Muses' hair.
> Sappho, the joy of Hellas, and thy crown.
> Ye sisters dread,
> Who spin for mortals from the distaff down
> The threefold thread,
> Why span ye not for her unending days,
> Unsetting sun,
> For her who wrought the imperishable lays
> Of Helicon?"

There are many on Homer and Anacreon: "the divine Homer," "prophet of the blessed gods," "light of the Muses"; Anacreon "the Teian swan," "pride of Ionians," "who even in Hades forgets not song and the

lyre." And on Sophocles, "about whose tomb the ivy twines, and bees distill the brown honey of Hymettus." And on Æschylus, soldier and poet, "whose valor Marathon knows well," lies in a Sicilian grave far from his native Eleusis. And Euripides, buried in the shady glen of Pieria, of whom Thucydides said that all Hellas was his monument.

But it is in the epitaphs of less distinguished and even commonplace persons that we find the quality which touches an answering chord. That death should come to old age in its ripeness seemed not unwelcome nor unnatural, but there is an especial sadness expressed over those who die young.

This is over a little child :—

> "This is the grave of a child, the sweetest daughter."

There is, perhaps, only one other in the world that matches this for simplicity and pathos. In the cloisters of Wesminster Abbey is a slab which, besides the dates of birth and death, bears only these words, "Jane Leister, Deare Childe."

The Greek sentiment that "whom the gods love die young" appears in many forms in the epitaphs. Sometimes it is over a young wife. Here is one which shows traces of having had originally five verses, part of which are destroyed, but out of the wreck shine these words, as if they had defied the obliterating hand of Time :—

> "Deathless love of thy spirit abides with thy husband."

And in a very dusty room of the capitoline museum at Rome one comes suddenly upon a modest little stone bearing these words :—

> "This pledge of love for Aste Daphnis made,
> Who loved her living, and longs for her dead."

Surely "Love is a flower whose petals never fall off."

Still more often the person celebrated is an unmarried youth or maiden, to whom was devoted the beautiful two-handled marriage vase of which so many specimens have been found.

This is a famous epitaph by Meleager (trans. by Z. A. Symonds, M. D.) :—

> "Poor Clearistе loosed her virgin zone
> Not for her wedding, but for Acheron.
> 'Twas but last eve the merry pipes were swelling,
> And dancing footsteps thrilled the festive dwelling;
> Morn changed those notes for wailings loud and long,
> And dirges drowned the hymeneal song."

There are many for persons lost at sea :—

> "Mariner, seek not to know whose tomb is here,
> But be thy fortune on a kinder sea."

We often meet the expression, "Light lie the earth above thee;" for example in this on an old gardener :—

> "Dear earth receive Amyntichos to rest
> Mindful of all his labor spent on thee;
> Thee with the boughs of Bacchus oft he dressed,
> And in thee planted oft the olive tree;
> Filled thee with Deo's grain, and trenches led
> To make thee rich in herbs and autumn fruits.
> Lie thou then lightly on his hoary head,
> And deck his tomb with springtide's tender shoots."
>
> —*J. Williams.*

On the grave reliefs we find there is room in the family group for the slave, the nurse, and even the pet dog and bird. There are several monuments dedicated especially to nurses; one, Phanostrate, enjoyed the distinction of being both a nurse and a physician.

A monument found at Pergamos belonging to the second century A. D. mentions a physician whose wife was, as he says, not inferior to him in his own art. "Hera never saw such a wife," he adds, "for beauty and cleverness; she bore sons and guided the helm of the household, and added to the family reputation for medicine."

To a slave we find this :—

> "She who was once but in her flesh a slave,
> Hath for her flesh found freedom in the grave."

To dogs there are several, one even attributed to Simonides: "Even tho' thou art dead, the wild beasts still, methinks, tremble at thy bones here in this tomb, O huntress Leukas; great Pelion knows thy bravery, and far-shining Ossa, and the lonely peaks of Kithaeron."

"Thou who passest along this path, if thou dost notice this monument, do not, I pray thee, laugh, if it is the grave of a dog. I was bewept; my master's hands covered me with dust, who also wrote this word upon my stele."

Less heroic is this: "Here lies all there was of Thea, little dog, all her devotion, her affection, her animated ways."

Mackail, 11, 13, gives one on a dead singing bird, which he translates: "O bird beloved of the Graces, O rivalling the halcyons in likeness of thy note, thou art snatched away, dear warbler, and thy ways and thy sweet breath are held in the silent paths of night." This reminds one of Catullus's exquisite song for his lady Leskia's sparrow.

VII. 202. Anyte of Tegea wrote this on the bird killed by the cat: "No longer as formerly wilt thou rouse me early in the morning with thy fluttering wings; for the destroyer stealthily coming upon thee in thy sleep killed thee, burying his swift claws in thy throat."

And another is addressed to the cat, VII. 206: "Most mischievous cat, thou art like the fierce hounds of Actaeon, thou hast eaten thy master's partridge; and while thy mind was on partridges the mice were having a revel, helping themselves to thy dainties."

Of the many epitaphs in which we feel the pulse of a warm, true friendship, this by Callimachos on his friend Heraclitos, also a poet, is justly one of the most famous:—

"They told me, Heraclitos, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.
And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales awake,
For death, he taketh all away, but them he can not take."

As we began our Garland with Meleager so we will close with him. Even Helidora, "the garland's flower," faded, and he laid this exquisite song upon her tomb.

Anth. VII. 476. Meleager:—

"Tears for my lady dead—
Heliodore.
Salt tears and strange to shed
Over and o'er;
Tears to my lady dead,
Love do we send.
Longed for, remembered,
Lover and friend,
Sad are the songs we sing,
Tears that we shed;
Empty the gifts we bring,
Gifts to the dead!

"Go, tears, and go lament,
Fare from her tomb;
Wend where my lady went
Down thro' the gloom.
Ah! for my flower, my love!
Hades hath taken;
Ah! for the dust above,
Scattered and shaken!
Mother of blade and grass,
Earth, in thy breast
Lull her that gentlest was
Gently to rest."

(*Translated by Andrew Lang.*)

ANGIE CLARA CHAPIN.

LOVE'S PROMISE.

Love spake a word to me
  Across the lands;
"Lo, where I wait," said he,
  "With open hands,
The hills are white with snow,
  But lingering
In valleys far below,
  I keep the spring."

Love gave his hand to me
  Across the years;
"Look up and smile," said he,
  "And have no fears.
The alien days are long,
  But I shall come,
And with triumphant song
  Will lead you home."

Love flashed a smile to me
  Across the seas;
"Be of good cheer," said he,
  "And true heart's ease.
Lo, at the open gate
  Of the new year,
Crowned with Mayflowers, I wait
  To meet you, dear."

R. C.

IN THE EIGHTEENTH WARD.

It was noontime, and for three quarters of an hour the whir of machines was stilled in the long workroom of Sharp's cloak factory. Most of the men had gone out for luncheon to the cheap restaurants near by. But in one corner a small group of tailors were talking excitedly over their luncheon pails. The air was full of the fine dust from the woolen materials heaped up on the cutting tables; the open windows admitted no breeze strong enough

to scatter it, and into the room beat the June sunlight, already grown cruel, as it does so early in cities. The heat that brooded sullenly upon the roofs above and the pavements below seemed to have worked itself into the temper of the little group, for they talked in roughly broken, petulant snatches of speech, interrupting and contradicting each other in voluble mixtures of German, Russian, Bohemian and English. A bystander unacquainted with the *patois* would have been surprised to know that in reality they agreed with each other upon all essential points of the discussion, and that they were merely making the best of their unanimity by ignoring it as far as possible, each man contributing his due share of argument and invective to overwhelm a shadowy antagonist. Their dark faces were contracted with the same nervous tension that harshened their voices; hands and arms waved in air and pounded on tables for emphasis.

"I tell you it is time for such things to stop!" shouted a meager Pole, in vernacular that fairly crackled with heat. "We've got to show those money-grabbers that they don't own the earth. They'd like to run the city and us in it, as well as their street cars. We'll just show them it ain't so easy to do either."

"It's as bad as Russia, any day," broke in another. "Here a man wants to earn an honest penny and they won't let him, unless he stops calling his soul his own. It's all an excuse — what the company says about needing more time to change their running schedules. I tell you they never meant to keep their side of the agreement. They were just putting up a big bluff. But we're onto their tricks."

"Yes," assented a third; "why, aren't they turning off Union men every day, on every excuse they can find? You mark my word, in a month there won't be a Union man on the Big Consolidated Lines. Not one, I tell you!"

"And how will they run the cars? As they do now, with scabs, riff-raff, murderers they've picked up from the streets, who will run over our children out of pure deviltry! Look at that case out on Broadway!"

"I bet he'll be acquitted," said a German.

"Well, all I can say is, he might as well have been hung," cried the Pole. "Just let him show his ugly face and his scab uniform out Newburgh way ——"

"We laid it in hot and heavy for one of them, I tell you," began a

young man with a heavy face. "It was this morning when I came to work. I got as far as the Market House when along came a scab car with a policeman stuck up in front, and the motorman with his face like a sheet of paper. All our gang were there, and I tell you we had some fun. There were a heap of stones lying where they had been mending the road, and there were a lot of market women with eggs and vegetables left over from last week's market, I guess. You oughter seen the scabs try to dodge!" He chuckled at the recollection. "I bet the Big Consolidated 'll have some repairing bills to pay. And the motorman with cabbage-leaves in his button-hole, and the cop with egg running off his helmet — and he didn't do a thing to us!"

"That's where he showed himself smart," exclaimed another. "The cops can't do a thing to us, anyway. There ain't enough of them, and you bet most of 'em want to stand in with the Eighteenth Ward. They'd be for us if they could show it."

"Supposing they should call in the State troops," suggested the German.

This was the signal for a general outbreak, above which the Pole made himself heard by sheer force of lung.

"State troops! Bah! The City Council don't want to get on the wrong side of the Eighteenth Ward, any more than the police. Don't you fool yourself; they know what's good for them. Where do they get their votes? From the Avenue? from the East End? No! from Newburgh and the Eighteenth Ward! I tell you, we've got a chance to show the company and all those swindling millionaires what working-men can do when they stick together. And look here, what hurts those Union car-men hurts us. The company would like to kill off Union labor, and so would the boss of every factory. Ours ain't no exception. Do you think old Sharp and the rest of 'em would be so easy if it wasn't the busy season, and he didn't need us? But he knows if he ships us, he can't get no other workmen. So he dances to our music. You ought to seen him when I told him that if we seen him or any of the firm on a scab car, we'd all quit work on the day. All he said was: 'Of course; perfectly right! I don't take the cars; haven't since the strike began. Tell the men I'm with them.' With us! Wait till the rush for fall stock is over and he'll sing a different song. Then it'll be, 'I'll ride when and where I please, and to h—— with you and your Unions!'"

The speaker paused to wipe the sweat from his forehead. There was a growling murmur of assent. Then he continued: "There's just one thing for us to do. It ain't enough for us not to use the scab cars ourselves. We've got to keep the whole city from riding on them. The company'll get pretty tired of running empty cars. You can't reach them except through their pocketbooks. Then they'll come to terms."

"It ain't so easy to keep folks from riding," ventured the German.

"Don't you believe it," said the young man of the market episode. "Nobody likes rocks or eggs when they come uninvited. And no one likes to be boycotted. They wouldn't sell a man a loaf of bread, in the Eighteenth Ward, or a glass of beer if he rode in the scab cars. He couldn't even get a doctor to come to him if he was sick."

"And nobody likes dynamite," said the Pole.

"Say," broke in the German, "that's carrying it too far. It's a big mistake. People'll take eggs and they'll take the boycott, but they won't stand dynamite. I'd risk a year's wages on that. And those fools that put it on the tracks ought to be blown up themselves. They hurt the Unions more than all the scabs put together. They make me tired. When an explosion comes a few scabs may get blown sky-high, but it's the Union that get's the blame. Not—anarchists like you, Leszinsky."

The Pole's face blackened. "You'd better look out what you're saying," he said.

"You mind your own tongue," retorted the German. "I'm as good a Union man as you any day."

It is hard to say how much farther the altercation would have gone if the workmen and the factory girls had not begun to return in an intermittent stream. One of the first newcomers was a young man with a long, thin, slightly stooping frame and a colorless, nervous face. It was a face such as one sometimes sees among Russian Jews; roughly sketched of feature, touched with ascetism through poverty, blunted to a grim doggedness of expression by endless days of labor, yet somehow graced—in the hollows of the cheek about the mouth, in the hollows of the eyes, in the lines of chin and forehead—with the possibilities of an intense intellectuality. Looking at it one had to wonder how it might change for happier conditions; what rare response it might make to some nobly vitallizing stimulus. One

felt that there was a trace of waste, of futility in a social order that allotted to the individuality slumbering behind such features a place at a cutter's table in a cloak factory. Not that Israel Goldman had himself any consciousness of this. He bore no grudge toward the social order; he was not aware that there could be for him any better things than the moderate wages he gave to his mother every week, than the Friday evenings at the Polish synagogue, the Sundays with friends in smoky little side streets, the occasional evenings at a night school or a social gathering, and in summer-time such outings as a street-car ride into the country, or a day trip on a lake excursion steamer. He had the quick mind of his class, arid for information; he read everything he could find,—the newspapers, books from the night school and the circulating libraries, the odd scraps of Hebrew literature which his father, at one time a rabbi, had brought over with great difficulty from Russia. But his ambitions did not extend beyond the hopes of an advancement in the factory; he might become a foreman, perhaps, and earn enough to send his younger brothers and sisters to the high school. He wanted them to have the opportunities for which he had once longed in vain. His quiet industry had not passed without notice of his employers, while his ready intelligence and practical conservatism of mind had won for him a sort of prestige among his fellow-workmen.

On this account his entrance created a little stir among the disputants. "Come over here, Goldman," cried Leszinsky. "You haven't told us your ideas about the strike."

"You know what they are about as well as I do," replied the young man. "I do my talking nights at the Union rooms, not here in the factory." He did not join them, but walked over to his cutting table and began sorting pieces listlessly. He was tired and hot, and there was a long afternoon's work before him.

"O, come off, Goldman; what's the matter with you. Can't you say a few words to your friends? The fellow is getting to be as mum as an oyster, with all his reading."

Goldman bent down to measure a piece of cloth. "I don't see the use of working oneself up in hot weather. I'm with the strikers, because I believe they ain't had a fair show; I'm not going to ride in the cars myself, but you're not going to get me to meddle with other people's business." He

straightened himself and looked defiantly at the group. "If you want to hear it so much, I'll say again what I've been saying every night these last weeks. I'm for the Union with the best of you; but I ain't going to help you boycott any passengers, or knock any car into splinters. I have other work to do. Now you can do what you please about that, you, Leszinsky, and the others."

No one said another word. The men went back to their work, Leszinsky brushing past him with a sullen glance and one corner of his upper lip raised to show his teeth. The factory girls had entered chattering, but their voices were now hushed by the whir of their machines. The hot air vibrated with the throb of a dynamo somewhere far beneath. It was like a sensible type of the passionate undercurrent that vibrated through the minds of these men, stirring them blindly to large issues apart from their daily lives. Work proceeded with almost furious haste. Piles of thick woolen cloths, irritating to sight and touch on this June day, grew and diminished as the workmen, impelled by an ironical necessity of trade, cut and stitched midwinter garments.

Only once Israel Goldman looked up from his work. It was to glance across the room to where, in a corner near a window, a girl bent over a machine. The dusty light poured upon her face and heightened its pathetic whiteness. Suddenly she stopped and bowed her head upon her arms. A neighboring sewer bent over to her with a few whispered words, at which the girl straightened up, shook her head, and returned to her machine. Israel understood the little pantomime; he had walked back from luncheon with Rosa Green and had noticed then how pale and faint she looked. She had said something of a headache and the heat, but had not taken his suggestion to go home and rest. She could not very well do that now, she said, since her poor health had compelled her to leave her work so often all the spring, and the foreman had told her that unless she could work more steadily he would be obliged to put some one stronger in her place during the busy season. And she could not afford to let that happen. The young man thrilled with pity for her; she looked so slight and helpless, and yet there was such a touching determination about her delicate mouth and chin. He wondered if she would not be very pretty if she were well cared for. He was almost on the point of crossing the room and ordering her to go

home; but, on the second more sober reflection, decided it might only annoy her and expose them both to idle comment.

The six o'clock whistle blew. The whir of the machines stopped; only the throbbing of the dynamo continued mercilessly. The men collected their materials and put them in order for the next day's work. The girls began to put on their hats and coats.

Israel hurried over to them. Rosa was already prepared to go, but she leaned heavily against a pillar, waiting for her companions.

"You are not going to walk home?" Israel asked, abruptly.

The girl opened wide her astonished eyes. "Why, of course; how could I ride while the strike is on. I wouldn't dare. They throw things, and then there's the boycott. I couldn't bring that on the family."

"But you ain't fit to walk three miles."

"O yes, I am. I'm all right now. It will do me good, I think."

"It will do you nothing of the sort. You will kill yourself. Why, you can hardly stand. I am going to put you on a car and ride home with you myself." His voice was full of authority for the girl, and she shrank weakly to it, half glad to be so dominated.

"But you can't do that. Think what it would mean. They would call you a scab. They wouldn't let you work here—or anywhere else. They'd boycott you."

"Nonsense; an honest man can always get work. Are you ready to go?" He drew her arm through his own and led her down the stairs. She followed him meekly, unresistingly, trusting that it would be well for them both in the end.

They had to walk a block for the car. The girl was too weak to say a word. Israel walked silently, half carrying her, his forehead knitted into a sort of scowl. Once the girl glanced up at him shyly. She would have liked to tell him how grateful she was, but she did not dare. She realized vaguely that into her dismal life had come a new sweetness of chivalric service.

They were the only passengers on the car. The conductor looked at them with a surprise that was almost gladness. "I was beginning to feel lonesome," he remarked, jocosely. "Street-car riding don't seem to be fashionable nowadays—especially out this way."

"Do you think we'll meet trouble?" asked Israel.

The conductor shrugged his shoulders; then he opened his coat and took out a revolver. "We can carry these things, and fire 'em, too—but into the air. It would be too bad to hurt any of those tender young things that throw stones at us." He smiled grimly. "You people are the stuff I like. If there were more like you this strike would have been over long ago. The people in this town are a chicken-hearted lot. You'd better look out here; we're coming to the Haymarket, and they've been paving the road. You'd better cover up your faces if the glass begins to fly." And with this comforting bit of advice he walked out to the back platform.

"Are you afraid?" asked Israel.

"Not for myself," she said; "but when people see you and find out who you are they can make it unpleasant for you. I oughtn't have let you do it."

"Don't you worry about me," he answered. "Here, let me fix you comfortable. You ain't got the strength to sit up, and we've got the car to ourselves; besides, no one can see you if you lie down, and then you needn't worry about the boycott." He took off his coat and rolled it into a sort of pillow for the girl, who stretched herself out obediently on the long car seat and closed her eyes in sheer weakness.

Israel took up a position at an opposite window. The car wound through a narrow, crooked street of cheap shops and eating houses. He could see scowling faces and occasionally hear menacing words, but so far there had been no trouble. The street broadened out into the Haymarket, an irregular open space bounded by low, gray, barn-like structures, behind which, to the west, the last flames of sunset were dying in rose and gold. It was quite crowded with people, all the men returning from work in the mills in the murky river valley below; men born of all nationalities, yet now bound together by a common loyalty to the principle of organized labor, a common hatred of the corporation inimical to this principle. Israel Goldman was in close sympathy with them; he believed heartily in resistance, although he opposed its disorderly manifestations; it had heretofore seemed to him an act of cowardly betrayal to ride in cars manned by non-Union crews. He had made speeches to this effect at the Union gatherings; he had shown his sincerity by walking the long distance between his home

and his work, cheerfully, as hundreds and thousands of working men and women were doing all over the city. To the young man there was something glorious in the thought of this *esprit de corps* which was inspiring a city of workmen to league themselves in the cause of some few hundreds. All the latent idealism in his nature, long crushed down by years of sordid circumstance, responded to the vision of this vast comradeship of labor. He believed that this strike would be memorable, because, by whatever demagogues it might be lead or by whatever acts of violence it might be disgraced, its underlying motives were reasonable and unselfish.

He lacked the mental training, the education which would have enabled him to formulate and define distinctly these ideas; but vague and formless as they were, their influence had so dominated him that now he could not at all understand how he happened to be violating his long-cherished convictions. For the sake of a frail little girl to whom as yet he had spoken barely a dozen words? It was too absurd. And yet here he was riding on one of the abominated cars with the noise of angry voices rising through the evening air outside.

A cobble-stone crashed against the side of the car and roused him rudely from his reflections. The car lurched madly forward for a few yards and then came to a sudden stop. The report of a pistol rang out, followed by shouts and curses wildly confused. On the front platform the motorman and one ineffectual policeman were struggling with a crowd that tried to drag them off. The conductor was defending the back platform amid a storm of missiles.

Israel was honestly frightened for the girl. He had not dreamed that they would meet anything like this. "Don't stir," he said; "lie still and you can't be hurt. I'm sorry I got you into this, but I don't think there's any danger if you don't move. I'm going out to see what I can do."

"Oh, don't go," said the girl. "They will see who you are! They might hurt you!"

"They've seen me already, I guess," said Israel, and stepped out on the platform. Some of the mob recognized him. "Scab!" they cried. "Pull him off the car!" He heard his name coupled with all sorts of abusive eloquence. He could hardly blame them for it, realizing what a hypocrite and turncoat he must seem to them, but it was hard and stinging,

nevertheless. Still there was no time to think of that; he could set himself right afterwards; now he must make them listen.

"Don't shoot at this car!" he shouted. "There's a girl inside! For God's sake don't shoot!"

His words were drowned in the uproar; it was like talking to the sea in a storm. He flung himself wildly upon a group of men who were trying to force the platform. Suddenly he felt a shock, blinding, keen, overwhelming; a great pain thrilled over him; darkness came upon him with a sound as of angry waters; then deep quiet. He fell face downward upon the platform floor, while the car lurched forward again into the night.

. . . . . .

Work began in an unusual hush in the cloak factory next day. The men glanced frequently toward Israel's cutting table, where the heaps of cloth lay undisturbed; it was as if they expected to see his long, thin frame and nervous face bending over it. They did not notice that another place was vacant.

It was all a mystery to them, a matter of vague surmise and suspicion; only the Pole was openly, vindictively triumphant. "I always told you he was a scab," he said. But this assertion the Eighteenth Ward, usually willing enough to receive opinions readymade, could not accept with perfect confidence. For once it was puzzled, uncertain. Preoccupied with grim and practical realities, it did not guess the motive in obscurity, the strange, new element of complication. Israel himself had been only half conscious of it; the girl could merely wonder—clinging to a vague hope for comfort—what it had all really meant to him and to her. But who can determine where the commonplace ends and the heroic begins; whether or not into the arid levels of the Eighteenth Ward there may not have crept one little stream of an ever-living world-current. Was it another humbler instance of "the world well lost"? Who can say?

EDITH LEHMAN, 1900.

THE NEW Y
PUBLIC LIBI
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TILDEN FOUNDA

THE ANGEL.

TO ——.

About him blow his garments gray,
  The shining wings are still;
His flaming hair, like break of day
  O'er wave line and o'er hill,

Invests his stern, uplifted face
  With bright solemnity,
A cross before unto the place
  He bears upon the sea.

The morn flames o'er the waters deep,
  The cross burns in his hands;
And when the heavens their shadows keep
  On waves and shifting sands,

With heedless tread still on he goes
  As conqueror swift and free,
With flaming cross he overthrows
  The shadows on the sea.

JEANNETTE A. MARKS, 1900.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, THE REPRESENTATIVE OXFORD MAN.

IN Walter Pater's "Marius" is shown a vision of a new world, as it were, simply through an opening in the shrine in the Temple of Aesculapius. He looks out upon a "long-drawn," hidden, but sun-lit valley, with the lands and towers of Pisa dark against the horizon. In his excitement he is ready to believe it is Rome which he sees in faint outline. . . . For those of us who do not know the historic city of Oxford, and who with tremulousness look forward to our first sight of it, a like magic vision may be revealed. The veil may be lifted from our imaginations, and through the valley of books and pictures we may see in perspective the spires and domes of the University City.

Furthermore, we can catch a bit of the inspiration which hangs over the place—even from our imaginary acquaintance with it. It is not hard to conceive of the quiet-tempered beauty of the old Oxford. We know from hearsay Christ Church meadow with the Isis and the Cherwell, also the gar-

dens of Magdalen and New Colleges. We have thought with tenderness of the Gothic revival which followed the works of Newman—that type of architecture which stands for truth and conscience in art, as Newman's life stood for sincerity and consecrated purpose among men. We feel a little of the leisurely charm and grace, the appealing beauty and romance which cling to the outward appearance as well as to the inner life of the old University. It is easy to understand how Oxford raises sympathy by her external aspect, her "old, grey walls," her noble towers, halls and cloisters which we hear about.

But he who loves Oxford loves her for more than her outward beauty of nature and art. Even those outside her pale find in her name a wealth of significance hard to put in words. It is her marvelous antiquity which holds us first. A century ago it was claimed without dispute that King Alfred the Great was the "first Founder and Benefactor" of Oxford. Doubt has recently been thrown on this tradition in spite of the fact that the Oxford University Calendar still has, and always has had, the words, "The College of the Great Hall of the University is said to have been founded in the year 872 by Alfred the Great." Also, in the face of skepticism, a celebration was held at the time of the imaginary one thousandth anniversary. There is another legend, to some extent credible, that in 727 a nunnery was founded on the spot now occupied by Christ Church, and that out of the schools which were a part of this primeval settlement developed slowly the historic University. The name "Oxford" appears in the "Saxon Chronicle" as early as 912,—and slightly later in the Doomsday Book. There is definite evidence that the University existed at the end of Henry II's reign—in the twelfth century. From this time, or from its possible earlier birth, it has felt the touch of each succeeding century, and has been molded and softened by this combination of old and new.

But it is in something beyond its great age and its rare union of the ancient and modern that the secret of Oxford's appeal lies. It is the multitude of associations which cluster about the time-beaten buildings that give Oxford its prestige. The Oxford traditions cling around such names as Roger Bacon, Wycliffe, Erasmus, Cardinal Wolsey, Cranmer, Latimer, Whitfield, Wesley, and in our own century Cardinal Newman, Keble, Froude, Gladstone, Matthew Arnold and Ruskin. It is these sons of Oxford, these stirring, epoch-making men which have made her the most na-

tional of European universities, and have made her mirror so faithfully the life of England in its greatness and shame, faith and sin. We Americans, who are seeing Oxford only through the long valley of Darius, can know in a very modest degree what its historic impressiveness is, from the inspiration we get in such of our own places as are surrounded with memories of the great men of the past, such as Mount Vernon, Concord and our own Cambridge.

All this Oxford tradition, this reverence for antiquity, which is the secret of half her grace and culture, this strenuousness which has come out of the arduous activity of her great men, has found expression at least once in this century in the life and work of John Henry Newman. In 1817 Newman went up to Oxford a slight, graceful boy, with something of the appearance of a youthful ascetic of the Middle Ages. Aubrey de Vere recalls a singularly attractive figure in cap and gown, alert, swift of pace, but when not walking, intensely still. With him, at Oxford, were Dean Stanley, George W. Ward, Gladstone, Mark Pattison, all of whom listened to his penetrating words at evensong in the University church. Principal Shairp said when Newman resigned the University pulpit, "It was as when to one kneeling by night in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still." He had been vicar of St. Mary's from 1828 to 1843.

Newman began his student life at Oxford at a time when English thought was hopelessly sterile and morals and religion at a low ebb. His work was a revolt against the predominant sordidness and skepticism of the day.

It is possible to trace a curious analogy between the life of Newman and that of the great University of which he was the son. There is a unity of meaning and constancy of purpose in each. Oxford, through all her petty disturbances and all her vital upheavals, has had before her one immutable purpose, effectually to train men for service. Her essential character has remained unchanged. The individual life of Newman corresponds in uniformity and singleness of motive to the life history of Oxford. Actuated by a fervent love for God, Newman's main effort became one of ascetic devotion to his fellow-men, and struggle for their conversion. His life bears but one interpretation, for it had but one governing purpose. His literary genius, which was in itself a complete thing and his marvelous imagination,

unhesitatingly consecrates to his work of restoring peace to the Church of England. Herein lies the first trace of Oxford's hold upon Newman, in his unswerving constancy to one supreme purpose.

Before he took his stand as leader of the religious movement of 1833, as the consciousness of a work to be done grew upon him, he turned more and more back to the past for guidance. He says, in comparing the condition of the church of this day with the church of the fourth century: "The self-conquest of her ascetics, the patience of her martyrs, the joyous swing of her advance, both exalted and abashed me. I said to myself, 'Look on this picture and on that.' I felt affection for my own church, but not tenderness; I felt dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing policy." We have known that there is a rich abundance of medieval tradition clinging to the walls of Oxford, and with it a reverence for antiquity. Newman had just the temperament to be susceptible to this influence, and to be led by it back to the great Past, where at last he found his anchorage.

After he had found this basis for his message to the English church, the necessity was upon him of facing openly the great evil. Poetry was his solace during the period of waiting. While sailing in an orange boat to Marseilles he wrote "Lead, kindly Light"—sometimes called the one hymn of our language. The Sabbath after his return home to Oxford, Keble preached from the University pulpit his sermon on "National Apostasy." Then Newman saw that the way was open. That Oxford spirit which lit the flame of effort in Wycliffe, Dare and Wesley was again a regenerating force in the work of Newman. There was strenuousness in the air at Oxford, and Newman felt its compelling force irresistible. In a century in which physical discovery and material well-being have been prominent, Newman's life stands out in majestic and singularly graceful contrast. There was nothing pretentious or extreme about Newman's attitude, positive as it was. He took his stand quietly, gently, but held it firmly, unswervingly. Although Oxford has been at all ages the refuge of free-thinkers, yet there has been a conspicuous absence of anything immoderate or unbalanced. It will always remain a question how far a man is molded by environment, but without doubt Newman's effort was due largely to the stimulus of the Oxford tradition. It is in this that the peculiar fitness lies of calling the work of Newman and his coworkers the 'Oxford Movement,' as well as in the fact that Oxford was

an Anglican center. The spirit of the old University inspired that little band of zealous thinkers led by Newman, with courage and energy to brave opposition, and sound the call to a higher life.

Passing by Newman's ultimate acceptance of Romanism, a logical and inevitable ending to his career, and a comfort and solace after years of seeking, we have left unexplored the field of his literary achievement. In this, too,—a thing beautiful and complete in itself, but subordinated to his theological effort,—we can see traces of Oxford influence. His style, like that of Matthew Arnold, is pre-eminently classical, a departure from the romanticism of Ruskin and Carlyle. It is a tempered, luminous style, unexciting, quiet and reflective, with much of the older Oxford suavity. The sweetness and wistfulness of Newman the man is present in his manner of expression. It is the Oxford spirit, expressed through the natural reverence and religious humility of Newman.

Finally, in the temperament of Newman there are evidences of the same influences as helped form the character of Oxford. Newman is something akin to those old Franciscan Friars who exerted a hold upon Oxford early in its history. They led their lives of asceticism actuated by a burning love for men. Newman does a like thing six hundred years later. In spite of the classicism of his style, his temper is romantic, deepened by something of the mystic glow and imaginative coloring of the Middle Ages. A childish fancy of his that all the moving human beings about him were angels in disguise describes the spirit in which he lived. His rare, vivid imagination was stimulated and developed by the beauty and suggestiveness of Oxford. The strange, fantastic power of his imagination is revealed in the "Dream of Gerontius," that poem so completely characteristic of him. It was a remarkable life that Newman lived among men; a life, as Hutton says, "severe and tender, passionate and self-controlled, with more of an ascetic love of suffering than of actual suffering, more mortification than unhappiness, more sensibility and sensitiveness than actual anguish, but a lonely and severe and saintly life."

In all these ways Newman has been a living expression of the Oxford tradition. He has expressed its loyalty to purpose, its reverence for antiquity, its strenuousness, its grace and suavity, and its medieval, imaginative suggestiveness. In all this he is a true and a typical son of the University which claims him.

ETHEL D. HUBBARD, '99.

FROM A PHILOSOPHY NOTEBOOK.

Out of the uncreated,
Out of night,—the vast unordered,
From the beginning,
Lo—I AM—

I am; and question whither,
Marveling whence,
And seeking what.

Ah! the whither must be but to fuller being,
Until, being all-in-all,
The all which is
Comprehends itself,
And knows the whence
And is the whither—
Is God external.
Yea, all is chaos still,
But in the end is God!

Then to that vast commanding end,
In winning toward the whole,
Yield but thy life and love,
O Soul!
For still abides the question;
(Search, then, and know!)—
Yet still the mighty marvel;
(Worship thou!)
And still the vast hope,—
God!

And ever while we endure as men
Shall sound the struggle, and the ceaseless strife
Of all our findings-out;
And ever while we are men
This is our life,—
Our little sum of all we spend
Freely, for that divined, far-distant goal
Triumphant—
The universal soul!

MANDY JOHNSON.

"DID you know Jim'd left Mandy? I ain't seen him 'round sence las' Sat'day."

"Well, I reck'n she's better off. He war as no-'count a man's ever I seen," was the answer. The two women, 'Liza Smith and Mary Ellen Davis, were sitting on the doorstep of a dilapidated old cabin, looking across the road at a house which, half tumbling down though it was, had a look of respectability. A well-kept garden, a clear path from the door, and a general air of tidiness and thrift placed the second house on a higher level. Hardly had Mrs. Davis finished speaking when a tall, well-proportioned woman came out into the yard to hang up some clothes.

"Now, that's mighty quar," went on Mrs. Smith; "in all the years I've lived across from Mandy"—for it was Mandy Johnson who lived there—"this's the fust time she's ever washed on Sat'day. Them's her own cloes, too; I know that blue calica dress. She's wore it steady fu' two years and washed it reg'lar ev'ry two weeks. Sumpin's up sho'. Th' ain't no use to try to find out from her. She keeps her bisness mighty close. A pusson might think she's somebody the way she holds her haid. If my man 'ud leave me, seems lak I wouldn't look's if I's proud o' it."

"She don't b'long in these pa'ts, do she, Miss Smith?" asked Mrs. Davis.

"Laws, no. My mother kin remember when she'n her mother—she a likely lookin' gal o' about eight—was sold here from Virginia. She's just lak her mother, who was the proud sort you couldn't tech with a ten-foot pole. They came just befo' the war broke out. No; her mother ain't livin', an's far's I kin make out she ain't no folks here 'cep'in' Jim—an' he's gone—and them two childern,—both gals."

In the meantime Mandy Johnson had gone into the house. The interior was as neat and tidy as it could be made. Everything was in its place, except a large basket on the table and around it a pile of neatly folded clothing, a child's rag doll, a box filled with sewing things,—all ready for packing. The elder of the children—a girl of ten—was emptying the water from her mother's tubs, while the younger, seeing her mother put on her sunbonnet, came running in to ask leave to go. The mother seemed hardly to hear her. Mandy Johnson's face was full of trouble as she looked pityingly at the child.

She seemed to forget her errand for the moment and to be battling with some emotion. At last she answered the child, who ran out contentedly to her sister, and her mother hurried out the door as if fearing to linger longer. Down the street she went, her head held proudly and her carriage full of strength and purpose. Well it was, for the sake of her pride, that her bonnet hid her face. She would not have had the townspeople read from her eyes and mouth her deep trouble. 'Liza Smith was not entirely wrong in her observations. Mandy Johnson was proud and reserved. Her affairs were her own, and not to be spread out to satisfy the curiosity of her neighbors. She had been walking rapidly; now her steps were slower as she reluctantly turned the corner that brought her in sight of a small secondhand store. She shuddered as she thought of her shining black stove and her one rocking-chair —Jim had given it to her before her first baby was born; he had loved her then—taking their places in that crowded, unsightly mass of old clothes, moth-eaten curtains, and furniture long past its days of respectability. However, she walked bravely in and offered her little stock of household goods for sale. There was a look of relief mingled with hopeless despair when she came out. She shrank to think of the comments her neighbors would make when they saw the junk man come to her house, and worse than all, how they would all sit out on their doorsteps to see just what his wagon took away. Her heart was full; there were the children,—Martha a mere baby, and Sarah not much more. For herself it did not matter, but they were over-young to start out on such a journey. If she could only bear it all for them. But once in Virginia, there would be better chances for the children, and, she hoped, for herself as well. All the while she was walking rapidly, almost blindly; the strength of all her senses concentrated in feeling.

"Now, honey, you ain't gwine by 'thout sayin' 'howdy' to A'nt Polly." She turned into the little yard and gave the old woman a pleading, heart-broken look. "Yes, chile, I know you'se goin' th'ough mighty deep waters. Come in, come in. Why, there, there, don't take on so, chile."

"Oh, A'nt Polly! I've jest been to see 'bout sellin' my furn'ture an' dishes. Seems lak my heart will jest break. O Lord! O Lord!" "Yes," she went on more calmly in answer to a question, "I've made up my mind to leave Alabama and try to find my mother's people in Virginia. They live in Richmond, and me an' the childern are goin' to leave on Tuesday. Oh,

yes; I know it's a long ways off, but I believe we'll get there. Then I kin git wo'k sewin' or cookin' or anything to take care of Martha an' Sarah while they goes to school. The' ain't nuthin' here to stay for, and—and there won't be so much there to make me think o' my trouble. An', A'nt Polly," she almost whispered, "if Jim eve' comes back, won't you—try—to—see him, an' oh, A'nt Polly, tell him I done forgive him and won't never be happy no mo'e 'tell he comes to me an' the childern! Tell him the childern ask an' ask fu' him, an' I tell 'em he's comin' back, an' then pray to God to send him," she sobbed. "An', A'nt Polly, you won't blame him—Jim meant to be good —an' the childern loved him so. You'll tell him, won't you A'nt Polly? You allus wus a true friend to us both, an' you won't fail us when we need you most. I'll write to you when we get there, an' you can show the letter to Jim when he comes. Good-by, A'nt Polly—you bin lak a mother to me, —the Lord bless you;" and then she broke down completely, and sobbed and sobbed until her heart was comforted by the old woman's motherliness and sympathy.

Tuesday came, and, outwardly brave, she set out with her children and basket. The children looked bewildered; the mother—well, she was leaving all the home she knew, and starting with a pitifully small sum of money to go, with two children, from Alabama to Virginia.

"Howdy, Mis' Johnson," said the ever-watchful Mrs. Smith; "you goin' to leave us?"

"Good mornin', Mis' Smith; I'm goin' away."

"Well, I'm right sorry to lose sech a good neighbo'; it'll look mighty strange to see new people in that house. Maybe you'se gwine to jine Mr. Johnson?" she stabbed affably.

"No, Mis' Smith, I'm not goin' to—to Mr. Johnson. Good-by." And she hurried away lest she betray her grief. At last, out of reach of the curious eyes, she slackened her pace for the children's sake.

They reached the little station long before train time. The ticket was bought, and there was ringing unceasingly in the mother's mind the name Pineville, the town in Kentucky where their ticket would carry them. Then only God knew what she would do. All through the long night, when her one comfort was that the children slept, she listened nervously for the brakeman's call of "Pineville!" At last it came—"Pineville!" "Pineville!"

repeated the conductor as he passed through the car. Hurriedly she got the children off, clutching Martha in terror as the child stumbled. They stood huddled together, the children frightened by the strangeness of the surroundings, the mother by their helplessness in them.

Fortunately it was early morning, and, after inquiring the way, she set out with the children to walk. They had not gone far when Martha, the baby, and so like her father, uttered the complaint her mother had been dreading to hear. "Mamma, where'r we goin'? What'd we get off the cars fu'? I'm so tired, an' I want sumpin' to eat."

"Jest a little further, honey lamb. Look at them pretty flow'rs a way up the road. You an' Sarah run along an' pick 'em," coaxed the mother.

A kindly farmer offered them a ride in his market wagon, and learning a part of their story, put some money in the woman's hand and wished them a "Godspeed," as they left his wagon. Not a few people helped them in the same way, or Mandy Johnson would not have reached the little town in West Virginia farther than which she never went. It was afternoon when they left the train. She walked along the railroad track, keeping ahead of the children to urge them on. She seemed quite unconscious of her surroundings. This town was like many another through which they had passed, except this one was nearer Virginia. "It *is* nearer," she thought exultantly, and forgot her weariness. Her face brightened with hope and she smiled happily as she thought of their new home. Even Jim was forgotten for the moment.

She turned around to wait for the children as the bend, just ahead, would have put her out of their sight. A scream the next minute gave her no alarm as the children, she could see, were safe. It was not the children who were in danger, but she herself. Before she could realize that the shouts were for her, an engine swept around the bend and bore mercilessly down upon her. She was killed instantly. The people pitied her and did what they could for the children. Such a death was only horrible to them. How should they realize that even so terrible a death was better than a life of looking and longing for a husband who would never come? And it would have been a life of longing, for Jim Johnson had shifted from his shoulders forever the burden of his little family.

LOTTIE A. ATWOOD, 1902.

SLIP SHEETS.

I. AN EXPERIMENT IN IMITATION.

(Our Mutual Friend, Chap. 13.—A Duet. Rewritten by Geo. Meredith.)

WHEN John Rokesmith arrived at the house in Maiden Lane, he was informed that Mr. and Mrs. Boffin were out, but that Miss Wilfer was in, and wished to see him. He went immediately to the drawing-room, where he found her unaccompanied. The un cut leaves of the book in her hand gave the lie to a pretense of literary absorption. She turned at his entrance. At the face, his smile of greeting vanished, leaving straightened muscles. Her lowered eyelids precluded coquetry, linethin lips disclaimed acquaintance with smiles, curls concealed nothing, compromising dimples were in subjection. Hebe, stiffened to an infantile Juno, disdained the procrastination of a greeting.

"Mr. Rokesmith, your criticism cannonades my conduct. You intimate filial disloyality in hinting the possibility of more frequent visits to the cottage. You would pinafore me to the nursery?"

"I but suggested cross-country walks, with tea at the end."

"In what character do you suggest?"

"A lover."

"And note my faults?"

"They pain me."

"Ah?"

"You quote 'Love blind'?"

"Purblind."

"To view a flaw is criminal?"

"Nay, impossible."

"I offer proof contrary."

"You prove the flaw, not the love."

She was silent to forcast the coming. The avowal was unexpected, and possibled plain speaking. Society requires a certain weight of lies, and Bella gave full measure: Society does not require self-deception, and Bella faced her soul with the knowledge that this man must give up his suit.

"The world names me an adventuress. Is the young cuckoo to blame that she finds herself in the swallow's nest? Pushed out, she flies high to

escape the cat-haunted ground. You criticise the flapping of my fledgling wings?"

"I would not presume."

"You condescend to my level in doing so."

"One loves upward."

"You parry my thrusts with a phantom sword."

"It cuts in the rebound."

"I regret. I cannot heal."

"I hold the wound open."

"You force it on my sight." The woman swooped for a vulture peck at the slaughtered heart. "You plume yourself on the unselfishness of your unrequited love; is it for my comfort that you demand comfort of all beholders? Mrs. Boffin babbles."

He swung helplessly in air. "I can but ask forgiveness for your mistake."

"I can forgive. As token I give back the life you are wasting in dishonor at my feet. You have other use for it."

"Use for my life!"

She sped her eyes to search the thought the tight-drawn tone hid, but they fell back from the impenetrable grayness into which they were plunged. The lover retired; the man spoke.

"You named dishonor, Miss Wilfer. I beg an explanation."

"I regret my unthought speech."

"I am the defender of my honor."

"The unconscious Boffins are your lever. You force me to ingratitude."

"I,—I force you to ingratitude?"

"You are one with your baser self."

"Another act of my baser self."

She pulsated with passion. "I am up before the World for judgment. Society buzzes with me. I am a baby wrapped in a will-blanket; I am a hag sewing a will-shroud; my room is papered with wills; I am read to sleep from the wills; my very name is a foreordained pun. I crackle the parchment in their ears. You, knowing the true story—you, knowing my helplessness—you would make use of the malice of Society to force me to hide beneath the cover of your smug respectability!"

"Your reading of my conduct astonishes my tongue into silence. To shorten the interview will lessen the pain."

"Pain denotes the presence of disease."

"The cynic so names love. The patient convalesces after the knife."

"Believe the knife to have been used but of necessity."

When left to herself, Bella turned to the glass, which gave the compliments the lover had withheld. As she communed with the reflection smiling back at her, her thoughts played tag about the goal of self.

As the man stepped out into the night, its gloom was in his heart. He remembered one of Wegg's Maxims for Many, "Cupid's bow unstrung is a lash to flog the lover." It snapped in his ear.

MARY G. HOPKINS, 1900.

II. JOHNNY-THE-HORSE.

I BELIEVE that God gives every human being a soul; yet I used to wonder what had became of Johnny's. It was many years ago when I first saw him shambling down the river road to the almshouse. One long, dirty hand, with its spreading fingers, clutched the end of the cart-pole he was straddling, the other brandished behind him a heavy tail of unbraided rope. He had on a marvelously patched-up harness, made of bits of string and leather. The reins reached back over the ridiculously long cart-pole; their ends were tied around the whip-socket. The cart itself was a large dry-goods box on two wheels. It rattled along with a most uncertain motion.

"What can that man be doing?" I exclaimed to my friend. "Is he crazy!"

"No, indeed; that's only Johnny-the-Horse," was the reply. "I suppose it is really a form of insanity," she went on to say; "he thinks he is a horse, not a man. He is perfectly harmless."

I saw Johnny often in the after years. His little, round, hatless head, the short, thick neck, the lank legs and big, awkward feet became a very familiar sight to me. He always gave me the impression of having been very hastily and carelessly put together. His eyes were small and nearly always squinting. His nose was small, too, and ill-shapen. In fact, his raw, red face had grown almost wholly into one feature—mouth. The thick, rolling

lips extended, literally, from ear to ear. The wooden bit to which the reins were attached had added to the distortion. Poor Johnny! He was not a handsome man, and he made even a sorry-looking horse.

But his lack of beauty never troubled him. He was completely happy in his horse nature. His delight knew no bounds when the warden's little children climbed into the cart and drove him prancing down the street. They used to feed him clover, and apples and bread. He never took anything in his hands, but either put his mouth down to their palms or ate out of a wooden box. He ate everything, even the grass, crunching and mumbling, shifting himself uneasily from one foot to the other. I do not know what his room was like, but I have heard that he never used any furniture, always sleeping on the floor.

One of Johnny's favorite tricks was to balk if urged to go too fast or too far. He would drop down into the dust, sometimes kicking, but often motionless. It sometimes took many minutes of coaxing, petting and whipping before he could be induced to go on. Then, finally, he would jerk himself up and start off at a steady jog.

Yet the most pathetic thing of all about Johnny was his singing. He would go up the road giving out queer, shrill, uncertain sounds which could be heard for some distance. He was told that horses never sang, but the fact made no impression on him. Johnny could not be talked out of his ideas. Men tried many times to convince him that he was not a beast, but in vain; he was still a horse. The argument only made him angry, and he snorted.

I think he is still in the almshouse on the island. On one side are the iron gratings of the penitentiary, on the other the raving men in the madhouse. Indifferent to it all, Johnny lives his strange horse life in peace. Could he ever have been a lively little boy, playing horse with chairs, the joy of his mother's heart? No one knows. It may be the black shadows hung over his birth, and his life has been dark since infancy. It is pitifully sad. After knowing Johnny-the-Horse one is glad, indeed, to believe in another world where there are no halt or lame or blind, either of body or soul.

ANNIE W. STOCKING, 1902.

III.

FROM the bow of the steamer the harbor seemed at first an unending stretch of blackness, reclaimed from illimitable space by the line of recurrent lights along each shore. After a little, huge masses moved forward out of the darkness, taking form. A grain elevator shot its ungraceful shaft up into the night. A shapeless bulk of shadow on the right became a barge, above whose funnel hung a cloud of glowing smoke. Farther down the water-way, from the masts of invisible ships, gleamed lanterns, red and green, reflected as wriggling, colored streamers on the surface of the slip. A tug glanced by, with its wake of seething foam. Its sharp whistle was answered by a blare of sound from the lake; then the far-off lights for a moment silhouetted the masts of the incoming boat. Soon its hull loomed up close under our prow; with infinite leisure of movement it went by and melted into the mist beyond, leaving the black water to heave in slow undulations long after its passing.

LUCY MORRIS, 1900.

IV. THE CUPOLA.

IT was not accessible except when the barn was full of hay, and then only with great difficulty; for it required an aiding hand from above as well as a generous "boost" from below to gain the wished-for position. And woe to him to whom it fell [he being chosen by the usual method of "eny, meny, miny mo," etc.] to be the first to ascend. For that unfortunate must scale the difficult height with only such friendly lifts as might be given by the assembled company below. But the difficulty of achievement only added to the attractiveness of the exploit, and the most blissful hours of childhood were spent by the eight of us, squeezed into that cubby-hole, large enough to hold six on a pinch.

The cupola was an old-fashioned one with blinds on four sides, which gave a delightful feeling of shut-in-ness, as well as opportunity for precarious peeks into the outside world. The limited room, however, made it possible for only one to peek at a time, the peeker being held firmly by his nearest neighbors.

Occupying the center and extending down through the barn to the ground was an open air box, which rose to one third the height of the

cupola, leaving two small spaces on either side. These formed the seats of the happy, attained only after a perilous clamber about the open top.

The air box, with its bottomless blackness, inspired me with a terror which I would not have confessed under torture. To me that mysterious, dusky depth was alive with spiders: great, black, hairy spiders; spiders with crooked, clawing legs; variegated spiders with villainous strips of black and yellow; lithe, active spiders that could crawl up the side of a wall faster than you could think; and, lastly, enormous white spiders, that spun and spun till it made your head dizzy to think of it. Sometimes, crouching there and staring into the black hole, I could actually see the crooked claw of the black spider reaching over the edge, and with a supreme effort would keep back the cry that rose to my lips.

But the horror of the blackness did not lessen in the least my fondness for cupola life; indeed, the nervous excitement rather heightened the rapture. Being the youngest the tiniest corner fell to my lot, yet there took place most exciting battles and tender love scenes between my fairy-book friends. And only when the others were deep in plans and discussions would I drop a choice bit of my precious cracker down the black hole to propitiate the spiders.

EMILY PITKIN, 1902.

THE SPECTATOR.

IN most of the great movements of the day toward social and economic reform we, as students in a woman's college, cannot take any active part. We can only look on while others work, study their methods and be interested in their success, but we ourselves must remain for a time longer in a state of mere preparation for work that is to come. Yet although for the most part this is true, there are certain exceptions, and these at least we should bring home to ourselves with real force. All of us of course have heard of the Consumer's League, but to how many of us does the work which that organization is trying to do appeal with meaning? What have we as women, and most of all now as college women, to do with the Consumer's League? To answer these questions it must be made clear exactly what the Consumer's League is and what work it is trying to do.

The Consumer's League is an association of persons who strive to do their buying in such ways as to further the welfare of those who make or dis-

tribute the thing bought. The members of this association are endeavoring also to arouse people, especially women, to a knowledge of the evil conditions under which most of the goods on sale in our stores are made, and to urge them to help create a demand for goods made under right conditions. All this may sound rather vague to many, so let us make it very clear and practical.

Less than fifty miles away from us, in Boston, there are to-day hundreds and hundreds of men and women, young and old, crowded together in dark, foul rooms, at the top of high buildings or down in cellars under the sidewalks, all working literally for their lives, cutting, sewing, and running heavy machines from early in the morning until late at night. They are making garments of all kinds, underwear, skirts, shirtwaists, suits. Next week or the week after, when we go in to Boston to do our spring shopping, we will see in the store windows and on the counters on all sides of us the very articles of clothing which were made under such fearful conditions. Are we going to buy these attractive-looking garments without considering where they came from? Just so long as we do, they will continue to be made in the same crowded rooms and dark cellars by wretched human beings. While a manufacturer can have shirtwaists made at the rate of one dollar and a half a dozen, and sell them at three dollars each, he will do it. The Consumer's League recognizes this, and it is trying to educate people to realize the burden of responsibility that rests on every one of us as purchasers. It teaches that every man or woman who produces anything for our use is in a sense employed by us; that according to our ability it is our duty to help all workers in their struggle, and that the richer our own lives are, the greater the burden of responsibility which is placed upon us.

How, then, does the League propose to correct the evils which exist in the manufacture and sale of goods? By sending out factory inspectors, who carefully examine the conditions under which various manufacturers make different kinds of clothing, and who place a label on the goods of those manufacturers who preserve right conditions in their workshops. This label has now been placed on the goods of different manufacturers of muslin and cotton flannel underwear, corsets, corset waists, hose supporters, shirt waists and skirts. A persistent demand for this label will bring these goods into all our stores, and lead manufacturers of other forms of clothing to take steps to

procure the label. We as students of Wellesley College must acknowledge that we have an influence in the stores of Boston. The merchants of Boston find it to their advantage to make a considerable discount on goods sold to Wellesley girls. Why shall we not make our influence a power, and force them to find it to their advantage also to place on their counters honest goods which have been made under conditions of which we need not be ashamed.

S. T.

EDITORIALS.

I.

WE can look forward cheerfully, 1900, to our journeyings over the country which you point out; for, as we eagerly gaze ahead, the distant hills and winding paths have all the alluring charm of mysterious ways through dreamland. "Our spirits as in a dream are all bound up"; and neither baffling refusals nor untimely disappointments, not even the pursuit of reluctant Free Press articles and elusive editorials, have startled us quite wide awake. We feel hopeful in the assurance that 1901 will make many pleasant moments for us through ready contributions and interested criticism, that the nightmares of worry will at least be entertaining in the retrospect, and that some of our mistakes will be pardoned as the familiar delusions of dreamers. That we have not yet awakened to the hard, cold realities of editorial existence we feel is due entirely to the kindly care which you have given us, 1900. It shall be our final effort to send on your friendly greeting. For our inspiration through the coming year we turn to you, our Wellesley public, and your interest in making in this MAGAZINE the best among college periodicals.

II.

IN consideration of the sad ending of the MAGAZINE prize-story contest, this may not seem to be a suitable time to urge Wellesley students to a similar competition on a larger scale. Still, the MAGAZINE wishes to call the attention of its Wellesley readers to the announcements of one or two prize contests which are now open. The *Literary Review* offers three prizes to undergraduates for the best short story, essay and poem. This offer was made only a short time ago, and we hope that there will be a few Wellesley undergraduates wide awake enough to take advantage of it. Wellesley students, as a usual thing, are entirely too negligent of these literary competitions. Another even more significant contest is that conducted by the *Century*. In 1897 the *Century Magazine* offered to give during four successive years three prizes, "open to persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States, during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900." The winners

of the 1897 prizes were Smith and Vassar, Vassar securing two honors. In 1898 the Western Reserve University, the University of Chicago and Leland Stanford were the successful contestants. Where was Wellesley? Her name is not written in the annals of the *Century* as a winner. Her productions are not bound between the brown covers of that magazine. This is certainly a matter of regret to us, but there is still a chance of redeeming ourselves. There is yet time before June for '99 to flood the *Century* office with contributions. 1900 has a whole year before her. 1900 realize your responsibility. You are the last class which has this opportunity. Make the most of it. Set your wits to work even now, and before June 1, 1901, produce such manuscript as must make honors shower upon Wellesley.

III.

We are delighted to speak of the latest addition to Wellesley literature, the 1900 "Legenda." The dainty covers, which redeem 1900's class flower from utter uselessness, bespeak what is to be found within them. The whole is easy, bright, without sign of consciousness or effort,—the gracious pleasantries of a joyous and frolicsome, care-free spirit, touching with swift, light fingers the chords of college experiences. All is graceful, pleasing. But attractive illustrations and finish of style do not alone make a successful "Legenda." The other and the essential element is not lacking. It is spontaneously humorous throughout. The many amusing incidents of a not uneventful career have been gathered into a little allegory, significant to the initiated. The question of the advisability of grinds is still an open one, but, as 1900 interprets the department, surely no one with a sense of humor can object. They are genial, fair and square grinds, no malicious thrusts from behind. Every one seems to recognize in a flash the excellence of the strokes with which the seniors have been touched off, with perhaps the exception of one 1900, in the case of each grind. Another of the pleasures which this "Legenda" gives is the delightful recognition of old favorites in local garb. If it is not too frivolous and disrespectful we would say: "1900, you have learned your literature lesson very well. You need not stay after school." Almost the whole range of English writers is represented, even from Sir John Mandeville to Mr. Gelett Burgess. But, especially, has 1900 taken to heart Shakespeare's way of selecting his material, and demonstrated

once again that often, better than by an attempt at something purely original, true genius is displayed in skillful adaptation of what is already familiar.

IV.

WE mean to be frank with you, our readers, and so we shall tell you, though regretfully, of a disagreeable discovery which we have lately made. We feel that we did not really merit it, for we were holding ourself so well in check: we were not fondly expecting a mail box like a Christmas stocking, nor had we invested in a new waste-paper basket. Yet one day we unwittingly stumbled upon the skeleton of the MAGAZINE office—the real self of the Free Press. We spoke of our discovery in a pained, shocked voice to our elders. We were told that they had long known all about it. In a dazed way we went about seeking Free Press articles. But gradually the whole thing has grown clearer to us. It is evident, simply, that either there is a mistake about the Free Press, or that the Free Press is itself a mistake. We want to come to some sort of real understanding with you about this, so we shall begin by giving you our conception of this department.

The Free Press is neither a literary production nor a charity organization. The editors feel that there are more necessary ways of spending their time and energies than in writing all the articles themselves, or begging them from their friends. The Free Press is supposed to be the one register of all the spoken comment on college doings; a digest in a form available for all of the many hours of Free Press talking. This is simply what it must be if it is to have any significance, any *raison d'etre*.

The Free Press might be the truest reflection of Wellesley spirit. It might brim with life and sparkle with wit. It might be so popular that a space limit would have to be set, only the most forceful and worth-while articles being admitted. Through this department the shy girl might wield a power which would otherwise lie undeveloped; the ambitious girl might feel the joy of swaying her college public. Its pages might be those first cut in a new magazine to find out what the people with thoughts had to say about us that month; they might be the pages which we would care most to look over in after months as giving better than anything else the gist of our many-sided college life.

Do you wish to support the Free Press or do you wish to abolish it?

V.

THE Athletic Exhibition on the sixteenth and seventeenth of last month, while carrying out its purpose of showing the skill and training of the workers in this department, revealed no less the hopeless inadequacy of the present gymnasium. The playing in the basket-ball match games was both quick and skillful, but a winter's practice in the cramped quarters of the gymnasium results in a lack of freedom of movement which the players say they cannot overcome in the spring, even on the more ample playstead. The dry land swimming class of Freshmen indicated with what appreciation a swimming tank would be welcomed. Moreover, although it is desirable that all candidates for crews shall be able to swim, such a rule can scarcely be enforced with strictness while the opportunities for practice are no nearer than the Brookline Natatorium. But a new gymnasium would do more than furnish us with strong basket-ball team and well-trained crews. It would arouse the same healthy enthusiasm which is shown in men's colleges for excellence in any line of sport. Surely, given a well-equipped building which would make elective gymnasium work a pleasure, and not a self-imposed duty, we might expect to hear no more of the charges of nervousness and of break-downs made against Wellesley.

FREE PRESS.

I.

IT is an instructive, if somewhat painful occupation, to watch the expression of Wellesley girls coming out of chapel, pouring out of the elevator, entering the library, sitting in a recitation room. Watch them for yourself, and see if you do not long to rush in upon them, to wake them up, to startle away that look of dull unhappiness, to say: "Laugh! Smile! Don't be so wretched! Or if you must be, don't show it so plainly!"

But surely all these girls are not so doleful and querulous as they look. They are tired, perhaps, worried, absorbed, or careless of their expression. Now, if with economy a girl's strength is not enough for her daily needs, college is no place for her. Neither is it a place for her if she insists upon

worrying. It is a question which is worse, to be habitually tired or to be habitually anxious. Perhaps for us the conditions are interdependent. If we are allowing ourselves to wear out, we feel a dull certainty that no amount of labor can help us through an examination; while, on the other hand, "worried herself sick" is a truthful phrase,—more shame to us. Quite in vain are we assured by those who know—from Professor James to someone in *The Ladies' Home Journal*—that worry is exhausting, useless, worse than useless. Quite in vain do we condemn the vice in general, and in others. Only a few of us have made a gallant stand, and have been surprised to see how easy it is to be light-hearted when you once make up your mind to it, and how very delightful. One of the few has said, "I have been surrounded by troubles all my life, but nine tenths of them never happened."

At any rate, do let us try to look fairly contented. If we are in the dumps, let us call proper pride to restrain us from looking dumpish. Or, if proper pride cannot prevail, let us try the interesting experiment of looking agreeable no matter how we feel. Looking pleasant, like looking doleful, is the greatest factor in feeling so. 1902.

II.

WITHIN the last few weeks class work has been affected and students have been prevented from handing in papers on time by the carelessness or willfulness of individual students who have appropriated library books unfairly. Unless these students voluntarily remove the occasion for such an object lesson, some active step will be necessary on the part of those who suffer for the sins of a minority. It seems incredible that among us a case of exposure and punishment should be necessary to do away with actions so childishly selfish. The only thing to prevent this is that in the future no one of us shall make herself the exception to library rules that are essential to the convenience of all. 1900.

III.

IT is either extreme forgetfulness or extreme selfishness, both the equivalents of rudeness, that makes it so difficult for any but the proud few to sleep late on Sunday mornings. Since it is true that once in a while almost every one would like to do this, there appears to be no excuse for the peals of laughter and banging of doors that make it impossible to sleep after eight

o'clock. Remember, remember, remember the people who may be trying to sleep, and at least have the grace to see that your transoms are closed before you are noisily merry early on Sunday morning.

COLLEGE HALL.

IV.

WE need a public conscience here. Looking at the matter in the most charitable way, it may be a girl's private conscience which prevents her from getting to a lecture on time or makes her leave before it is over. Yet if we could realize that we act for the College as well as for ourselves, we should recognize that there are frequently situations in which our own interests should come second. There are many habits among us which illustrate this selfish individualism, but the one which strikes me most forcibly now is this matter of lectures. College etiquette has a very obliging flexibility, but, it seems to me, we sometimes most ungratefully strain it too far. Surely we cannot afford to lose sight of the point of view of the very large part of the world which is not Wellesley, and it is from this point of view that our lecturers and other guests judge us. 1901.

V.

WHAT a humiliating lack of real ability in the writing of short stories the results of the recent Magazine Competition do show! Cannot something be done to better this state of affairs? Another club would be too much at present, but why shouldn't some girls petition for an elective course in short-story writing? How many would be interested?

BOOK NOTICES.

Pan and the Young Shepherd, by Maurice Hewlett. John Lane, London and New York.

Among the books recently added to the 1900 Circulating Library is Maurice Hewlett's pastoral, "Pan and the Young Shepherd." The leaves are newly cut, but they will soon have been handled by many lovers of simple, canny folk. For it is a book that one wants to share with somebody: it is redolent of familiar, wholesome things—the fresh-turned earth, and the moist grass of the wide moor. We hear the grumble and stir

of the flocks asleep in the fold, and the patter of tiny hoof-beats down the road.

The scene is laid in the sheep country of "Champney Valtort in Pasceny and the hills about it." Neanias, the young shepherd, hears the voices of the moor, of the sprite-like, soulless beings, Daughters of Earth. He follows them one night, and in all their circle loves and wooes one Aglaë, the Virgin Dawn. Aglaë is dumb. Pan, in wrath at her refusal to be his bride, has stricken her. Neanias brings Aglaë to his home, where the kindly folk receive her very simply, admiring her strange, wild beauty and pitying her affliction. She lives with them a year as Neanias's wife. But one night, when rain and wind are whirling without, Aglaë disappears, and Neanias seeks her in vain on the moor. Her six sisters, the other earth daughters, dance about him, mischievous and spiteful, taunting him in his search. "Seek Pan and your own woe," they cry to him. Suddenly the god appears, bearing Aglaë. He breathes on Neanias and Aglaë, and the ancient "panic terror" seizes them—strikes them blind and clogs their tongues with fear. In piteous plight they stand in the wood, motionless, frozen, staring. Then Merla, a country wench in love with Neanias, who has followed him to the moor, obtains their release from Pan by a promise to marry him.

Pan is the old, terrible god of the Greeks, imbued with all his mystic, legendary power. "Pan strikes suddenly with fear." There is a Pagan spirit throughout the book, contrasting oddly with the Romanism of the country shepherds. The same Neanias who invokes the names of the Holy Trinity falls under the spell of Pan and Earth. The seven sisters belong in some free, wild old system of mythology, of earth, and air, and water. The warmth of the earth and the tang of the loam steal through the book in spicy breaths. It is a breezy, tonic world in which these beings live.

Every word in the talk of these people is a joy to the ear. The pure, simple diction is one of the charms of the book. In the names, especially, the beauty sounds out. Pretty, meaningless words they are, such as Geërna, and Merla, and Aglaë. The frank simplicity of the people expresses itself in short, full sentences. Perhaps the best passage in the book shows this most clearly. It is the speech of Neanias to Aglaë: "I could watch you forever, Aglaë, wondering at your gentle ways," he says; and then later, of himself: "Your shepherd is very near to Earth. He grows

up from her lap; he never quite leaves her bosom. He has listened and he knoweth. She telleth him her secret thoughts. All the day he may lie close in her arms. No man so proper for that sweet bed; no man may be so ready to die and mingle with her. Who so proper as a shepherd, Earth's foster child, to catch to his arms Earth's delicate, most timid Hour, and keep it hidden there? O, my Virgin Dawn, thus I caught you, my Virgin Dawn!"

L. S., 1902.

Sketches of Lowly Life in a Great City, by Michael Angelo Woolf. Edited by Joseph Henius. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A great many of the pictures by Mr. Woolf that have appeared in "Life" and other periodicals are gathered together in this book, entitled, "Sketches of Lowly Life in a Great City." They show, one and all, a most lively appreciation and understanding of the life of the "Children of the Poor." Many scenes there are that make us laugh, but there are as many more that call forth our sympathy. We may feel at times that Mr. Woolf has exaggerated the humorous scenes; we cannot feel that he has misinterpreted the pathetic. There are a number of pictures in this collection that show the gay store-windows, with small would-be buyers in front of them. The dejected backs that these boys and girls turn to the audience are as eloquent as any faces could be. Sometimes Mr. Woolf shows only one figure, such as the little girl whose eyes are fastened on the dolls in the toy-store window, while she exclaims, "I wonder if I wuz all dressed up, an' put in a winder, if anybody would long to have me?" Sometimes there are two who enter into a conversation like the one before the restaurant window, when Emily says to Sophy, "Wot's the use of yer standin' an' lookin' in the winder when yer ain't got no money?" and Sophy replies: "Well, I'll tell yer. I stand an' aggravate myself to that extent that the excitement of it gets me hungry, and I rushes home an' eats me dry crust of bread wid an appetite." Often Mr. Woolf gives us bits of truly tragic love affairs between these tenement-house children. Such a situation is shown in the conversation between Reginald and Hortense when the young man exclaims: "Hortense Vaseline Debris, from this hour henceforwardforth we ain't to each other what we wuz a week ago. I brand yer as a flirt an' a croquet!"

and Hortense replies, haughtily: "As you please, Reginald Overton; there are others." Another picture by Mr. Woolf shows a sorrowful young man watching a girl going down the street, and saying to himself, "There's the only girl I ever loved, an' I dassent go near her, 'cause she's gettin' the measles."

It is not only the characters into whose mouths Mr. Woolf has put the eloquent words that attract us in the picture. Fully as interesting and delightful are the non-communicative friends that stand around and look on with open mouths at whatever is happening. They may not be conversationally inclined, but they are as much a part of the picture as the more precocious ones.

Mr. Woolf draws the babies, smiling and crying, in the soap-box that runs on wheels, or in the arms of big sister. He draws the crowd which includes the friends of hero and heroine; the crowd which includes dogs and billy-goats, as well as boys and girls and babies. Especially we notice the dogs—of all sizes, but of one, and one only, degree of leanness. Mr. Woolf seems at times to have the power in his pencil that Dickens had in his pen, and we are glad that so complete a collection has been made of his drawings.

E. J. N.

To Have and to Hold, by Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1900.

If one chooses a novel for interest in plot and setting rather than character study, he will not fail to find a place for Miss Johnston's books on his shelves. "To Have and to Hold," like "Prisoners of Hope," is an historical novel, dealing with early colonial times. It is first and foremost a tale of adventure, romantic in its situations, picturesque in its background. The scene is laid for the most part in the colony of Jamestown, among settlers of every sort, those of good birth roughing it with the low-born, all united by the common interest of making homes, and by the common danger of fighting the red man. There is little made of the quiet and repose of cabin life. Instead, the reader follows the hero through the forest, alive with Indians, down the narrow stream, whose banks are guarded by enemies, even out on the great sea, where refuge on a desert island, a piratical expedition, and a meeting aboard are not the least thrilling of the situations.

The plot, if somewhat improbable, does not lack zest and interest. The young ward of the English king flies to America to escape a hated marriage with the king's favorite. Circumstances force the proud young beauty to marry for protection the hero of the tale, a Jamestown planter. The lover from across the seas comes to search out his lady and to carry her back to England, by hook or crook, and the interest of the story lies in the matching of the wit and honor of the backwoodsman against the scheming and foul play of royalty's favorite. The former triumphs, and Ralph Percy gains the love of his haughty wife through his own deeds of heroism.

The people in the story are without interest in themselves. Lady Jocelyn Leigh is no flesh-and-blood heroine, but rather a beautiful portrait of a woman "who passed through the streets of Jamestown like a splendid vision." The hero is interesting only as his deeds of valor serve to forward the plot. My lord Carnal is a mere type of the wicked, handsome villain, while Diccon, the bond-servant, and Nantanquas, the friendly Indian, are impossible creations of the imagination. Jeremy Sparrow, the minister, with his great heart is the best-drawn figure we have here. The book is written in an easy, attractive style which carries the reader along with it. There is a pleasing rhythm in the language, well suited to the romantic spirit suggested by time and place. Miss Johnston does not know human nature well enough to give us a great novel, but she has written a tale which is calculated to keep many a candle burning far into the night.

S.

Pennsylvania Stories, by Arthur Hobson Quinn. Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, 1899.

Each year the list of college fiction grows longer. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Smith, Vassar, and so on, almost endlessly,—each has made her contribution to the list by embodying her spirit and tradition in a book of tales or verse. As undergraduate life is not the most varied life in the world, there is necessarily a great degree of sameness in all this college literature, and it requires a good bit of originality to keep a book of this kind individual. This has been done fairly well by Arthur Hobson Quinn in his "Pennsylvania Stories," the latest addition to the collection of college literature.

The author has a very genial, easy style, which makes the stories pleasant reading throughout. The college atmosphere and spirit are always present, and the action seldom lags. The themes are about as varied as is possible in a book of this kind. Football, fraternities and college magazines are the staple topics.

"When the College Was Young" is a pretty tale of the days of the "Continental Congress," and adds variety to the book. "The Second Act" is perhaps more distinctly Pennsylvanian than most of the stories, and is one of the best. It gives a lively description of a "Mask and Wig" performance, and every word of it is enjoyable.

"A Page to Fill" is a very good title for the story to which it is attached, for its space-filling qualities seem to be the principal reason for its being there. It is morbid and unnatural, and out of harmony with the rest of the book. Several of the stories are mere sketches, and once in a while we have a slight suspicion that the author's purpose is rather more to describe Pennsylvania than to tell his story. This is not a wholly unworthy purpose, however.

Whatever the author says, he says cleverly, and whatever the story is, it is told entertainingly, so that the reader feels when he lays the book down that he has spent an enjoyable hour.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

To Have and to Hold, by Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1900.

An Elementary Physics, by Charles B. Thwing. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston, 1900.

Kleider machen Leute, by Gottfried Keller, translated by M. B. Lambert. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1900.

Essentials of French Grammar, by C. H. Grandgent. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1900.

Boys and Men: a Story of Life at Yale, by Richard Holbrook. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1900. Price, $1.25.

Smith College Stories, by Josephine Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1900. Price, $1.50.

ART NOTES.

The McCormick exhibition of paintings of the English school, which the Boston Art Students' Association has held in Boston, has given us a rare opportunity to study the portraits and landscapes of the English school. From the earliest painting in England, of which the Holbein portrait of Henry VIII. is an example, we could trace the development of this school's style through Lyly, Van Dyck, Reynolds, Gainsboro, Lawrence, Raeburn, and numerous less famous painters. The interest of the exhibition lay rather in particular pictures than in the whole, which was slightly monotonous. It seems remarkable that during three centuries the school should exhibit so little divergence from certain models and conventionalities. English art has made a great advance in the pre-Raphaelite school, greater than it was easy to realize before seeing the exhibition.

It is seldom that we can see Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits in America, and the two on exhibition interested everyone. Their color was beautiful, and even the modern eye was satisfied by it. Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits had more in common with the modern ideal of portraits, for in them was felt the dominating personality of the subject and the vivid feeling of the master. The portraits of Mrs. Charles James Fox and of Canova had much in common with the vivid treatment of Sargent's portraits.

The greatest difficulty of the exhibition was in the low tone of the pictures. The eye is now so accustomed to the brilliant light effects of the French and American School that these pictures seemed unnatural. Another surprise lay in the similarity of our early American painters to the English school. The portraits of West, Peale and Stuart, whom England honored among her great painters, reminded us how English early American art was.

Entirely apart in interest from the paintings of the English school were a large picture and several small panels by Byam Shaw, one of the younger pre-Raphaelites. Mr. McCormick has just added them to his collection, and they gave a very interesting contrast of earlier and contemporary English painting. The critics are prophesying a great future for Mr. Shaw, who is a very young artist; but the pictures exhibited did not impress us with promises of future greatness. The small panels were extremely artistic and

sympathetic illustrations of lines from our great poets, Elizabethan and modern. The "Helen of Troy" was a pre-Raphaelite conception, lacking the voluptuousness and sensuous charm usually ascribed to her. The tone of the picture corresponded to the tone of the reflection of the flames of burning Troy in the objects of the foreground, which a small sketch in the frame of the picture gave. Another picture wonderfully visualized Rosetti's line, "We think her white brows often ached beneath her crown."

Much has already been said in magazines of the larger picture exhibited, "Love the Conqueror." It is a conception daringly worked out in color, in which a vivid, hard red predominates, but is blended with the other colors with remarkable skill. The *ensemble* has an effect of crowding, but the painter has done details charmingly. Nothing more mischievous, joyous and dainty than the tiny lovers can be imagined. It is similar touches that made one stand long in front of the picture, and hope that the critics were right in their prophecies for Mr. Shaw.

As one instance of the energy with which the Wellesley Art Department is working there was opened for us in March an exhibition of architectural drawings,—the second large exhibition of the year. Probably no one would realize without seeing them how interesting architectural drawings may be. This collection, over which a great deal of time and trouble had been spent, was pronounced very satisfactory. It was interesting chiefly because of the surprising variety of subjects and the excellence of the work. There were original sketches in pencil and in colors by Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Blaney and others, giving us picturesque glimpses of Italy and England. Nearly all one wall was filled with a huge cartoon of Mr. Lamb's mosaic work for the "Sage Memorial" at Cornell. Near this we were delighted to discover some brilliant-hued bits of Miss Hazard's work from California. Mr. Emerson was represented by some charming crayon work, and Mr. Goodhue by a very attractive water-color, all in grays and olives, of the church at Cohasset.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

Of supreme interest this month is the agreement between the trustees of Barnard College and those of Columbia University, by which Barnard becomes one of the various schools of the university. She will have the same president as Columbia, but her own professors and faculty. This seems to be a happy solving of the question raised in our December number as to what the increase in the number of students at the college would lead to. For by this plan are combined the advantages of Smith or Wellesley with those of Radcliffe.

In regard to co-education at Wesleyan, the committee appointed last year states that eighty-three per cent of the alumni are opposed to the present system. Recognizing, however, that it is impossible to eliminate the system now, there is recommended "the establishment of a system of co-ordinate education, a woman's college within the university, where the young woman may be afforded equal opportunities, but a distinct life."

Important changes have taken place in the Yale curriculum by which the Sophomores are given the widest possible privileges in their choice of electives. Next year the required work for the two upper classes will be considerably cut down.

From Oberlin comes the announcement of a gift of $50,000 from Dr. and Mrs. Warner of New York for the erection of a new men's gymnasium. The well-equipped Conservatory of Music at Oberlin was also a gift from Dr. Warner.

Plans are being perfected by which a school known as the American School for Oriental Study and Research may be established in Palestine. It will be similar to the American schools in Athens and Rome.

Many of the colleges are making elaborate preparations for seeing the total eclipse of the sun, which will take place the latter part of May. Princeton sends a party to North Carolina for two weeks. Its chief aim will be the determination of the corona line.

A clipping from the New York *Tribune* describes a new organization, called the Association of American Universities, whose object is the consideration of matters of common interest relating to graduate studies.

Fourteen of the leading universities are represented, with President Eliot of Harvard as president, and President Wheeler of California as vice president. Its primary object is to adopt some plan calculated to tend to the upholding of the standard of the various professions.

Much interest has been aroused by the novel plan just started at Harvard whereby the everyday life of the university is to be recorded for future readers. Each college officer and professor is asked to keep a complete record of his life for a month. These records will then be sealed and stowed away in the library. They will be absolutely closed until 1925, and to the general public until 1960. It is hoped that through these individual reports an interesting account of the composite life of the university may be obtained.

EXCHANGES.

Fiction of varying themes and quality is abundant in the Exchanges of the month. There are tales of college and of travel, of love and of war; tragic, humorous and pathetic tales. Essays are not so numerous, and there are comparatively few of any great value. *East and West* has perhaps some of the best, one of especial interest being "The Paola and Francesca of Stephen Phillips." The author gives a critical estimate of Stephen Phillips's new drama, discussing particularly its poetic qualities. Another article well worth reading in the same number is a criticism of Swinburne, "From Atalanta to Rosamund."

The March number of the *Nassau Lit.* was edited by the Princeton alumni. A remarkable feature is the hitherto unpublished poem of Philip Feenean, of the Class of 1771. The poem was scribbled by the author on the fly leaf of a pamphlet, and has been for years in the alumni collection at the University Library. We quote it in full:—

THE POET'S ADVICE.

You court ye favors of the town,
You carry verses up and down,
  You scribble for the Stage—
Who would endure so poor a trade,
Such debts of honour badly paid
  For many a labour'd page?

To steer a Boat or drive a Cart
To practice some mechanic Art,
  Gives something for Your pain?
But poems are in no demand—
Few read them, fewer understand
  The labours of Your brain.

Let Poets choose some thriving trade
And not depend on Clio's aid—
  With all the Muses' skill,
With all the Drama in his Scull,
Shakespear was bred to combing wool
  And Plautus turn'd a Mill.

Of all the Poets dead and gone,
I cannot recollect but one
  That throve by writing rhyme—
If Pope from Homer gained rewards
It was, that Statesmen, Kings and Lords
  Were poets in his time.

A Poet where there is no King
Is but a disregarded thing;
  An Atom on the wheel—
A second *Iliad* could he write
His purse would still be very light
  And beggarly his Meal.

The Sheriff only deals in prose—
And prisons have unnumber'd woes—
  With debts you have no dues,
You have no thousands in the Bank,
You float upon a rotten plank—
  Go home and mend Your shoes!

"What the Old Graduate Learned," by one of Pinceton's favorite story tellers, Jesse Lynch Williams, is a clever sketch containing a criticism of the modern college man from the standpoint of the "old graduate." "Safe Now in the Wide, Wide World" is a story of Princeton's great football victory, written from an unusual point of view.

The *Red and Blue* also gives to the world an unpublished poem of a well-known poet, Thomas Dunn English, Pennsylvania, '39, the author of "Ben Bolt."

The *Columbia Lit.* is an attractive number. "Spirit Voices" is among the best verse of the month. "A Matter of Belief," one of those tragic stories so seldom well-handled in the college magazine, is written with considerable power. "How We Crammed for Philosopy" shows more cleverness than most of the innumerable sketches of college life.

Vassar Miscellany and the *Smith Monthly* both contain a number of interesting sketches, but are lacking somewhat in stories and essays. "The Story of a Young Lieutenant" in the *Miscellany* is interesting and well told.

The *Yale Lit.*, as usual, is one of the best exchanges of the month. The verse is excellent; there are several good essays, and the fiction shows originality. "The Incident of the Titian" is out of the ordinary.

The *Mount Holyoke* is of especial interest to Wellesley this month, as it reports the speeches made by Miss Hazard and Miss Woolley at the Mount Holyoke alumnæ banquet.

We clip the following verse:—

LONGING.

In city walls where Duty bids me stay
  I long for woodland paths; sweet breath of pine;
  To see again the distant, dazzling line
Of slender, sandy shore. I know to-day
How fair must lie the sea far, far away,
  On whose broad breast the sun-wrought sapphires shine
  And sparkle in the wind that breathes of wine;
How shafts of gold and shifting shadows play
  Beneath cool groves that sing a slumber song,
And clear bird notes are tingling through and through
  The peaceful heart of Silence. Ah, I long
For friendly firs that brush against the blue,
  And each still night to watch the warrior Mars
  Review the vast procession of the stars!

—*East and West.*

QUATRAIN.

Beyond the scope of sight or sound
  The twinkling stars, in play,
Circle their mother, the Moon around,
  In the darkened halls of day.

COLLEGE NOTES.

March 3.—Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, lectured in College Hall Chapel on "A Standard of Pronunciation of the English Language." After the lecture a reception was given in Professor Lounsbury's honor by the English Department. In the evening the annual Open Meeting of the Agora, in the Barn, took the form of a Parliament discussion of the war in the Transvaal.

March 4.—The Rev. E. S. Brown preached in Houghton Chapel at 11 o'clock.

March 5.—The Glee Club concert was repeated with marked success.

March 6.—Miss Evans, of Carleton College, in Northfield, Minnesota, gave a lecture in the Physics Lecture Room on "Moral Education in the Public Schools."

March 9.—At the first meeting of the Southern Club the following organization was effected. President, Corinne Afton Abercrombie; Vice President, Susan E. Hall; Secretary, Lucy H. Harrison; Treasurer, Julia F. Wells. This new college club has a membership of eighteen, including Mrs. Durant. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has accepted an invitation to become an honorary member of the club.

March 10.—Miss Blackmer, Miss Conlon, Miss Davis, Miss Dwight, Miss Sherman, Miss Williams, Miss Blattner, Miss Cooke, Miss Doane, Miss Hall, Miss Weakley and Miss Di Zérèga entertained in the Barn with a quaint Shakespeare masquerade.

March 11.—Professor Rush Rhees, of Newton Theological Seminary, preached in the morning.

March 12.—Mr. John Barrett, ex-minister to Siam, gave an interesting lecture on "The Philippines."

March 14.—Mr. Henri de Régnier delivered one of his series of lectures, in College Hall Chapel. His subject was "The Poets of To-day."

March 15.—The Freshmen announced that President Hazard had accepted the invitation of the class to become its honorary member.

March 16.—The first of the two receptions given by the Physical Training department took place in the gymnasium. The Faculty of the College and many outside guests witnessed exhibitions of rowing, basket-ball playing and regular gymnastic exercises.

March 17.—The society Alpha Kappa Chi entertained in its new home in Society Hall, with a lecture by Professor Chapin. The subject of the lecture was "A Garland of Greek Verse." In the evening Professor Riggs, of Auburn Theological Seminary, New York, lectured on "Recent Gains from New Testament Criticism."

March 18.—Professor Riggs preached in Houghton Chapel, at the usual hour.

March 19.—The Loan Exhibition of Architectural Drawings and Designs in the Art Building was opened by a reception given by the Art Department, at which Mrs. Horace Scudder and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer poured. This exhibition has been one of unusual interest. Mr. H. B. Pennell, one of the exhibitors, is a brother of Miss Ethel Pennell, '98. In the evening a most enjoyable piano recital was given by Madame Mélanie de Wienzkowska, assisted by Mr. George E. Dwight, baritone.

March 20.—At morning chapel the announcement was made of a generous gift to Wellesley from Mr. J. D. Rockefeller. The gift is of $100,000 and is conditioned on the complete payment of the College debt.

March 21.—Miss Bennett read Julius Cæsar to an appreciative audience in College Hall Chapel.

March 24.—Professor Whiting gave an interesting lecture on "Wireless Telegraphy." At the Barn, in the evening, the play "A Scrap of Paper" was given by the College Golf Club. The cast was as follows:—

Prosper Couramont . . .	Corinne Abercrombie, '00.
Baron de la Glaciere	Franc E. Foote, '99.
Brismouche (Landed Proprietor and Naturalist)	Louise Sylvester, '02.
Anatole (His Ward)	Frances Lathrop, '01.
Baptiste (Servant)	Annie H. Davis, '01.
Louise de la Glaciére	Helen L. Grover, '02.
M'dlle Suzanne de Ruseville (Her Cousin)	E. Gordon Walker, '00.
Mathilde (Sister to Louise) . . .	Jessie Lathrop, '03.
Mademoiselle Zenobie (Sister to Brisemouche)	Edith Lehman, '00.
Madame Dupont (Housekeeper) . .	Marion Patterson, '01.
Pauline (Maid)	Wilhelmine Bayless, '00.

The play was a thorough success. The scenery was more ambitious than usual and very attractive. Miss Abercrombie and Miss Sylvester made the most effective hits, but every part was well cast and cleverly worked up.

March 25.—Professor William N. Clark, of Colgate University, preached in Houghton Chapel.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

The friends of our college missionary, Dr. Julia Bissell, will be interested in knowing that part of the money which has this year been pledged for her work in India was used for the packing and shipping of three cases to her station on February 3. Although this was not the usual time for shipping to India, yet, in view of the sore need felt there, advantage was gladly taken of the exceptional opportunity for sending relief. The boxes contained supplies for the Diet Kitchen to the amount of $14.69, bedding and articles of clothing for the hospital wards to the value of $27.31. They will probably reach India at the time of Dr. Bissell's return from Switzerland, and will no doubt prove a great encouragement to her as she again takes up her much-loved work.

SOCIETY NOTES.

At a regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha, held Saturday evening, March 3, the following programme was presented:—

I.	Life of Smollet	Miss Ihlder.
II.	Life of Sterne	Miss Faber.
III.	Tristram Shandy	Miss Ball.
IV.	Scenes from the Vicar of Wakefield, Act II., Scenes 1 and 2. .	
	The Vicar of Wakefield . . .	Miss Dutch.
	Mr. Thornhill	Miss Grover.
	Mr. Burchell	Miss Foote.
	Moses Primrose, Dick, Bill	Miss Park.
	Mrs. Primrose	Miss Bayless.
	Sophia Primrose	Miss Oliphant.
	Olivia Primrose	Miss Henning.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held February 24, at Mrs. Rothrey's. The following programme was presented:—

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Harriet Goddard.
II. Dramatic Representation.
Othello, Act III., Scene 3.
Desdemona . . . . . Hilda Meisenbach.
Cassio . . . . . Marian Cooke.
Othello . . . . . Clare Conklin.
Iago . . . . . Constance Draper.
III. Paper. Comparison of Othello and Iago . . . . . Bertha Doane.
IV. Dramatic Representation.
Othello, Act III., Scene 4.
Desdemonia . . . . . Edith Lehman.
Emilia . . . . . Clara Blattner.
Othello . . . . . Catherine Dwight.
Clown . . . . . Alice Spink.

Mrs. George, Miss Adams and Mrs. Prince were present.

At a meeting of the Agora held on Wednesday evening, March 14, Clara King, 1901, Frances Knapp, 1902, and Grace Newhart, 1902, were received into the Society.

The regular monthly programme meeting of Alpha Kappa Chi was held in Elocution Hall Saturday Evening, February 24. Miss Hawes gave a lecture on Plautus.

At a regular meeting of Tau Zeta Epsilon, held February 17, the subject for discussion was the paintings of Hals and Rembrandt:—

I. Music . . . . . Isadore Rogers.
II. Notes on Hals' Life and Works, Ethel Nye Gibbs.
III. Representation of Hals' "Laughing Drinker."
Model . . . . . Clara Lorenzen.
Critic . . . . . Mildred S. Elliot.
IV. Music . . . . . Gertrude Hubbs.

V.	Notes on Rembrandt's Life and Works	Edith J. Norcross.
VI.	Representation of Rembrandt's "Portrait of a Young Girl."	
	Model	Marion Cushman.
	Critic	C. Louise Chase.
VII.	Music	Isadore Rogers.

Miss Maude Clark, '99, was present.

At a social meeting held Feb. 6, Miss Ethel L. Sanborn, 1902, was received into the Society.

At a meeting held March 10, Miss Marion Fisk, 1900, was received into the Society.

On the evening of March 17, Society Tau Zeta Epsilon formerly opened its new house. Among those present were: '90, Miss Bray, Mrs. Fred. Jones; '92, Mrs. Frank Carlton, Miss Mirick; '93, Miss Larned, Miss McDuffee, Miss Pond, Mrs. Gilbert Murray; '96, Miss Cushing; '97, Miss Boutelle, Miss Piper, Mrs. F. P. Cole, Miss Dennison; '98, Miss Bailey; '99, Miss Wood, Miss Reynolds.

The Class of 1900 sorrows deeply for the loss of one of its former members, Carrie Louise Whitcher, whose death is mentioned elsewhere in this MAGAZINE. Because of her ill health she was obliged to leave Wellesley in April, 1897. Later she spent a year and a half in the Adirondacks, trying to regain her strength. She returned to her mother's residence, 3 Cleveland Avenue, Woburn, Mass., two weeks before her death, which occurred March 10, 1900.

She was a sister of Mary C. (Whitcher) Dow, Wellesley, '96.

Signed, for the Class of 1900,

CHLOE CURTIS, *Cor. Sec.*

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

It is possible that many alumnæ who knew Mrs. Mary Meddick Nellis, '85, may not know that on the eleventh of last November she married Dr. Edwin R. Bishop, of Geneva, and that she died of pneumonia, March 4, 1900. Her life had a certain public interest, in that the towns of Willard, Ovid and Geneva recognized the extent and force of her influence. She was very active in church and philanthropical work, being president of the women's missionary society and the organizer of a flourishing infant school, which she developed from a small class to a membership of over one hundred. She also organized and helped to direct the Mendelssohn Society in her own city, and just before her death she accepted an election to the Board of Trustees of the Ovid (N. Y.) High School.

Miss Sarah S. Conant, '87, is at home this year in North Thetford, Vt.

Miss Elizabeth Webb Ballord, '87, is teaching in the Keokuk (Iowa) High School.

Miss Alice N. Miller, Sp. '87–'89, sailed for Italy on the tenth of March.

Miss May Banta, '89, is studying at Columbia, where her special work is the comparison of four forms of starch.

Miss Anna Dingley, '89, is in Europe.

Miss Julia D. Ferris, '89, is in Porto Rico, teaching in a school which the American Missionary Association established at San Juan last November.

Miss May Fine, '89, is at the head of a new day school in Princeton, N. J.

Mrs. Ella Hatch Lewis, '89, and her husband sailed for Palestine in February. They will remain three months, and return by way of Egypt, Turkey, Greece, Rome, Paris and London.

Miss Leona Lebus, '89, is finishing her work at the Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Miss Emilie de Rochemont, '89, is still in Springfield, Mass., teaching Greek and Latin in the High School.

Mrs. Mary Stinson Bean, '89, is living in Santa Clara, Cuba, where her husband is stationed.

Miss Maud Howard Crane, '90, is living at home in Homer, N. Y., a town which claims to be the home of the original David Harum.

Miss Flora E. Hidden, '90, is teaching in Brookline, Mass.

Miss Helen W. Holmes, '90, is attending a university course of lectures on educational topics. The President of Wellesley is one of the lecturers.

Miss Katherine E. Horton, '90, is at home in Windsor Locks, Conn.

Miss Isabelle Stone, '90, is still teaching physics at Vassar. This year she lives in the town and has charge of twenty freshmen.

Miss Helen Storer, '90, is a successful musical conductor. She is the director of the Tuesday Musical Club of Akron, Ohio, and of the Cleveland Fortnightly Club, a women's chorus of over thirty-five voices.

Mrs. Charlotte Miller Middlebrook, '91, sailed with her husband for Italy early in March.

The MAGAZINE has received an attractive prospectus of an "American School for Girls" to be opened at Göttengen, Germany, by Mrs. Mary McPherson Schaper, '93. The curriculum embraces college preparatory courses, advanced courses for non-collegians and traveling classes. The purpose of the school is "to offer to American girls the opportunity for a thorough preparation for American colleges, together with the advantages of European residence and travel, and of life in a German educational centre."

Miss Susie E. Goddard, '95, is in the office of the *Youth's Companion*, Boston.

Miss Iza Skelton, '95, is teaching at Northfield Seminary, Mass.

Miss Marion Stover, '95, is teaching in National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C.

Miss Sybil Boynton, '95, is teaching in the Woodstock (Vt.) High School.

Miss Mary L. Roberts, '95, has been studying art in Paris, and is now traveling.

Mrs. Blanche Bartleson Evans, '96, is housekeeping at E-549 Liberty Avenue, Spokane, Wash.

The address of Miss Helen Chandler, '96, is Madura, South India.

The address of Miss Mary Davenport Bragg, '96, is Foxboro, Mass.

Miss Amelia Hoyt, '96, is teaching Mathematics at Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Mass.

Miss Thereas Huntington, '96, is at Euphrates College, Harpoot, Turkey.

Mrs. Cornelia Jansen Burt, '96, is living at 23 Cross Street, Westerly, R. I.

Miss Frances Pullen is assistant in a doctor's office in Oak Park, Ill., doing practical work and continuing medical study.

In the interest of the new *Record* which the College offices and the Alumnæ Association are preparing to publish, the President's secretary inserts the following notice :—

The kindness of former teachers and students who have supplied lacking addresses in response to request is gratefully acknowledged. It is hoped that the work will go on, and that anyone who is able to supply such an address will send the same to Miss Mary Caswell, Wellesley College. The following are added to the list of former students whose addresses are as yet not ascertained :—

'92. Bean, Grace S.
'83. Deems, Mrs. W. Carroll (Rhodes, Cora D.)
'89. Dennen, Clara R.
'83. Dorchester, Mrs. L. H. (Hardy, Nellie E.)
'86. Fairfield, Alice T.
'88. Holmes, Eugenia A.
'76. McCoy, Mrs. Wm. B. (Bacon, Catharine).
'87. Noyes, Mary F.
'86. Pew, C. Blanche.
'90. Pew, Grace W.
'82. Shaw, Mrs. A. B. (Wolph, Bucephalia).
'90. Upham, Josephine A.
'81. Walker, Mrs. John C. (Williams, Anna Hutchins).
87. Wilcox, Mrs. Harry P. (Bean, Elizabeth H.)

MARRIAGES.

Bishop–Nellis.—In Ovid, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1899, Mrs. Mary M. Nellis, '85, to Dr. Edwin R. Bishop, of Geneva.

Gilmore–Wilcox.—In Medford, Mass., March 15, 1900, Miss Marion Newell Wilcox, '93, to Mr. Jonathan Monroe Gilmore.

BIRTHS.

In Holyoke, Mass., Oct. 5, 1899, a son, Richard Peale, to Mrs. Harriet Peale Towne, '85.

In Cambridge, Mass., January 2, 1900, a daughter, Dorothy, to Mrs. Emma Squires Aiken, '91.

In Springfield, Mass., February 2, 1900, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Mrs. Alice Dixon Rayner, '87.

DEATHS.

At Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, S. A., in Sept., 1899, Mrs. Maud Hutchinson Babbit, '92.

At Sandusky, Ohio, Feb. 14, 1900, Guy Sterling, Jr., son of Mrs. Harriet Brewer Sterling, '86.

At Geneva, N. Y., March 4, 1900, Mrs. Mary Nellis Bishop, '85.

At Woburn, Mass., March 10, 1900, Carrie Louise Whitcher, formerly of 1900.

At Jamestown, N. Y., March 11, 1900, Mrs. Eleager Green, mother of Miss Ella Weld Green, '99.

At Water Valley, Miss., March 16, 1900, Mrs. D. R. Wagner, mother of Miss Corinne Wagner, '99, and Miss Jessie E. Wagner, formerly of '99.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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EDITOR IN CHIEF.
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All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Martha G. McCaulley, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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EDUCATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SOUTH AFRICA is attracting much attention at this time, and though interest is chiefly centered on the war and political matters in general, there remains not a little to spare for other aspects of the country. Having been a teacher in Cape Colony for the last three and a half years, and having traveled in the Transvaal, I have seen much of what is being done along educational lines in that part of the world.

In Cape Colony the English government pursues a very liberal policy toward Public Education. Every little village of six hundred or less has its well-equipped Day School for Whites, Poor School and Native School. The School for Whites is practically free, as each pupil pays only a few shillings a quarter. Here the boys and girls are carried from the Primary Grade through the College Preparatory course. The Poor School is provided for the children whose parents wish to pay only the nominal sum of a penny a week, which penny is not very rigidly collected. It teaches Bible, reading, writing, arithmetic, and provides a series of nature object-lessons. The Native School is really a separate Poor School for colored people. It is important to add

that in some towns are Industrial Schools, where poor white boys and girls learn useful trades, and that in some places are large native institutions like Lovedale, where manual labor receives great attention.

In addition Government supports a large number of "farm schools." By means of its generous grants of money, isolated farmers can have a teacher for their families at very small expense, as the board supplied costs very little. In these farm schools there are often as many different classes as there are pupils, but frequently College Preparatory work is done by an enterprising instructor. Indeed, a young Afrikander teacher usually expects to "win his spurs" in such a position.

There are a few kindergartens in the Colony, partly supported by Government grants, but they were not as yet regarded as a necessity.

Carefully graded Normal Schools are provided in important centers. Government pays not only the tuition but the board of pupils intending to fit themselves as teachers, provided said pupils will teach two years in the Colony, at the usual salaries, when they have received their certificates.

Finally, Government gives large grants to a number of colleges, the principal of which are the South African in Cape Town, Victoria at Stellenbosch, Gill in Somerset East, Huguenot in Wellington, and Dale in King William's Town, where students are fitted for the B.A. degree in classics or in science, so that a boy or girl attending as a day scholar can have a college education at trifling cost. Several of these colleges provide graduate courses leading to the degree of M.A., which is taken, however, only in a few cases.

Add to the opportunities thus provided by Government the numerous endowed schools and colleges of the Episcopal Church and other denominations, and the various private schools, and it will be seen that abundant educational provision is made for a country whose population is less than 1,600,000.

For the most part co-education is the rule, though in large places there are separate schools for boys and girls. The Huguenot College is the only college established primarily for girls, but it admits a number of boys as day scholars. All the other colleges cordially welcome girls to their classes, feeling that the feminine presence does considerable in the interests of law and order. There are far more boys than girls, however, in the courses beyond Matriculation.

By a well-organized system of inspection, Government keeps its watchful eye upon all the schools receiving grants. The inspectors annually send in a careful criticism of the work each school is doing in every grade and department, and it is understood that further grants depend upon the maintaining of a high standard.

The Colleges are not inspected, but are judged by their results in a series of stiff examinations given each year. They cannot give degrees themselves, but only prepare pupils for the various examinations set each year by the University of the Cape of Good Hope, which corrects the papers, prints the results and awards degrees and prizes. The latter are so numerous and generous that clever and hardworking students are sometimes enabled to pay their entire board and tuition throughout the course, and when special scholarships are given in addition by individual colleges can afford bicycles and pleasure trips. It is the cherished dream of certain Colonials that some day the Cape University may become a teaching as well as an examining body, but it will doubtless be a great many years before this can come true.

The red-letter occasion of the year in educational circles is the Degree Day of the University of the Cape of Good Hope. Officers, teachers, students and interested friends assemble promptly in the Good Hope Hall of Cape Town. The Governor and his staff are in attendance. The platform looks as gay as a flower garden, for the Chancellor and Members of the Council are resplendent in hoods of scarlet, blue, white, green and purple, representing various European universities and different degrees. The students in black caps and gowns sit in front.

After the names of students successful in the year's examinations have been read and the prize winners are announced, degrees are conferred. Each candidate shakes hands with the chancellor and receives the hood of his degree. Black bordered with orange denotes B.A., black lined with orange, M.A. Then a few students of other universities are admitted to *Ad Eundem* degrees, and an address by the chancellor concludes the ceremonies.

Last year five of us applied to have our American degrees recognized. It took a great deal of explaining, writing to the United States, and certifying; for the council of the University of the Cape of Good Hope had never heard of Wellesley, Vassar, Mount Holyoke, Oberlin, and only by chance

of Cornell. We finally succeeded in attaining our desire, and received the B.A. degree for which we had been preparing pupils for several years. We considered it a great triumph, patriotically speaking, and therefore worth the expense and bother.

The whole system of teaching is English and Scotch, and very different from that in the United States. Instead of finishing Algebra and Geometry at given times, and then dropping them, these subjects are dragged along (in an elementary way) year after year, till half way through the college course.

The classics are strongly emphasized, and great stress is laid on exceptions and peculiarities of Latin and Greek grammar, elaborate prose composition, and detailed knowledge of any allusions mentioned in the text. The class reads one half a book of Cæsar, when in the United States we should read five, one oration of Cicero instead of our seven, one book of Virgil instead of our six, and usually emerges very weak in sight reading, painfully deficient in knowledge of classical history and appreciation of classical spirit, but well crammed with grammatical exceptions, the memorized translation of the particular text studied, and isolated allusions, especially the most unimportant.

In English great stress is laid on parsing and analysis, and the correcting of spelling errors and faulty sentences. Details of grammar and the history of the English language are required. Two books are studied each year; *e. g.*, "The Merchant of Venice" and "Areopagitica." A pupil must be able to explain in detail every allusion, to give the context of any quotation, to answer any critical question that the examiner may ask. During three years of college one hour a week is given to Literature; first, a general view from Chaucer to Pope, and then a very detailed study of some selected period of sixty years. There is of necessity some repetition in the recurrence of literary periods, but very seldom is a book repeated, and a teacher's laboriously prepared and valuable notes are very rarely of service more than once during ten or twelve years. The student is expected to be able to write a good essay on one of several subjects stated on the examination paper; but no time is given him for the study of Rhetoric of any description. Whatever he knows must be gained from the teacher's criticism of his essays; and the correcting of these essays is not counted by Government as school

work. In other words, the teacher of English must spend just as many hours in the classroom as the teacher of other subjects, with just as many "exercises" and "written reviews," and has all the essays extra. And yet the student, usually Dutch-speaking, must acquire a good English style. As a teacher of English in the Huguenot College I bowed myself to the inevitable, and corrected essays in my free time, for I wanted my students to do well; but I shall always regard the many hours so spent as a sort of unjust taxation.

For the Intermediate B.A. examination Latin, English, Algebra, Geometry, History, and Greek or Trigonometry are required. Then the student chooses two of the following electives,—Botany, Chemistry, Physics, and a modern language (Dutch, French, German). The preparation may be done in one year, but often takes two.

For the Literary B.A., he must take further examinations in Latin, Greek, English, Logic, and Psychology, and a modern language, and if he chooses may write Honors papers in all these subjects and in Philology. For the Scientific B.A. he must be examined in Algebra, Trigonometry, Geometry, Conics, Statics, and two of the natural sciences, with voluntary Honors papers in Mathematics and the two sciences. Two years are necessary in preparing for each. It will be seen that the student begins to specialize early, and has little of the "general culture" so possible under our American régime of undergraduate work.

From two-thirds to three-fourths of the students are of Dutch or French-Dutch extraction; the rest are English and Scotch. They are not clever as a rule, though there are now and then notable exceptions. Inaccuracy, carelessness, lethargy, and memorizing instead of reasoning are their chief faults; willingness to work hard for an impending examination is their most prominent virtue, though even then ambition is lacking in many, and no spur is able to stir it satisfactorily. In my experience I encountered very little of a real thirst for knowledge. Information was usually valued for what it would be worth in the examination. This is, however, in my opinion, the fault of the system rather than that of the pupils. Indeed, as a teacher, working under the eye of Government, and knowing what was considered the standard of successful scholarship, I often found myself violating my pedagogical conscience by emphasizing a good

many points for no other reason than that they might be asked by certain examiners.

In the Transvaal the Government, before the war, provided most liberally for its Dutch schools, but did nothing for English-speaking pupils unless they attended schools where everything was carried on in Dutch. As far as I know, Government did nothing at all for Native Schools. Wealthy Boer farmers got tutors and governesses for their families; such a position is not especially onerous, but is very lonely indeed. Any boy or girl from the Free State or the Transvaal may enjoy all the privileges of the schools and colleges in Cape Colony, and if they have attended a Colonial School for two years they are eligible for the prizes offered by Government.

It is certainly through the education of Dutch and English youth side by side in Colonial Schools that the bitter race hatred is slowly but surely lessened. That the schools and colleges of South Africa will need to do their utmost in this respect for very many years to come, no one who knows South Africa will fail to doubt.

ALICE WELCH KELLOGG, '94.

THE BUDDHIST BELL.

(NOW USED FOR OUR CHAPEL SERVICE.)

Within thy hollow walls deep shades abide,
  Akin from old to India's jungle gloom,
To shadows on Himalaya's southern side,
  Or to the depths of Buddha's rock-hewn tomb.
Thy strong and startling peal renews the rush
  Of sudden wind and distant Ganges flood;
Thy fading note sinks dim into the hush,
  Silent as zealots die in self-drawn blood.
Thy shadows fell across the Vedic hymn;
  Thy tones called pious souls to seek for rest,
To chant their hoary litany, and dim
  Their creature sight with visions of the blest.
Yet, calling Christ-led aliens now to prayer,
Thy note rings true, for Faith is everywhere.

LAURA J. YEATER, 19

A TRIANGULAR ARRANGEMENT.

WHEN Willie's aunt first heard of his marriage she was unmistakably angry; but her moment of wrath, by force of its very fierceness, passed quickly, leaving pity for the boy in its place. After this short yielding to natural but unavailing emotion, she set herself to the consideration of a point on which the world had already shown remarkable inquisitiveness,—that is, what she should do about it. Miss Wilson never approached a question in anything but a spirit of calmness. She was one of those rare, fair-minded women who are able to obliterate the personal element and view a subject with masculine impartiality. Entirely dependent on her, brought up with no knowledge of money save the spending of it, with college just behind him and no secure future before, it would be absolute cruelty, she felt, to turn her nephew adrift on the world. Moreover, if Willie at twenty-one were utterly unfitted for earning his living, surely the fault was with her, and she could not in justice ask him to pay the penalty for it. His allowance must be continued; her sense of fairness required it.

But there was one fence which no keen-spurring sense of justice could force her to take; she balked at the wife. For his luxurious habits she was responsible; she was not responsible for his wife. Though it pleased her, from the heights of unassailable ancestry, to utter democratic sentiments from time to time, at heart she was pure aristocrat and birth her fetish. It was in this most vulnerable spot that Willie's marriage had hurt her. She could forgive his neglecting to make her the confidante of his matrimonial intentions, while she could not forgive his disdain of family traditions shown in his choice of a wife.

She wrote to him, announcing the continuation of his allowance, but refusing to see his wife. Willie replied in a letter full of manly indignation and chivalrous sentiments. He declined to accept any favor which did not include a recognition of his wife, and definitely broke off all relations with his aunt until such a time as she should make the requisite call upon her niece.

"Poor boy," said the old lady, putting down the letter.

She removed her glasses and wiped her eyes with great frankness. She disdained subterfuges with herself. She liked her nephew all the better for his defiance of her, for his independent spirit and gallant defense of his wife.

It was but the flowering of seed which she had herself planted in the boy, and if among the blooms there were thorns to prick her, she could none the less admire the bounty of her harvest, putting it down, with a singular lack of self-laudation, to the richness of the soil in which she had sown.

"Poor boy," she said again, sadly. "His fight is going to be a hard one."

A few weeks later she sailed for Europe, taking with her the girl whom she had herself designed to be Willie's bride. It was doubtless, again, her strong sense of justice which suggested some indemnity to this girl for her disappointment. They remained abroad for two years. During this time Miss Wilson had word of Willie once only, and indirectly. Through his wife's relatives he had obtained a position, with a slight salary, in a small town in New Jersey. After that she heard nothing. Her decision regarding him had been accepted as final by the few remaining members of the family, and he was never mentioned in the letters she received from home. Hopeless of any definite outcome in this struggle of wills between her nephew and herself, Miss Wilson had from the first accepted the silence as inevitable. Indeed, though her heart spoke in hunger at times for the boy, she did not really want it broken. Better to suffer in her affections than in her belief in the infallibility of blood. Imprudent he had been, it is true, but in questions of honor she could trust her nephew to do the right thing at all times; and here the right thing was so obviously a dignified retention of the position he had taken at the outset.

So, when, shortly after her return to New York, she received a letter from Willie's wife, she instantly exonerated Willie from all knowledge of it. They were miserably poor, the letter said, and asked for help. Keen enough sportsman to desire to see a game well played, Miss Wilson was distinctly disappointed at this wrong move on the girl's part. It gave the stamp of certainty to her preconceived impression of her niece; a woman of breeding would have been incapable of so indelicate an action. Yet, not even the satisfaction coming from a confirmed right judgment could make up for her regret that the struggle, hitherto between equals, had been weakened by the entrance into the lists of one of lower rank.

Still, if Willie and his wife were in such straits as the letter said, something must be done. She felt sure that Willie must again refuse her

money. Nevertheless, her position demanded that she repeat her offer. Her nephew's wife should not appeal to her in vain. She went to her desk. "My dear Willie," she wrote, "Your wife has written to me, asking for help. I wish to say that the offer I made at the time of your marriage is still open for your acceptance. Upon application to my lawyer, the money will be paid at once.

Sincerely your aunt,

CLARA BRUCE WILSON."

It was this letter which first caught Willie's eye as he entered his small, shabby office the next morning. He recognized the dignified curves of his aunt's handwriting with a queer throb at his heart. Had she relented at last? His eyes softened at the thought, and he crossed hurriedly to his desk. Dear old Aunt Clara. How the long silence between them had hurt! They two, quite alone as they were, had been very much to each other in the old days, before——. He read the letter through without comprehension. "Your wife has written——" The impossibility of any such proceedure on his wife's part was perfectly apparent to him. "Your wife has written——" He read it again. It could not be true! His arms lay limply along the desk before him; his eyes saw only the complicated pattern made by the cracks on the opposite wall. The letter had fallen to the floor, and the breeze from the half-open window rattled its leaves fitfully. Slowly the man's head sank forward on his outstretched arms. It must be true! It must be true!

With Willie, as with his aunt, the first thought was always for the honorable treatment of a situation. His wife's treachery toward himself, for the moment, hurt less than her loss of dignity in appealing to the woman who had slighted her. It seemed incomprehensible to him that Louise should have betrayed them into such a position. Surely, it was her cause he had been championing, her rights he had been maintaining for the past two years, though it had meant for him utter self-denial and stern hard work such as he had never known in his life before. And she had been holding secret communications with the enemy. Her motive, to a man of Willie's temper, was far to seek. To be sure, his aunt's prophecy had come to fulfillment: the struggle had been hard; life had not yet for them put on her

holiday gown. Still, they had believed in her happy coming with all the confidence of strong, young hope.

He had not thought Louise dissatisfied. In the beginning, at least, she had been brave enough. She had stood, with a pretty flush of courage on her face, and defied a world of aunts withholding recognition. But, in the light of this secret act of hers, various apparently insignificant scenes of the weeks past took on ugly shadows. In her petulant, but seemingly playful arraignments of poverty, he now heard the note of bitterness. He remembered the inevitable appearance of the tired smile, and the drooping mouth as it told each night the tale of the day's work. And lately, many a castle in Spain, such as he delighted to build for her out of the longing of his heart, had fallen in ruins at her incredulous laugh. He recalled various tentative remarks she had made about his aunt in the past few weeks. Once she had openly suggested that he reconsider his refusal of her offer. It had occasioned a violent quarrel between them, but at the reconciliation she had seemed penitent enough, and promised never to re-open the subject. Yet after all this, she had written a letter, a begging letter, which must make him appear contemptible in the eyes of the aunt to whose high standard of conduct he had ever tried to make his life comformable.

He brooded all day over the indignity which Louise had put upon him, and at night went home with his heart very full of blame for her. She came into the hall as he was taking off his overcoat. He did not answer her greeting, but brushed past her into the living room. Then he turned abruptly, meeting her frightened face.

"You wrote to my aunt," he said, hoarsely.

The girl stood in the doorway, rigid, looking at Willie, with wide, fearful eyes.

"Louise, how could you do it?"

The frightened eyes filled at the reproach in his voice, and Louise hid her face in her hands.

"I was so unhappy, Willie," she sobbed.

He looked at her quickly.

"Haven't I made you happy?" he asked in a startled way.

There was no reassurance in her sobs.

"I've tried to make you happy, Louise," he said slowly.

"Yes, dear, I know you have," said her penitent voice. "It's just the poverty, and all that."

Hugging his own grievance all day, Willie had not realized that Louise might plead extenuating circumstances. Her position completely disarmed him.

"I wouldn't mind the work," she went on, "if we only ever gained anything by it; but we don't. It means just keeping up, that's all. It means going without all the pleasures and all the pretty things that are just half of life. You don't know how meanly envious I am of the people who have these things, Willie. I know you want to give them to me, dear," she added quickly, answering the pain in his eyes. "But how can you ever do it on a salary less than nothing and no prospects? The money that we might have, that would secure our happiness, is so tantalizingly within our reach. I didn't want to think of it, Willie. Truly, I tried not to, dear. But the thought would come and come and almost drive me mad with longing for it. Then I wrote the letter."

She ended in a tone of curiously mingled penitence and defiance.

Willie was silent for a moment, then turned toward the little room which served him as study. Emboldened by the quiet way in which he had taken the matter Louise determined to risk a last plea. As he reached the door she cried, in tremulous appeal, "Can't you take the money, Willie?"

"I don't know. I must think," and he closed the door between them.

The conflict in the little room lasted long. Years of training were ranged against love, but it was the aristocratic ideal which went down before the tender heart. "Louise is not happy," was the undertone to all reasoning, to all argument. It was in his power to make her happy. His pride must bend. Opening the door he called to her, "We'll take the money, dear."

His voice was not quite steady, but his mouth smiled.

Miss Wilson, having lived a mainly selfish life and having no acquaintance with the self-immolating power of love, would have assuredly failed to sympathize with her nephew's motive if she had known it. As it was, she imputed his action to a pitiably swift degeneration of Willie's character. Her disappointment was very bitter, reaching, as it did, at her creed of life. All the future relations between Willie and his aunt were carried on through

her lawyer, and it was from him that Willie learned of his aunt's death two years later. She had left them a small legacy in the form of an annuity. The annuity was in Louise's name. After the receipt of the letter, in which Willie's pride had bitten the dust, she was never known to make the slightest reference to her nephew.

LUCY MORRIS, 1900.

PRAYER.

O Lord God!
Thou that dwellest in the Holy City,
Where the flags of peace are never furled,
Pity! Pity!
Rouse the world!
Thou the angels heralded with singing,
Thou by shepherds in a barn adored,
Thou that sayest, "I come not to you bringing
Peace," O Prince of Peace! O Holy Lord!
Draw thy sword!
Wake Thy slothful people; they are sleeping
Far without the city's shining wall;
Wake them, for a mist of death is creeping
Over all.
Send again a prophet who shall lead them
In the way,—a prophet who shall dare
Scourge them out of sleep and death, and speed them
Onward to Thy kingdom,—peace is there.
Peace and rest are waiting in the city;
He's not safe that sleeps without the wall.
Pity! Pity!
Saviour, call!

FLORENCE CONVERSE, '93.

RELIGIOUS CONCEPTIONS OF CARLYLE AND TOLSTOY.

CARLYLE and Tolstoy, though they are at variance in many things, agree in some few, and chief among these is their insistence upon religion as a necessity for all civilization. Its importance to Tolstoy seems to be in its incentive toward moral action; while to Carlyle it seems a necessity simply

because men cannot think and not evolve for themselves some sort of theistic philosophy. Both men were brought up in a most orthodox and dogmatic form of religion, Tolstoy in the Greek church and Carlyle in the Presbyterian faith; both men, by regarding the evils which had grown up in and through these hard and fast creeds, had doubted, had disbelieved, and had come at last to their own particular beliefs; that they differed so widely is due, of course, to the different temperaments of the men themselves. It is strange that, of the two, Tolstoy, who saw more of the evil of the world, more of the corruption of the Church, should be, in his iconoclasm, more gentle and less universally destructive than Carlyle, though he was imbued with a no less deep discontent. But iconoclasts both are, in the deepest sense of the word, and image breakers; both consider the Church an out-worn garment, a hot-bed of superstition, a blind leader of the blind, a rotten and vice-spreading institution. And both believe that we are now at the turning point, that the evil is but temporary, and that the world will rise again from this state of sin and degradation to the perfection for which it is destined. Neither one believes in immortality as it is taught by the Christian Church of to-day, but each believes that we live eternally in the life of the human race and are perfected in its perfection which is to come.

But here the resemblance ceases. With Carlyle we have little that is concrete and detailed in his religious conceptions. All great thinkers have believed, since the world began, in some power, often mystic, unknown and unknowable, a transcendental ego, a supreme self, the author of nature; and Carlyle's philosophy seems to be scarcely less vague than this. His belief is that of the man of science, who knows that the world could not come from nothing, and who believes in law; his religion is the outcome of his imagination, co-operating with his intellect, which makes for him a God who is unknown because of his very vastness and profundity, who cannot be made into a creed because of the inadequacy of our own powers,—a supreme spirit pervading the entire universe, more great than time and space, and beyond them. This led him to scorn the dogmatic formulas of the church in which he had been brought up, and, finally, practically to reject Christianity with all its tenets. But as the hopelessness of the religion of his time mocked him, the more he was impressed by the necessity for religion as a dynamic social force and a function of civilization. And for the decayed symbols afforded by the

Christian Church he would substitute new symbols, for the necessity of expression appealed to the imaginative side of his nature. And he, like Tolstoy, believed that this new religion was to be, through love, love of man to God and of man to man. In his belief in the existence of God himself he never wavers, but speaking of his moments of deepest doubt he says, "Living without God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly bereft; if my as yet sealed eyes, with their unspeakable longing, could nowhere see him, nevertheless in my heart he was present, and his heaven-written law still stood legible and sacred there." Out of the vortex of his doubts and questionings Carlyle came, through the "infinite nature of duty," to a positive conviction that the God of the universe was his "Father," that he was "mysteriously here with God," and that God was in "every star, in every grass-blade, and most in every living soul." This is the sum of Carlyle's theology; to conviction he added the necessity of "conduct," and morality, with a stern insistence upon duty—but this is his belief. To many it seems insufficient as an expression of his conception of God. He does not affirm the immortality of the individual soul; he disregards the Trinity; he does not assert the divinity of Christ; he gives to the Supreme Self no attributes, not even that of love—but is it so inadequate? He does not, like Tolstoy, spend his time in working over the meanings of obscure passages in the Bible, but in propounding principles of universal importance; and to me Carlyle's faith seems universal. Had he gone beyond what he has given us to formulate a creed, he would have become narrower and more local; his real strength lies in the fact that he refrains from putting upon his belief the stamp of his own individuality; he has given us what all the universe might accept. It is true that each man needs a creed of his own beyond this, but it is not true that there is any one creed which can satisfy all; all the world cannot accept the Christian mythology, or the Buddhist mythology, any more than all Christendom can accept and be satisfied with Catholicism or Presbyterianism.

With Tolstoy we take another point of view; his belief has come to him through the moral side of his nature, and religion to him is "a knowledge of good and evil beyond the animal instincts." It is not a philosophy, but a rule of life; and the only justification which he offers for the religion of Jesus, which he holds, is that "it alone offers rules for the reasonable conduct of life." His is a faith that has never wavered; it has not grown up through

doubts and questionings, but has been stimulated by his disgust at the moral atmosphere in which he has been bred. His belief is a simple, noble, child-like one; it does not occur to him to doubt the religion of Jesus; he seeks only to interpret it with the meaning which he believes it originally had, and thus to inculcate better morals and purer ways of living. He would have men follow the Beatitudes, obey the Ten Commandments, and love all the world. His is a gentle, but determined iconoclasm; he has no faith in the Church or in its teachings; he believes that men have willfully or ignorantly distorted and misinterpreted the teachings of Jesus (by which all men should be guided), and he sets aside all established ecclesiastical formulas and dogmas, and puts in their places formulas and dogmas of his own devising, his conception of the law as it was taught by Jesus. It is most refreshing, this way in which he takes so much for granted and assumes, so naively, the existence of those powers and the truth of those statements which other men have taken so much time and energy in discussing. "The Christian religion," he says, "is the best for the development of the proper morals in society. Come, now, I will teach you how to live." And it is very noble, too, his interpretation of the meaning of life, of the aim of the soul,—a renunciation of the personal life, and a merging of this personal life in the universal life of humanity: man is to live, not for himself, but for others. With scorn unutterable Tolstoy speaks of those who prize in the Christian religion "not what it contains of eternal good to humanity, not its teachings indispensable to a reasonable life," but "that part of it which it is impossible to understand," and even more so of those, "such as Tiele and Spencer," who "understand by religion the metaphysical doctrine of the universal principle." Religion to him is the embodiment of the moral law; we are to live the best of lives, not for our own sakes, but for the improvement of the race and the benefit of humanity. It is all very definite and concrete: no man might go astray or lose himself in a creed of his own devising on a way of his own choosing; and if it is impracticable it is none the less beautiful.

It is not easy to compare the religious conceptions of Carlyle and Tolstoy; for one leaves off where the other begins. Against the noble orthodoxy and unquestioning faith of Tolstoy we have the splendid, passionate doubt and the wonderful faith of Carlyle. To me Carlyle is far nobler. To have doubted everything that one's heart longed to believe and to have

come back to that magnificent, untrammeled faith in a vast and infinite unknowable, beyond the reach of time and space, beyond the petty creeds of little nations, beyond the bickerings of sect, seems to me more glorious than to have made a moral law by which to govern this little world. And could anything be more sublime than to have ventured forth alone, in one's own might, into the infinite, where men had never been, to come back, though one were singed, with wisdom that would do for all the world!

KATHRINA H. STORMS, 1900.

"Our wilderness is the wide world, in an atheistic century!" cried the tempest-tossed Carlyle, and the Russian peasant-count might well have echoed back the very words. To these two men, so remote from each other in every condition of life—in nationality, in birth, in environment—came the same great spiritual conflict, the same progressive struggle from the "everlasting no" to the "everlasting yes." Both were dauntless seekers of the truth, both deeply dissatisfied with the interpretations of it which they found in their own age. Society was in ragged "old clothes," and this because the Church was inadequate both to patch up these tattered vestments and to provide new ones. The first essential journey to take in the search for truth, evidently, was to arrive at a true conception of religion, and the path would then be clear toward the perfect social organization. So the two men set out on the same road, wandering through the same wildernesses of skepticism and misery and fear, and coming out at last on the same highway of duty. But Tolstoy, inasmuch as he had obtained a clearer vision of the true blessedness of life revealed in the doctrines of Jesus Christ, was farther advanced in the pursuit of the social ideal than Carlyle.

The Church of England and the Greek Church alike seemed to these two men to be constructed on false principles, and when the trials and disappointments and doubts of life came to them they found they could no longer take refuge in these communions. Carlyle looks back to the "Worship of Sorrow" that Jesus taught, and says, "The Temple thereof, founded some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures; nevertheless, venture forward; in a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still thêre, and its

sacred Lamp perennially burning." Tolstoy, even more vigorously than Carlyle, seizes upon this lamp of early Christianity to illuminate his way, and show him how dense was the jungle which had overgrown the Temple. A false conception of Christ's doctrines, he thought, had been developed by the Church, and all the theological commentaries and creeds arising thence had utterly hidden the beautiful original structure. This false doctrine Tolstoy found to be that of personal immortality. The Church teaches, he says, that this life is unnatural and temporary, full of suffering because of the fall of Adam; that Christ came to atone for this and all the sin of mankind, and that all that is needful for immortal happiness is faith in Christ. Instead of teaching, as the Hebrew Scriptures did, that the object of life is to live conformably to the will of God, and to render life eternal in the generations, or, as Jesus taught, to identify ourselves with the will of God, it simply teaches that happiness comes through faith. But to Tolstoy it seemed that the doctrine of individual immortality does not compel us to renounce the personal life, but, rather, affirms the continuance of the individuality forever, and is therefore at variance with Christ's doctrine of absolute self-renunciation for the good of humanity. His doctrine of immortality, therefore, is much like that of George Eliot's. To him it seemed that Christ taught that eternal life was to be perpetuated in the Son of Man, and that to obtain it we must practice the commandments of Jesus, who summed up the will of God for all humanity. The only difference from the Hebrew doctrines here is that it is the life of humanity, and not of the chosen people, that is to continue in accordance with Divine law. Carlyle, too, seemed to have no definite idea of a personal immortality, but to hold that eternal life is only in God. "Know of a truth," he says, "that only the Time-shadows have perished or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever."

The true happiness, then, is to be found even now, in this world, so these two men thought. "Love not pleasure, love God," cries Carlyle, when he has at length attained to his belief in a Divine power. And with this new attitude toward God comes simultaneously a new relation toward man. He feels the universal brotherhood of mankind and a love for humanity. As the natural outcome of this he preaches the annihilation

of self and the personal pleasures that are acquired by depriving others of their rights. "Only with Renunciation can life, properly speaking, be said to begin." This both Carlyle and Tolstoy found to be the fundamental principle of life, upon which all duty rests.

But it is at this point that Tolstoy leaves Carlyle behind him, and strikes out on a clearly defined path of duty. Carlyle took no guide to help him on his road to faith, but traced it out step by step through his own emotional and intellectual experiences. And having arrived at this point of absolute self-renunciation, he does not perceive definitely the ultimate goal. He counsels, "Do the duty that is nearest thee," but, unlike Tolstoy, he does not point out what that duty is. "Up! up!" he cries, passionately. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh wherein no man can work." Tolstoy, on the other hand, takes for his guide the Bible, and laboriously traces out his way, noting at every point where the world has gone astray, not seeing or reading wrong the sign-posts by the way. All the accepted doctrines of the Church he questions, and finally finds in the literal interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount the true guide toward universal peace and blessedness. "Resist not evil," is the keynote of his belief. On this he thinks all the commandments of Christ to have been based, and with the acceptance of this for the ultimate philosophy of life he thinks all doubts will be solved. Then it will be seen that the doctrines of the Established Church are false; that it is wrong to treat the five commandments of Jesus in any way except the literal sense. He says distinctly that the temptations destructive of happiness are these,—anger and enmity toward one's fellow-men, sensuality, oaths, violent resistance to evil, and the distinction between compatriots and foreigners. When these shall be conquered; all social ranks, all courts of justice, all distinctions between persons and countries, done away with; all wars ceased,—then will come the kingdom of God on earth, where man shall find his perfect happiness. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," is the true life; and where Carlyle cries, "Do thy duty; work, work!" Tolstoy says, "Work for others!" Self-renunciation means, absolutely, to labor for the happiness of others.

In denying all existing dogmas Tolstoy was like Carlyle, but in formulating a definite creed he again made a wide departure from him. It is

difficult to follow through a comparison of the religious experiences of the two, because their temperaments seem to have been so different. Carlyle, in a sense, ended where Tolstoy began; that is, he did not definitely repudiate the Church till he had uttered his "everlasting yea," whereas Tolstoy was led into skepticism largely through contemplation of what seemed to him the inadequacies of the Church. Carlyle was not so distinctly a Christian in his belief as Tolstoy; nevertheless, the great moral and intellectual struggle with atheism which both went through led them both finally to the sure conviction of what Arnold calls "The eternal that makes for righteousness."

ETHEL M. SPERRY, 1900.

MRS. POMFRET, MAKER OF GENIUSES.

MELTON T. HATCH was almost a prodigy. Indeed, to one ordinarily versed in the distinctive marks of embryo genius, he might have seemed prodigy pure and simple. Two circumstances, however, kept him out of the infant phenomenon class; he was as yet a prophet in his own country, and Mrs. Pomfret refused to give him his standing. It was not known among the Apville people just why Melton T. was outside the pale of genius, but all understood there was some good reason. So it seemed openly schismatic of Mrs. Hanslom—the new tailor's wife—to declare that the boy *was* a genius positively. And when Mrs. Pomfret was quoted by the opposition, Mrs. Hanslom had laughingly added that comets were always more or less inconvenient to celestial bodies of fixed habits, and that a certain person could not hope to order the universe forever, and to keep always intact her neat little assortment of carefully graded stars. This remark, made at the sewing circle, traveled straight to the lonely ears of Mrs. Pomfret, as she watered her gladiolas and mignonette in the early morning, pending the arrival of the milkman with the news.

It was a new experience for Mrs. Pomfret to be lonesome. She had never been so formerly,—never until the new tailor had brought to town his objectionable wife with her new-fangled ways. Mrs. Hanslom had appeared, the first day, in a white fichu, so pretty that Mrs. Pomfret had never for-

given her. All the Apville ladies, young and old, had immediately copied it, and *so* immediately that at the church supper Mrs. Pomfret had remarked with glowering amazement that she herself was the only one without that fair, white neck-wear. This occurrence was a new experience to one who had for years set the styles in dress and bonnets, and whose attic attested the conscientiousness with which she had fitted herself to be a leader of fashion. Volume after volume of the *Ladies' Delight*, a bimonthly criterion of fashion, had been periodically rolled away under the eaves of the old house, and many a perplexing hour for the welfare of Apville did their pages represent. Now, it appeared, their prestige was over,—gone at a breath before the gewgaws of a tailor up-start's wife; and with their fleeting authority Mrs. Pomfret seemed to see the fading away of her own dominion. It happened, unfortunately for Melton, that his reputation was begun just after the fichu affair. A concert-singer, dropping into Apville on a meandering vacation tour through the country, had heard the boy play, had sung to his accompaniment, pronounced him a genius and departed. The following morning Mrs. Pomfret's milkman had shouted genially to her over the garden fence, "We' got a 'progidy' in Apville!"—and, by that remark, had unwittingly doomed Melton to an indefinite period of obscurity. Mrs. Pomfret's lips had closed ominously. Fashions might rise and set in an ephemeral round, but the stamp of genius should not be inadvertently bestowed. Accordingly, from that hour, Melton's standing was a precarious one.

Mrs. Pomfret had held her stand with austere success. If there ever were moments when she felt inclined to unbend a little, something would occur—like Mrs. Hanslom's remark about the comet and fixed stars—to make her determine to maintain her position, even though it did become a little cramped. So, on the afternoon of her "at home," when two of her calling-list had punctually plodded their way up the long drive leading to the house, she listened in sphinx-like silence to their rhapsodies over the "new Apville star"; and, all finished, she inquired dispassionately what piano he had played on.

"The Opera House instrument," explained both visitors eagerly.

"I thought so," said Mrs. Pomfret, stonily. Then, after a moment, "He hasn't played on my husband's piano yet, has he—that you know of?" with a touch of finest irony.

Both callers cast an awed look at the black, square piano hunched up in the darkest corner of the dim little parlor. An awed look, because that piano had a history. That is, it probably had one; for as it was never referred to except as "my husband's piano," so it was the sole known cause which ever called up mention of a quondam Mr. Pomfret. It was not open to the public except for national jubilees or Orthodox sociables, yet its beautiful tone was of county fame, and the loan of it meant success to any musical function. When Mrs. Pomfret put her ironical question, the two ladies tacitly admitted the pertinence of the implied argument by changing the subject to a discussion of the town clam-bake to take place on the following afternoon. Incidentally Mrs. Hanslom was mentioned as likely to introduce a feature of the day by a new style of dress. They had heard that she was to wear an outing-skirt, as she named it.

"Mrs. Hanslom is so modish!" exclaimed one of the ladies, ungenerously. "If you watch her you are sure to get the latest first!"

"Did you know they were wearing shorter skirts now?" asked the other caller.

Mrs. Pomfret straightened stiffly. "It depends on who you mean by they. *I* don't."

The remainder of the call was a little awkward. The hostess seemed preoccupied and somewhat austere. Very soon the two friends got up apologetically and took their leave. After Mrs. Pomfret had courteously conducted them to the front door and closed it behind them, she went back slowly to the little parlor and sat down to think. It was a bitter moment for her. She had not known that "they" were wearing short skirts, and now the morrow would witness another triumph of the enemy, and short skirts would become the fashion in Apville without her sanction. It must not be. Obviously, she must herself wear an outing skirt to-morrow afternoon. But how to get one? She got up eagerly and looked at the clock. It was far past her tea-time. How long she must have sat there, thinking! But there was time enough, she thought determinedly,—time enough before to-morrow noon. Laboriously she climbed the steep attic stairs, and, from the blue-gray shadows under the eaves, pulled out a storage trunk. She took from it a pair of thick gray blankets and shook the heavy odor of camphor from their deep-creased folds; then downstairs again, with the blankets

spread on the long table and the quick shears clipping them into breadths and gores. It would be short work to run them through the machine, she thought, as she seated herself and, with a triumphant whirl of the wheel, started on the first breadth. But before two feet of seam were run through her lips were pressed tightly and her brows drawn together in pain. It was no use; the rheumatism was too bad. She tried again and again, then settled back in her chair, the slow conviction forcing itself upon her mind that the attempt was vain. She heard the clock strike eight—too late for anyone to come in for the evening. Through the window she could look far down the lonely road, stretching away into the dusk. Some moments passed before a boy's whistle sounded shrilly. She peered out strainingly, trying half unconsciously to make out who it was. He was near her gate now. He walked like—oh, yes, it was that Hatch boy's queer, broad hat. With the recognition came another thought; she hurried to the door.

"Here, Melton," she called, "Melton Hatch!" He wheeled in surprise.

"Did you call, Mis' Pomfret?"

"Yes, I did; you come here a minute." He came readily enough, but at the door, stopped and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. He knew what Mrs. Pomfret thought of genuises. She took him by the arm purposefully and drew him into the house.

"Melton," she said, "I want you to do some work for me. I ——"

"But I can't to-night," he replied, pulling back a little. "I'm going to practice."

"You can practice all you want here," she retorted unmoved, leading him into the sitting-room and seating him before the machine.

"I've got some sewing that's got to be done, and I can't do it myself on account of the rheumatism. You sit right there and keep your feet going. You can foot it on the piano pedals," she concluded grimly, "and I guess you can keep this treadle going."

She passed the end of a long, gray seam under the needle and started the machine. Young Melton kept his eyes on the seam, fascinated with amazement, while his feet worked mechanically. As soon as one seam was completed, another was started, and there was no sound except the whir of the machine, or the ticking of the clock when a seam was run out. How long Melton sat there he could never say—his remembrance of it being

dimmed by what followed. He could recall being taken again by the arm after a certain period and led into another room where there was a black, square piano in one dark corner. Here he was again seated before an instrument and told to act as motive power. But this time no one sat by him to share the work. He was free and alone, and ah! how he loved the feeling of those smooth, white keys that rose and fell to his touch so unfailingly, and the soft, rich tones that he could hear even before he pressed the keys, and then could make heard in fulfillment of expectation. It was like no music he had ever made before. He had not known there was music so different from that of the little cabinet organ at home or the Opera House piano, which he had only touched twice. He played on and on, and then there was a little while, he remembered, when the music stopped, and he drank something sweet and spicy and ate something also sweet and delicate; and after that there was more playing, and more, so that the room was full of sound that trembled and swelled and died away until, for the third time that evening a hand was laid on his arm and a voice that he had never heard before was telling him that he was to come back to make that music as often as he would, and never to forget to thank God that he had the spirit of heavenly harmony in his heart.

He passed out slowly into the warm, dusky night. Mrs. Pomfret stood in the doorway, long after he had disappeared, smiling quietly and looking down the way he had gone, until her gaze was lost in the soft, summer gloom. With the same still smile on her face she went back into the house and made all secure for the night. Finally, taking up the gray skirt, she folded it carefully and laid it down smoothly on top of the piano. With her hand resting there she stood for a minute or so, then turned to go to bed, ready for the morrow.

NINA F. POOR, 1900.

ABEL KING, THE COWARD.

ABEL KING sat in his lonely study bending over his half-written sermon. The young minister's face was flushed, and his dark hair lay in moist rings against the high, white forehead, although the little room was already growing chill, as it lost the warmth of the dying fire. Yet the large student's

lamp threw a glow of brightness over the simple furniture, exposing the "splintery" places in the green straw matting, and the dark stains of age on the cane-seated chairs. But it betrayed no speck of dust on the well-worn books that filled two large sets of shelves, nor a single dead leaf on the white geranium, so carefully tucked in by a newspaper from the cold window. The lamp even sent a penetrating ray into the farthest corner, and through the crack in the unlatched door of the little cupboard, disclosing the remains of supper and a promise of next morning's modest breakfast. Abel King was entitled to dine down stairs at the landlady's table; he actually appeared there on certain rare occasions, when he was not "out," or preoccupied, at the proper hour.

The tower clock over in the great city across the river clanged one. The young minister rose, picked up his scattered papers, and smoothed out the worn, rumpled table-cover. As he turned to the sleeping room he stopped suddenly, as if drawn by an inward compulsion, to gaze at the face looking down from a gilt frame over the mantel. Dark, piercing eyes, deep-set under heavy brows; high cheeks, on which the iron-gray military whiskers failed to hide the dark lines furrowed there by care and rough experience; a stern, unflinching mouth above a stubborn chin,—Captain King was every inch the soldier. As he gazed, a shadow of pain deepened in Abel's clear blue eyes: "O, father," he cried, "why did you not live to teach your son your courage! Such a father, and Abel King a coward!"

Then he turned resolutely away, threw back his shoulders, and made preparations for sleep, with a painful attempt to give his whole mind to the present action. For a moment he wondered where his blankets were; then remembered the mother and child he had found that morning, ill and deserted in a bleak attic on the worst alley of the city. He opened a chest, took out an old gray shawl, and spread it across the narrow bed. But he could not sleep. The shawl reminded him of his mother, now three years in her grave; and the thought of her carried him back again to his father, and the unspotted fame of his glorious career, which so shamed his own weakness. It was the evil fiend of his life that day by day grew more unbearable. It seemed but yesterday when, a timid child of seven, he had heard the words that seemed to brand his very soul and warp his life. He was sitting again in the sunny nursery, by the side of his beautiful mother,

painting a blue-coated soldier, while she read him for the hundredth time the last letter of the brave father who would never return from the great war. Again, the servant-girl entered with a flurry, and interrupted: "Please, marm, there's a gentleman down stairs that wants to see the boy. He says he's his father's brother, and he's got them brass buttons on, but he won't see you, on any account, marm. Shall I tell him to go away, thank you?"

He saw his mother's face flush and pale as she replied quietly, "No, Ellen; you may dress Abel and take him down to the parlor."

He remembered how excited he had been at the thought of talking with a real soldier, one who had known his wonderful father; and how he had forgotten till afterwards to wonder at the man who did not want to see his beautiful mamma. He never could tell just how his uncle looked, for almost before he had crossed the threshold he had been seized with a fit of fright at the tall, grim figure; but he could still hear the deep voice growling: "The child's all Mary through and through. The same big eyes and soft curls that made a fool of Jack for once in his life. He's a little coward, besides, not worthy of his father. Take the lad away; I want none of him."

How the shame of the discovery had haunted him. He, Abel King, a coward! The thought grew into his life, and always took a new form when it laid aside an old one as too childish to have effect longer. At school he shrank from the snow fights and wrestling matches, though he suffered agonies over his own weakness, and inflicted tortures on himself in private to see if he could keep from crying. At college he found himself trembling from head to foot through the gymnasium period; and he dared not join the crew, although he could swim perfectly. Yet he had suffered less during the years of study, for he was busy preparing for the work he loved, and he had always hoped for freedom at last. But now the old fear was returning; it jumped upon him the moment he laid aside his work; it followed him through the streets in open day; it would surely drive him from the pulpit in the end. He could almost hear it, in his own voice, denouncing him to the congregation, "I, Abel King, a minister of the gospel, am a coward!"

The winter wind roared down the chimney and shook the window casements wrathfully. The minister's thoughts wandered to the poor woman in

her bare attic. "I must manage to get her some—wood—to-morrow," he murmured, then fell asleep.

He thought he was standing on the brink of the swift-flowing river. A sleigh full of merry-makers came dashing down the empty street. The horses veered, plunged around the little guard house straight over the steep embankment. For an instant they struggled madly in the stream. Then the black waters closed above their heads, and he, Abel King, turned and ran for his life, not even giving the alarm along the way, but stopping his ears from the faint cries for help.

He awoke with a start and sprang to the window, pressing his hot brow against the frosty pane. Over there the river flowed on dark and still as ever. "It was only a dream," he murmured, "but it shows me myself. I would surely have done so; shall do so when the crisis comes."

He lighted the lamp and finished his sermon, then planned the work for the day.

. . . . .

It was Saturday night and Abel was returning to his lonely lodgings. It had been the worst week of all. He had even been tempted to turn the accusing picture to the wall. Several times he had walked a mile to avoid crossing the hateful bridge, and each time had added weight to his overburden of cowardice. Even the children, his loyal friends and admirers, had noted something wrong, and tormented him with their persistent questionings. But little Kate, a neighbor's child, now ran toward him dragging by the hand her more reluctant friend and crying shrilly:—

"He's my minister, I tell you, and he'll take us by the ugly boys all safe. They won't dare touch us while he's round."

Abel King dismissed his thoughts and reassured the children, taking them to a little treat in his room, while the offenders slunk away, abashed at being caught by him in a rudeness. The minister was almost happy as he listened to the little girls' gay chatter; but he could not escape the bitter thought, "The boys would have turned on me had they known what I really am,—and rightly, too."

. . . . .

It was Sunday noon, and the sermon was ended. An unshamed tear was running down the aristocratic nose of Dr. Marks, the wealthiest skeptic

in the place; while the old sexton's wife waited humbly behind the rest to say to the pale young minister,—

"I just wanted to tell you, sir, how much you helped me to-day. You've given me courage to go through another week."

The minister's sensitive lips quivered as he turned away without a word.

. . . . .

The wind caught up the light snow and hurled it in the faces of the church-goers as they hurried homewards. Men turned up their coat collars, women buried their faces in their muffs, and warmly clad children clung to their mothers' skirts. But the usual row of ragamuffins was perched on the high rail of the bridge ready to mock respectable passers-by or dare the threatening policeman with his unwieldy club. Suddenly a stronger gust came sweeping across the bare common above. One odd little figure let go the slender rod from his pinched, red fingers, lost his balance, slipped backwards, fell, half lodged in the framework, then fell again down into the swift-rushing stream below. Instantly, on the opposite side of the bridge, a larger form slipped through the iron lattice, worked his way hand over hand along the outer edge and dived into the icy water just below the spot where the other fell.

"Only a young rascal brought back to plague us," grumbled the gruff policeman to his comrade; "but that plunger was a man for you. I saw his face just before he went in, and I thought it was General Grant charging the whole rebel army. No, I don't know how he found the kid or ever got out of that black swirl alive, but before I could round the guardhouse he was coming up the path with the half-drowned rat in his arms. The General was all right, didn't want my help, and seemed in a mighty big hurry to get off with his fish. As near as I could tell he made for that brown house in the next street, where the young clergy with the scared face lives. Might have been a relation; he had curly hair like his."

The minister never spoke of the victory; he did not often think of it, even when he strode on his way across the bridge, but he knew the old fear had gone from him. Abel King looked no longer inward and backward, but outward and forward.

BERTHA E. DAVIS, 1902.

SLIP SHEETS.

I. THE SIGNORA.

SHE had narrow black eyes, smooth black hair, and a skin of delicate red and white. The contour of her face was somewhat heavily Japanese, but it had all the enigmatic suggestiveness of the East and of old Italy. With it all she possessed the soft, purring voice and lazy ways of a tiger cat. The two old ladies in the house maintained she did not have many more principles. The young Professor did not care much whether she had principles or not. She taught him Italian, mornings, in a veranda cover, and on hot afternoons he read Shelley and Rossetti to her in the honeysuckle balcony, while she swung in the hammock and cooed delighted response. She loved poetry only better than flirtation, and she knew much of it in five or six languages, and could recite it charmingly in her velvety voice with its caressing Italian intonations. She was fond, too, of sea tales, and of riding her wheel for miles over the hard island roads, and, for all her languorous ways, she could be as tireless as a man. But that was not the only reason that the athlete liked to ride with her, so the old ladies declared. They thought she ought to have taken the Signor with her, and they were undoubtedly right; but then she did so many things of which they disapproved, such as twisting honeysuckle and sweet clematis in her hair, and sitting out on the porch very late on moonlight nights, and coming to breakfast in a pink "matinée" jacket and bicycle skirt. They always put their fingers in their ears and frowned when her voice floated down from her third-floor room in contralto snatches of Italian opera. But the young Professor would put down his political economy treatises for a second, and would tilt back in his porch-chair, with his lips puckered half-smilingly about his pipe, and his keen blue eyes half shut. There was that expression on his face when, after a fight with the breakers, he would stretch out in the hot, white sand and look at the sea. He talked little, and the Signora talked a great deal and well. The Signor never talked at all; the old ladies first declared he thought unutterable things, and then they called him a fool. They may have been right either way. They were also full of sorrowful indignation

on behalf of the athlete, who looked at the Signora a great deal and grew evidently thin and unhappy toward the end of August. And, indeed, there is little question but that, all through the long, drowsy summer, the Signora sat Circe-like and worked subtle enchantments. And it was so interesting to watch her.

EDITH LEHMAN, 1900.

II. A STEAMBOAT LANDING AT NIGHT.

A SHRIEK from the whistle, a warning bell, and we leave our warm cushions in the lighted cabin, seize our wraps and bags, turn up our collars, and go out to encounter the chill night air, heavy with fog from the river. As we peer through the darkness we see the few lonesome-looking lights of the sleeping town on the bank; and nearer, the dim lanterns of the wharf shine vaguely out upon the black river. There is a swaying for a moment, then a bump which sends us against the guard-rail, and we have made the landing. With timid step we walk across the narrow gang plank, with the deep, black shadows on either side, and take our place among the shivering group on the wharf. The colored lights from the deck and the glare from the engines flicker across the sullen, black faces of the deck-hands, as, urged on by the hoarse oaths of the first mate, they move swiftly and silently to and fro, bearing heavy kegs of nails on their shoulders. When the last keg is in place a clanging bell sounds, the gang planks fall heavily upon the deck, there is a mighty heaving and groaning, a slow splash of paddles as the huge wheel begins to turn, the prow swings ponderously about into the middle of the river, and the shadowy bulk bears its red and green lights steadfastly on into the black of the night, leaving behind a long trail of gleaming foam.

JESSIE F. HUTSINPILLAR, 1902.

III.

IT was a warm nineteenth of April, but nevertheless it was a holiday, and so all the little boys were out on the street. They were playing something unusual this morning, too; not just "horse" or "fire engine." They

were the Americans and the British. Three of the eight wore their Christmas soldier suits, red breastplates, plumed hats, and belts with swords. The others had sashes and epaulets, and carried horns and popguns.

In the battle which followed, Paul Revere figured most prominently. Strangely, he gave orders to both sides. The brave General Washington meekly obeyed his commmands, and not one of the British dared die except those few whom he had so privileged.

Around the corner came four small girls, wheeling their doll carriages. There were Paul Revere's sister, General Miles's cousin, and their two most intimate friends. Down through the ranks Paul Revere espied them standing watching. Proudly he gave the order to march, and the regiment moved in perfect time down the sidewalk. But, alas! as it was the grand officer's turn to pass before the reviewing stand, his sister caught sight of him, and disregarding his high position, called out,—

"Oh, Harold Otis, you have on my best red silk sash; just you wait till I tell mamma."

F. E. S., 1902.

IV.

Miss Abigail and Miss Matilda wanted the lamp lighted. That was easy to see from the way in which they fidgeted about the room or sat still in unusual, uncomfortable silence. The firelight left too many possible mysteries lurking in the corners of the familiar sitting-room. How could they talk if they couldn't see anything? And how could they enjoy themselves if they couldn't talk?

But there was a third person in the room, moving back and forth, always through the same lights and shadows, always with the same quick, soft footsteps. This was what sister Jane had done every night since she had come back home four years ago. Sister Jane had a history, such a history, I mean, as people make books about. She lived in the past, and when one lives in the past she loves darkness and silence. Miss Abigail and Miss Matilda felt this dimly, vaguely. So the walks went on and the two sat by in dumb, restless sympathy.

Mabel H. Hyde, 1902.

V. MISS SUSAN MARTIN.

In the little village of Clifton there was one woman, and only one, who knew more than the parson about faith. Many a good housewife was skilled in good works, but on faith in the abstract Miss Susan Martin was the highest authority. It was her place to expound the truth for the edification of the village. First she always was at prayer meeting, having often left her sister's home before tea was over; and as "brother Barnes," who came to open the doors of the church and ring the bell in the little steeple, puffed up the hill to the church, he would see gaunt Miss Martin seated primly on the church steps waiting. At such a time Miss Martin would not speak to "brother Barnes"; she merely nodded with lips firmly closed, and sat, till the door opened, with one hand pressed tightly over her mouth. The great danger was lest she should let out before the proper time the story of her "experiences" of the week. Her experience was always told just after the second hymn, and great was her terror lest it should come forth in spite of her before that moment.

"I believe in sudden inspiration by the Spirit," she would explain, "but I do like to be inspired regular, so I can always know when it's comin', and be ready. Remember the foolish virgins," she would say, her long old face white with interest, "and have your experience regular. Far be it from me to boast, but every morning I fall from grace, and every afternoon I am saved and am glorified before tea-time. It's a good dependable thing, religion is. School-children have dreadful irritatin' ways, and sister was always a trial,—her so sick all the time, and so dretful backsliddin',—but when I'm filled with the Spirit these thorns of the flesh melt like the snow."

"But do you know, Mis' Baker," Susan's sister would gossip out, "of course I couldn't mention this to anyone else, but I've hearn my father say as how Susan wa'n't always so clever in religion. I can remember how one night, when I was playin' round—I was only a little girl—and Susan started off all alone to the prayer-meetin', Pa turned around to Ma, and kind of larfed, and said, 'I say, Ma, have you noticed how pious Susan is since young Jones was drowned up river last month?' And Ma she looked awful solemn, and she says real sorrowful, 'Susie's only sixteen, Pa,' and she looked out the window up the road after Susan so pitiful. I remember it

just as well! Susan might have had lots of chances after that, real good ones, but she always scared away the men by her religion—and none of them would have her. She had never an offer in her life! O, yes, she was dretful pretty, and every man who looked at her was bound to get so far along toward courtin' as to call; but when she began to clear up the question of sanctification 'twas enough to make any man shy off—and shy off they all did.

"And then, too, she was too high-handed in her ways. Why, when poor Ma died, and I married John, and Susan started a-teachin' school, there was nothin' for it but she'd live alone in that little red house, you know it—down beyond Mis' Simmonses? Time and again I've said to John, 'Susan hadn't ought to live all alone. S'pose she should be took in the night.' She had cramps in the leg something fearful. And took she was, often. I'd always know when she'd had a bad night because John would tell me how he'd heard her singin' as he went by of a mornin',—

'Nobody knows the troubles I have,
Nobody knows but Jesus.'

Somehow she'd get real comfort out of that song, when whiskey and salt wouldn't help her a mite.

"Well, there she lived all alone till John died, just before my last baby was born, and then when the baby was dyin' too, Susan had to come and stay with me. Of course you know I ain't never been well enough to get round since, and stay on she's had to, however much she wanted to get back to her school-teachin' and her livin' alone. Dr. Brown did say to me one day when I was feelin' extra bad, and he had to come, that the committee wa'n't broken-hearted at losing her as a teacher. He says to me, 'Of course the committee didn't feel for to ask her to leave, her havin' taught so many years, but they do say as the young ones, and I'm sure my boy Jim does, know more about religion than 'rithmetic.' And then he larfed real hearty, as though something tickled him. Of course I wa'n't a-goin' to stand no such sassin' from Dr. Brown, and I up and told him so; but between you and me, Mis' Baker, I shouldn't wonder if Susan did give those young ones a good deal of religion, and give it to them steady. Oh, yes, she's good to live with a sick woman like me, but even then she ain't all the company our

help is. You know I've got a real nice girl to help around and do the cookin', old Sam Keyeses daughter Myra, and she's a great hand to bring in all the news regular; but when Susan comes in to set with me she asks me first always about my soul,—and 'How is your soul to-day?' she'll say, 'Sister, are you filled with the Spirit? O Martha, if you was only attendant on the means of grace!' she'll say. Oh! she's awful good; everyone knows that."

Everyone did know it—even the "help" Myra. "She knows all about the Lord," Myra would say. "She tells me what he'd do about everything. Why, she'll say to me if she goes to the closet and sees any leavin's, 'Myra,' she'll say, 'the All-seeing Eye, in his mercy, would carry that little piece of puddin' to old Mis' Simmonses'—and carry it I do, prompt."

Alone in her own room, Miss Martin spent her time in prayer, reading of the Bible, and agonized effort to arrange in presentable order her "experiences." It had been a great trial to her to come and live with her sister. She preferred living alone, that no one might know how she denied herself food in order to send money to the "ignorant and superstitious," which term she pitifully applied to all differing from herself in belief. Still, it was a relief in some ways to leave the school-teaching. Her long, thin face would flush painfully years afterward to remember how, one visiting day, Deacon Green and Dr. Brown had laughed when, in answer to the doctor's question as to what they had been studying in arithmetic, one little boy answered sturdily, "Conviction, Salvation, and Damnation." Yes, her present life, perhaps, was better. Her sister's indifference was a trial, but perhaps Susan needed some further affliction for her full purification; and anyway "the ways of the Almighty are mysterious."

ANNE S. CARLISLE, 1902.

VI.

O ye whose hope it is to serve the wretched poor,
Who long to change conditions and make the right secure,
Remember that thy labors will fail their glorious end,
Unless, with humble loving, ye are the poor one's friend.

MARY AGNES LEVANS, 1901.

SPECTATOR.

I.

WE, as a college devoted to the study of plays in the classroom and elsewhere, must be especially sympathetic toward a movement of this past winter to elevate the modern stage. Certainly, after a course in the earlier English drama, and after learning the part which the German stage plays in a liberal education, it is with disgust and impatience that we catch sight of the glaring bulletins which announce some vulgar comic opera or wretched melodrama. Mr. Blair deserves much credit for having originated a practical remonstrance against the degeneration of the American stage.

Mr. Blair's plan, as announced in the fall, was to give in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and elsewhere, one presentation of each of five plays which should be representative of the modern stage in other countries; and to give them as well as possible. This sounded, indeed, like an interesting experiment.

The first play was from the Spanish, "El Gran Galeoto," a play of simple style, strong and forceful. This was followed by "Les Tenailles," an unhappy choice. Ibsen's "Master-Builder" was a play almost impossible to understand, but stimulating as a problem. "The Storm," by Ostrovski, gave just such a picture of life as do the Russian novels which we read. "The Heather Field" was very good. This last was called an Irish play. It certainly is not characteristic of the present Irish or English stage. "Les Tenailles" is characteristic, the others may be. But at least these plays represent the best dramatic writing in the countries from which they are drawn.

The acting was uniformly good. The careful preparation of the minor parts was especially satisfactory. Mr. Blair's acting was characterized by a wonderful force of reserve. And as a side issue these plays are of interest in having developed an actress of great promise. In "El Gran Galeoto" Miss Kahn did not make an altogether favorable impression. In "Les Tenailles" she was stronger, but in "The Master-Builder," as a girl of the mountains, she was splendid. Mr. Mansfield has secured her as his leading lady.

Those who have been fortunate enough to see the whole series feel that Mr. Blair's experiment has been really successful. Although the company has lost both Mr. Blair and Miss Kahn, it is to be hoped that we shall have more of this sort of thing next winter.

II.

DURING the past month Harvard University has been carrying on a great and commendable work,—a work the spirit of which we, as a college, would do well to imitate. Mr. Alexis E. Frye, a graduate of Harvard, and now superintendent of the schools of Cuba, came to Boston some little time ago to see about the instruction and entertainment of about two thousand Cuban teachers who expect to attend the summer school at Harvard. Mr. Frye realized the difficulty of it all, and so he thought that his work would be a hard one, but President Eliot stepped forward and has solved, in a miraculous way, all the difficult problems of this gigantic undertaking. President Eliot himself has offered the teachers free tuition, and has raised $50,000 toward covering their expenses. There has been a movement among the student body as well. The students in the college dormitories have promised to give up their rooms, just as they are, for the use of the men teachers; and the students in private dormitories have promised to give money or to lend furniture for those rooms left vacant by the seniors. The women will be lodged in neighboring boarding houses. Added to such instruction as is suited to their needs, the Cuban visitors are having planned for them all sorts of literary and musical entertainments. Since besides mere instruction these Cuban teachers will gain quite a great deal of knowledge of home life in New England and of the industries and resources of these United States, Harvard University is doing a noble act in giving them the opportunity for such instruction. One might say that this university, so near our own college, is helping to bring to a successful completion that work which our country took upon itself two years ago, when it determined to deliver Cuba from her deplorable situation.

III.

A FEW weeks ago we all knew that the English Literature and the Philosophy Departments were busy getting off their exhibits to the Paris Exposition. But, perhaps, not many of us know of another link by which we, as an American college, are connected with the Exposition. This link is a recent organization, one characteristic of this progressive end of the century, which is to hold its first assembly at Paris during the Exposition of 1900.

This organization has received an appalling name,—The International Association for the Advancement of Science, Arts, and Education,—and the work which it proposes to undertake is correspondingly stupendous. The purpose of the Association is to further an existing movement toward international co-operation in the study of arts and sciences, of methods of education and social improvement, to systematize and unify the efforts and results of the modern International Congresses, and to further the educational applications of these results. This work of the Association during this summer has been well arranged under six departments. These make it possible for a member of the Association to visit the various Congresses or to receive summaries of the problems discussed and the results reached. They will make it possible for the teachers and students of all countries to meet one another. There will be lectures on the general conduct of the Exposition, and special courses of lectures on each subject represented there. All lectures can be practically supplemented by excursions. A detailed programme will be provided, also weekly and daily bulletins, and from time to time special reports. Weekly social gatherings will afford further possibilities of intercourse between people with mutual interests.

This Association will certainly be a great aid to all who visit the Exposition with a purpose of really bringing away something, but what it accomplishes there will be only its fortunate beginning. It includes already many of the most intellectually prominent people in England and France; an American group will probably be organized. It is when we reflect on the overwhelming amount of knowledge already in the world, and the rapid rate at which it increases, that we can best appreciate a plan for collating the progress in education and civilization which has already been made and for meeting the coming problems.

IV.

THE changes recently made in the curriculum of Smith College must have significance for all who are interested in colleges for women. These changes affect both entrance requirements and college work, and are conditioned on the substitution of one degree for the three formerly given. Hitherto, Smith has not only conferred three degrees, but has required three corresponding kinds of preparation from the secondary schools. Many of

the disadvantages of this arrangement are obvious. Among other results it is expected that this new system will "prevent the essentials of a truly liberal culture from being sacrificed by premature or excessive specialization," and that it will "remove the confusion now arising from the multiplicity of degrees, so that the college can consistently confer the one degree of A.B. upon all those who satisfactorily fulfill its conditions." Such a step was certainly one to be desired, and in taking it Smith has evolved a very interesting course of study.

One entrance requirement now leads to one college course, but into this requirement and this course has been incorporated something of the diversity of the three courses from which it has been built. English and mathematics are the only absolute requirements. The major requirement in a language may be either Greek or Latin. Instead of another major in Greek, Latin, French or German, two minors in the same languages, history, chemistry, physics, physical science, biology or astronomy may be offered.

An arrangement whereby advanced work in a major may be substituted for an elementary, and the wide choice of subjects which may be offered, will lead the preparatory school student early to a serious consideration of the subjects in which she wishes to specialize. It is likely that the College will secure more thorough preparation by allowing no conditions in Minors and Elementaries,—the courses most likely to be neglected,—and that it will be able to demand an intelligent choice of electives by requiring an examination in every subject offered at entrance which is not to be carried on.

There are three points especially worth noticing—the number of sciences which may be offered at entrance; the possible substitution of a stiff course in logic and argumentation for the college course in mathematics; and the fewer hours required,—fourteen in freshman and sophomore years, and twelve in junior and senior years.

This new curriculum means, probably, a higher standard for Smith, and, perhaps, for other colleges a stimulus to like revision.

V.

HAPPY were the Wellesley girls who on Easter evening had the privilege of listening to the oratorio of "Elijah" at Music Hall. The first attraction for us, of course, was the singing of Mme. Gadski in the soprano

parts. Although we have heard her more in her element at the grand opera, Gadski charmed her audience Sunday evening, as she always does. That she rose no higher in her part's conception simply demonstrates still more forcibly that we have no artists in the country capable of doing justice to the oratorio characters of the great musicians. The rest of the solo singing in "Elijah" was lacking somewhat in voice, as well as spirit, save for the clear carolling of Master Snelling, whose sweet boy voice thrilled us with its penetrative melody. The chorus and orchestra did their usual excellent work under the direction of Mr. Mollenhauer. On the whole, the Handel and Haydn Society is to be congratulated on its fifty-first performance of the noble oratorio of the "Elijah."

M. C. P.

EDITORIALS.

I.

It is in the spirit of this beautiful spring weather, when everything looks so alluring, if only one need not bestir herself over it just now, that one approaches the long posted lists of courses for next year. The only sighs are for what must be left out. Among the changes swiftly noted there are none more interesting than those made by the English Department. Perhaps, as editors of the Magazine, our interest in these courses may seem prejudiced; but it is at least prejudice in a good direction, for during a number of years past all progress in educational methods has meant a corresponding increase of attention to the study of English. Most people look back uncomprehendingly and pityingly to the times, when a knowledge of the classics came first and foremost, when Latin and Greek composition was the usual thing, and English writing received no attention, or, not so far away, the period when the "essay" reigned. We are convinced that in another decade, here at Wellesley, girls will shrug their shoulders over the days when more than half the college took only the prescribed courses.

English is an excellent companion study for almost any course, certainly a wise one to take along with English literature, history, economics, ancient languages, or philosophy. It is not incapable of appeal to any quality of mind. The mathematics enthusiast, indeed, will find in English work, if she approach it with a fair mind, just as much to puzzle and stimulate, just as much to work over, and just as real a satisfaction when the result is accomplished.

More interest should exist in the course in Poetics. There is very little verse afloat in the College outside of the Rhymsters' Club. For all who feel a desire to write short stories, however conscious they may be of their lack of wonderful ability, there is English VI., now entirely a short story course. May there be more material another year for a Prize Contest! It is to be hoped that girls will take this their Junior year, when they are fresh from a study of the construction of the short story, and when they will still have another year to try something further.

But for the girl with literary ambitions who enters Wellesley after this

year what a treat has been prepared! With five possible hours of English in the first year, she may at the end of that one year, the Freshman and Sophomore requirements cleared away, look forward to a free choice of all the English courses she desires. Only one hour of required work in that line remains for her, and that this privileged young person may take in her Sophomore year; or if she be heroic and knows what is really best for her, she will take instead the new two-hour course in argumentation.

These innovations may well make those of us here now feel that we shall soon be behind the times, and that it is perhaps just as well that we are going to leave soon, for we could surely never keep up with girls who are to receive such English drill. Or it may still more make us wish that we were beginning over again with the fortunate 1904's.

II.

THIS is the time of year when we who are yet in the ranks of the undergraduates become aware of a serious discrepancy between our capacity for labor and the demands which are put upon us. During May and June all things in the College curriculum draw toward a close, an apparent contradiction to Mother Nature, for in the out-door Wellesley world things are just beginning. Final papers, examinations, and all the other devices of this winding-up process are the harder to bear when the thoughts of long, lazy afternoons spent with boats and bicycles and shady trees make one sigh for freedom. It is a serious temptation to become a believer of the pernicious theory that

> "A marciful Providence fashioned us holler,
> O' purpose that we might our princerples swaller,"

and acting on that theory, cut, cut, cut. As a safeguard against such waverings, athletics offers itself. The athletic girl has her regular appointments for out-of-door exercise, and for the most part this exercise is pleasant. While she is out-of-doors she is not troubled with the thought that her proper place is in the library; and when she is in the library, she is more satisfied to be there, having spent part of her day out of it. Add to this the benefits which the regular training gives, and the result seems to be that the athletic girl has the advantage over the rest of us during these final days. It seems a point of expediency to become an athletic girl.

FREE PRESS.

I.

We are all glad, at least we say we are glad, to be reminded of our faults. We admit that we ought not to appear perpetually miserable, even though we are college students, and able to regard with scorn the unconquerable cheerfulness of that one of our number who rallies us upon our melancholy. In this instance the sting of rebuke is less severe because we have a feeling of injured innocence rather than a smarting conscience. We have our moods, alas, but we deny that the prevailing mood is one of melancholy. Strangers remark upon our playful or our beatific expression; they never regard us as a down-trodden race. Even those who expect to find us bowed with care are forced to recognize our good spirits. One instance, chosen from many others, will sufficiently illustrate this fact.

It was my good fortune to ride to the station one day with a thin, sad woman in black. I remember particularly her weak-looking old bonnet with its drooping ribbons. I thought she was a mother. She spoke of campus and trees and lake, and supposed, commiseratingly, that we had no time to enjoy them. I, meanwhile, between responses, was nodding to the girls we passed,—girls of all classes and kinds. They attracted the attention of my companion. "That girl isn't very pale," she said. "Why, that girl seems to be having a good time." "That one looks real happy." And finally, when we had passed about a dozen, she turned to me and exclaimed, with a rising inflection of wonder, "Why, they all look happy!" And then, "Perhaps I'll send my daughter here, after all,—I thought the work was so rigid. Do you really enjoy it, and have fun?"

G. L. C.

II.

In his talk at Vespers recently, Dr. Van Dyke told a story about the scientist Huxley. Reaching Dublin once, just before the time appointed for his lecture, Dr. Huxley hurriedly jumped into a cab and said to the son of Erin on the box, "Drive fast." Giving him no time for further directions, the driver whipped his horses and jolted madly away. "Stop," shouted Huxley; "do you know where you are going?"

"No," answered the man, "but I'm driving fast." From Dr. Van Dyke's wide application of the teaching of this story, we can draw our own little lesson. Much has been written and said about the rush, the whirl of college life, but very little as to whether this unrest is a necessary accompaniment of college work. A great deal of it is simply "driving fast." A subject for a paper, in literature, say, is given out. Not stopping to remember that all the instructor asks is an orderly statement of our thoughts after a reasonable amount of study, we rush out to our friends with the information that we have a "terrible paper" to write, and we "haven't an idea on it." So we hurry on down to the library, snatch up almost any book remotely bearing on the subject, and begin to read voraciously—"driving fast," but uncertain of our destination. It is this aimless activity which makes the examination period so wearing to the flesh; it is this which makes the election of courses a thing so haphazard. In things outside of our academic work, too, we follow our Irish friend. We make spasmodic attempts at work in the Christian Association, the College Settlement Chapter, the Consumer's League and what not, because they are all good causes, instead of waiting to decide for which one we are best fitted, and then working in that to some effect. What we need in everything we do here at college is to stand still a little before starting upon our undertakings, while we consider just what it is we would accomplish—more attention and less fast driving.

1902.

III.

THERE appear to be a great many students in college who do not know that quiet should be preserved in the Gertrude Library or Old Chapel, as well as in the General Library. Many students think that the Gertrude Library is an ideal place for studying together, or, what is far worse, for chatting with one's friends in audible tones upon subjects quite foreign to study. Now, even those among us who study in the most concentrated manner cannot help but notice and be annoyed by such behavior on the part of these ignorant ones. Whispering is bad enough, but when girls talk so loud that everyone in the library can understand them, it seems to me that matters are carried too far. Can we never learn the consideration which is due to our neighbors? W.

IV.

ANYONE who has lived in College Hall for the past two years must heartily favor student government. The experiment of house government tried there has been a great success, and has shown what students can do in the way of self-government when they are in earnest. This year has been an improvement over last year, for the organization has been more definite and more efficient. The experience of each year will in all probability add something of value to our system. Let us hope that this success will lead at last to entire self-government, and let us all work with the heartiest co-operation to make it do so. 1901.

V.

WE all want student government. We all know, away down deep in our hearts, that we look with a little envy upon the Bryn Mawr girls, who are considered capable of governing themselves. We all know that we are just as capable, and we all want a chance to prove it, don't we?

BOOK REVIEWS.

Resurrection: A Novel, by Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Mrs. Louise Maude. New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1900.

"Resurrection" is the story of an aristocratic young Russian who suddenly turns from a life of dissipation to one of thoughtful investigation of social evils, which leads him to certain conclusions held by Count Tolstoy. But it is also something more than this: it is the story of a man who becomes conscious of his own guilt, and of the shameless vice and injustice of all other men in his own class; and through this consciousness gains a feeling of fellowship for the degraded and condemned, to whose service he devotes his life.

Ten years before the story opens, Nekhlúdoff has betrayed a girl, a pretty, intelligent *protégée* of his aunt, and deserted her. During the interval the girl, as a result of his treatment of her, has become a common prostitute. She is accused of murder. Nekhlúdoff, summoned as juryman to the trial, recognizes her, in spite of the change in her face and figure. It

becomes clear that she is innocent of the crime; but owing to a slight omission of court formality, she is convicted and sentenced to labor in Siberia. This action marks the beginning of the struggle for Nekhlúdoff, who realizes that her position is the result of his own infamous conduct toward her. As penance, for his soul's good, he follows her to prison and asks her to marry him. She refuses, and steadfastly holds to her refusal, although her first hardened, hating mood gradually changes to one of respect and even love for him. These visits to Máslova in prison give opportunity for investigation of special cases of injustice, which Nekhlúdoff tries, usually with slight success, to set right. Having failed in an attempt to have Máslova's sentence revoked, he determines to follow her to Siberia. He gives up his land to his peasants, who incidentally receive much of his attention, and departs. During the journey he becomes well acquainted with prisoners of many classes, and concludes that they are either innocent men falsely accused, or that their crimes have been unavoidable, owing to the greed and thoughtlessness of generations of the "higher classes." When they have traveled some thousands of miles they are overtaken by the Emperor's repeal of Máslova's sentence. Still, Máslova, for his own sake, refuses to marry Nekhlúdoff, who is now all tenderness toward her. She decides to marry a certain political prisoner, and go on, with him, to the end of the Siberian journey. Nekhlúdoff remains, with a larger sense of his responsibility, not for himself alone, nor for one person in particular, but for his suffering fellow-men everywhere.

To pass judgment on the teaching of the book, or even on its style, is impossible. How can we find fault with Tolstoy, the master, when we know that what we term defects are a part of the deliberate purpose of a great mind? No one can fail to recognize in this new book the preacher and fanatic, rather than the novelist. One must believe, if one follows the uncompromising logic of Nekhlúdoff's one-sided investigation, that all men out of prison are vile, and that all prisoners are sinless men. With exasperating insistence, one independent story after another is brought forward to establish Nekhlúdoff's conclusions. No opportunity is lost for revealing social degradation and injustice. Strangers encountered on the street, or in a railway carriage, are made to represent particular phases of these evils. Such an accumulation of disconnected incidents seems to mar the artistic effectiveness of the book. Artistic effectiveness, indeed! How Count Tolstoy would

laugh pityingly at the little phrase! For we, within our narrow, academic walls, have no true ideas about art. Leo Tolstoy alone, in this century, claims to have solved that problem, just as he has solved many another, the solution of which we are still groping for. This new book stands for larger ideas than present-day critics apply to books. Yet even while they and we remain persistently and regretfully conscious of what we regard as the author's fanaticism, we are deeply moved by the novel. The revolting details fill us with compassion, and with a belief in the necessity of reform. The book is a powerful sermon, illustrated by stories pathetically and heroically true. G. L. C.

The Life of William Morris, by J. W. Mackail. Longmans, Green & Co., 1899.

William Morris, poet, artist, manufacturer and socialist, stands, certainly, as one of the most remarkable figures among the interesting men of the century. He represents, as few men do, the tangled and complex influences and tendencies of his age. Any life of Morris which followed faithfully the progress of his career could not fail of a certain interest, so supremely interesting and picturesque, in its barest outlines, is the career itself. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, in persuading Mr. Mackail to undertake the work of a full Morris biography, entrusted the difficult task to a man who has proved himself distinctly fitted for such a trust. For Mr. Mackail has brought to his work much besides scrupulous faithfulness in the transcription of facts. He has interpreted with sympathy and insight the exceedingly complex and often very puzzling temperament of Morris himself, and he has followed with an unusual understanding and grasp the movements in art and socialism with which Morris's life was so inextricably bound. As a result of Mr. Mackail's intelligent and discriminating work this "Life of William Morris" takes its place among the few really great biographies of recent years.

Wherever it has been possible the story is told through Morris's own letters, journals, speeches, and pamphlets. In the record of the early Oxford years these are supplemented by the testimony of Morris's most intimate friends and associates. Mr. Mackail has carried out his part in the telling of the story with rare good taste. For in the actual biography he has kept himself completely in the background. Moreover, in his criticism

and comment he has shown unusual appreciative power and critical ability. The result follows that while the book is pervaded by Morris's personality, and is, in every sense, a full history of his life, it is, also, a more or less complete history of the movements with which Morris was identified.

In the first volume we follow Morris through the changing hopes and aims of the years at Oxford; through the journey to France with Burne-Jones in 1855, when, "walking together on the quays of Havre late into the August night, Morris and Burne-Jones at last took the definite decision to be artists, and to postpone everything else in this world to art"; through the period of Rossetti's overpowering influence and his own share in the work of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; through the period of Morris's important literary activity, the formation and dissolution of the firm of Morris Company, up to the beginnings of the Kelmscott industries and the tense socialism into which he put his best powers during the early eighties. The second volume contains the record of the ever-widening influence and achievement of the Kelmscott manufactory, the change in Morris himself from active to passive socialism, the renewal in him of creative impulses in artistic designing and in literature, and, finally, the story of the labor which crowned his life's work,—the founding of the Kelmscott press.

This exhaustive story of a life so full of thought and work leaves us with a new understanding of Morris, the man. The tremendous, tireless activity of which he was capable worked itself out in a bewildering multiplicity of ways. He turned from the church to become an architect; but for him, as Mr. Mackail tells us, "Architecture bore an immense, one might almost say a transcendental, meaning. . . . To him the House Beautiful represented the visible form of life itself. Not only as craftsman and manufacturer, a worker in dyed stuffs and textiles and glass, a pattern designer and decorator, but throughout the whole range of life, he was from first to last the architect, the master craftsman."

As has been said of him, what words more fitly describe him than those he puts into the mouth of one of his Volsung heroes,—

> "I have lived no empty days,—
> When the gods for one deed asked me I ever gave them twain"?

M. G. G.

Boys and Men: A Story of Life at Yale, by Richard Holbrook. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This is the story of two Yale students and their friends during the four years of their life at college. The interest of the book lies as much in the view which it gives of Yale life, as in the story. Through the experiences of Tarbell, Eldredge and their host of friends we become acquainted with the ways and legends of the college, and as our heroes are ambitious, all-round good men, we see a very entertaining side of the college life. It is a matter of regret that we do not see a little more of the serious part of the life, though in all probability the interest of the book might have suffered somewhat if examinations, honors and debates had been dwelt upon, rather than foot-ball, elections and proms. Not a little interest is found in the different types of college men whom we meet. Budson, the self-important, and Desmond, the sly, are unfortunately to be found in most colleges, almost as surely as Eldredge, the athlete, Glenn, the student, and Tarbell, characterized by that comprehensive title, "the Westerner." It is a pity that a story of undergraduate life, however, cannot be confined to the usual limits of that life, and not depend for so much of its interest upon a love tale. It also seems as if more interest could be found once in a while in students who have not the particular qualities which go to make up athletic heroes, social lions and general college demi-gods. Such qualities, however, are the qualities which attract, and the book will in all likelihood receive a warm welcome.

Smith College Stories, by Josephine Dodge Daskam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1900.

Another book has been added to the collection of stories about colleges for women. It is a book which deserves more general recognition than most of its kind receive, for it is decidedly satisfactory. There are ten of the "Smith College Stories," and they treat the roommate problem, the famous sophomore-freshman basket-ball game, society matters in the college sense, commencement, and half a dozen other concerns of the absorbing life that outsiders cannot understand. It is said that Miss Daskam catches the Smith atmosphere to a marvel, and reproduces the details of Smith life with a sympathetic accuracy that may be called photographic. There is certainly much in the stories that must be true for any women's college, and is vividly true for Wellesley.

The color and background, indeed, and the characters, are more emphasized than the plots, which, although not hackneyed, are, with one or two exceptions, quite simple. For this reason the book must lose value for anyone who does not know college life or have some special interest in reading of it. The characters, however, are well chosen and admirably drawn, although it is a question whether college corrects a girl's defects of mind and manner with such gratifying uniformity as Miss Daskam suggests. But "Smith College Stories" possess two great and rare merits: not one of them is morbid, and not one of them is dull. C. B. D.

Ballads of the War, by H. D. Rawnsley, M.A. J. M. Dent & Co., London, 1900.

This little book of ballads is of interest to us at Wellesley because of Canon Rawnsley's visit here, and it has another interest as being a product of the present war, just seven months old. Many of the ballads are dated, many more are followed by prose versions of the incidents which inspired them,—a private letter, a government despatch, a newspaper report,—and they seem to be the form of diary most naturally chosen by a man who writes easily and who follows the war closely at home for his reflections upon it. In publishing this book, Canon Rawnsley may have had some purpose of fanning national pride and interest in the war, for his standpoint is a truly British one. I quote a sonnet called Britain's New Year:—

She sees the lips of half the nations curled;
  She hears the serpent hiss of whispering hate
  Mutter, "Behold this Britain, that is great,
Reels, and from off her ancient throne is hurled."
But still for right her banners are unfurled,
  For justice are her sons confederate,
  And bruised and brave she doth her hour await;
With resolute calm she fronts a wondering world.

One hand, one heart, she greets the coming year,
  Knowing that deeper far within her soul
    Than greed of power or Mammon's deadly lust
    Lies hunger to fulfill her heavenly trust,
And claiming equal good for far and near,
  To bring fair Freedom to her ultimate goal.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Ballads of the War, by H. D. Rawnsley, Hon. Canon of Carlisle. J. M. Dent & Co., London, 1900.

Living by the Spirit, by Horatio W. Dresser. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1900.

The Alabaster Box, by Sir Walter Besant. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1900.

The Captive of Plautus, edited by Grove Ettinger Barber, A.M. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston, 1900.

The Burden of Christopher, by Florence Converse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, 1900.

Ivanhoe, by Sir Walter Scott. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1900.

EXCHANGES.

As the editor sank back in her steamer chair and surveyed the piles of Exchanges at her side, she decided—almost—that this month the discussion should center around something besides fiction. Magazines were read and laid aside. And slowly, but relentlessly, the conviction has grown upon her that about the only things to talk about are the stories. For only now and then is there a good essay. Among the best are "A History of the Arthurian Romances," in the *Amherst Lit.;* a sympathetic plea for "Ingersoll," in the *Dickinsonia;* and a simple but comprehensive sketch of "Henry David Thoreau," in the *Williams Lit.*

The verse draws heavily upon spring for its subject-matter, and is scarcely above the average. We quote from the *Lesbian Herald:*—

APRIL VERSES.

Come out and play in the fields to-day;
The snow is gone, the crocus is come.
Come out and play,
Love, while you may,
For 'tis April and spring weather.

Run in with your flowers, and fly the showers;
The sun is gone, the clouds have come.
Run in and sing,
'Twill blue sky bring,
For 'tis April and spring weather.

Some attempts are made at longer poems, notably "The Spider," in the *Stanford Sequoia*. The author has described very happily the delicate, mazy and often grewsome trend of the spider's existence. We copy only a few verses:—

In spring, when dewy green hides everything,
Morning and night I swing and light
On th' boughs and leaves of th' fresh bright wood,
And link them across with a tangling floss,
Or mete them between with a gossamer string.

I wheel and whirl, or I dance and reel
In bewild'ring delight, in ecstatic delight,
To the rhythm of music, the motion of feet,
And liquid notes blending, to ceiling ascending,
Thrill me as round the charmed circle I steal.

The gloom now encircling, I grope in a tomb,—
The tomb of the dead, where the tenderest tread
Of the feet of the loneliest living's not heard,
Save only the patter so still, yet what matter,
Of delicate feet as I weave at my loom.

But the sketches and stories are enough—in quantity, at least—to keep the editor busy reviewing for many hours. It is in vain that she endeavors to straighten out all the mad whirl of dialect stories, of stories of love, of adventure, and of college life, and of sketches galore. Fortunately, however, a few linger just outside this rush, and so keep their identity. Would you read of college exploits? "Shingles" and "Barnard P. Logan, Sr.," in the *Occident*, are capital sketches of baseball incidents. "The Downfall of Instructor Kent," from the *Williams Lit.*, and, from the *Buff and Blue*, "Ben Bolton—His Exploits" are both sympathetically told.

As stories with well worked-out plots may be mentioned "The Leading Lady," in the *Harvard Advocate*, "A Conspiracy of One," in the *Wesleyan Lit.*, "As it May Happen," in *East and West*, and "The Mystery of the Missing Audubon," in the *Inlander*.

In the *Radcliffe Magazine*, the "Ordeal of Eugenie" is above the average college story, especially in its character analysis. Radcliffe also sends us the cleverest bit of dialect: "How Br' Rabbit Got Cotch up Wid."

"The Jolly Ghosts," in the *Occident*, is an unusually fanciful conception, with a good touch of humor. And "A Winter Dream," in the *Amherst Lit.*, is delicately done.

"At the House of the Countess," in the *Harvard Advocate*, is quite out of the usual run, and shows careful work. Some good conversation is found in the little farce "Only Twice." From the same we quote:—

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

In Hell's remotest rim there dwells a man
  Self-banned. The light of Virgil's eye ne'er shone
  Upon him, ranging o'er dun fields alone,
And Dante never saw his features wan.

No trace of passion mars his face, nor pride
  His soul encumbers; but athwart his way
  A shadow lies, and dims the light of day:
The man's Own Image stalks the landscape wide.

He dare not sing for joy at Nature's first
Awakening, or when the dry leaves fall
Drink meditation's balm. The curse of Saul
Is his, blighting the freshness of his life.
And e'er he cries, "O God, deliver me
From this my soul, and take me unto Thee."

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

From Chicago University comes news of an innovation. The degree of Associate in Arts has just been bestowed on fifteen students who have completed the work of the freshman and sophomore years. This practically establishes a two years' college course. The results which Dr. Harper expects will follow are, that,—

1. Many students will find it convenient to give up college work at the end of the sophomore year.

2. Many students, who otherwise would not, will undertake at least two years of college work.

3. The professional schools will be able to raise their standards of admission, since more can take a two years' course first.

4. Many academies and high schools will be encouraged to develop higher work.

5. Many colleges which have not the means to do junior and senior work will be satisfied to do lower work.

The Yale School of Forestry, already referred to, is the first department to be established under President Hadley. The Chair of Forestry is endowed; and a tract of land in Pennsylvania given, where students are to work during the summer. The school will open in the fall, and it is hoped that it may be made the leading one in the country.

Miss Annie C. Emery, Bryn Mawr, '92, has been appointed Dean of Pembroke Hall, Women's College of Brown University.

From Mount Holyoke comes the report of an important meeting of the Alumnae Association of New York. Means were considered whereby the endowment fund of $300,000 could be completed, and thus be secured to the college the $100,000 promised by Dr. D. K. Pearson. A resolution was also passed to devote 30 per cent of the Association's income, for an indefinite period, to the American Classical School at Athens.

The new Association of American Universities, mentioned last month, has proposed as its first topic for discussion the migration of graduate students from one institution to another. There seems to be a decided movement toward the breaking down of such strong jealousies as have

existed along this line, and toward a system more like that of the German universities, where migration is the rule.

The newly organized Dramatic Association of Yale University has shown that its aim is to make the annual performance a literary event, by giving examples of the most interesting periods of the English Drama. The first piece chosen for presentation was the "Second Shepherd's Play," of the Townley cycle of miracle plays. Work on this progressed very rapidly; and since so much outside interest has been shown, it has just been decided to give at the same time Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale," in a dramatized version.

A clipping from the *New York Tribune:* "The American Club at Oxford, England, has sent out a circular letter to prominent professors of the leading American universities, which tells of the formation of a club of the twenty-five American students at Oxford, the objects of which are to inform Americans of advantages and requirements of study at Oxford, and also to advance any project which may lead to the adaptation of Oxford conditions to the needs of American students. Some time soon a circular will be sent out anticipating the questions any student who wishes to connect himself with the University may ask.

Work is progressing rapidly on the Leland Stanford buildings. It is hoped that the chapel may be finished by September. The plans for four new buildings have just been given Mrs. Stanford, and one of these will be started soon.

From the "*Unit*," of Iowa College, we clip the following concerning President Gates' resignation: "From no point of view that it seems possible for us to take can we discover anything that might reasonably be regarded as a counteracting good in this connection. For those who have passed three or four years of their course under President Gates's administration, the feeling will be one of mingled gratitude for themselves in having known him, and of regret that future classes will not have that privilege. President Gates has stood strenuously for a practical idealism of character. . . . His greatest service has been in pointing out to his students the seriousness and significance of life."

COLLEGE NOTES.

March 26.—Mr. Waldo S. Pratt lectured on "Music in the Public Schools."

March 27.—The Wagner Club meeting, which was held in Tau Zeta Epsilon Society House, was one of especial interest.

Lohengrin.

1. Duet (Piano)	Miss Walton. Miss Abercrombie.
2. Piano Solo	Fräulein Müller.
3. Gesang (Elsa)	Fräulein Reuther.
4. Gesang (Lohengrin)	Miss Poor.
5. Chorgesang	Glee Club.
6. Piano Solo	Miss Lorenzen.
7. Gesang (Elsa with Lohengrin)	Fräulein Reuther. Miss Poor.
8. Piano Solo	Fräulein Müller.
9. Gesang (Lohengrin)	Miss Poor.
10. Duet (Violin and Piano)	Miss Bogart. Miss Lorenzen.

March 30.—Miss Whiting entertained the members of her classes in Physics with a novel and delightful afternoon reception.

In the evening Miss Anna B. Thompson lectured before the Philosophy Club, her subject being "Fichte."

March 31.—The members of the Denison House Dramatic Club gave "Damon and Pythias" in the Barn, under the auspices of the College Settlement Chapter. The enthusiasm of the audience testified to its appreciation of the care the boys of the club had given to the working up of the play. The boys were entertained in the afternoon and at dinner by the College Settlement Chapter in the Zeta Alpha Society House.

April 1.—The Rev. William R. Richards, of Plainfield, N. J., conducted the services of the day.

April 2.—The Class of 1901 entertained the Class of 1903 in the Barn, with a farce entitled, "A Night Off." The cast was as follows:—

Justinian Babbitt, Professor of Ancient History,	A. Helmholz.
Harry Damask, his son-in-law	A. Davis.
Jack Mulberry, in pursuit of fortune . .	F. Durstine.
Lord Mulberry, in pursuit of Jack . . .	F. Lathrop.
Marcus Brutus Snap, in pursuit of fame and fortune	E. McCaulley.
Mrs. Zantippa Babbitt, Professor of Conjugal Management	B. Doane.
Nisbe, the imp of the household . . .	P. Sage.
Angelica Damask, the eldest	D. Donner.
Susan, the "brassiest"	A. Edwards.
Maria, servant of Damask's	E. Terry.

The junior class may congratulate itself upon the success of its play. Its play committee seems to have been singularly happy in choosing just the girl who was best fitted to act each part; and this fact, added to carefully arranged scenery, and the best makeups which have been seen in College for some time, made the play one to be remembered.

In the evening a very pleasant concert was given by the College Chorus and Glee Club, assisted by Miss Pauline Woltman, contralto, and Mr. De Voto, pianist.

April 4.—College closed.

April 17.—College opened for the spring term. The college world learned, on its return to Wellesley, that Dr. Luce, at present Instructor in English Literature in the college, had accepted a position as Dean of the Woman's Department of Oberlin College for the coming year.

April 19.—Patriots' Day was observed as a holiday. A service appropriate to the day was held in the Houghton Chapel, at the usual hour for chapel service.

April 21.—Mrs. Forman read Mrs. Browning's "In a Balcony," in College Hall Chapel in the afternoon.

In the evening a dance was given by the Barn Swallows.

April 22.—Dr. Perrin, of Boston, preached in Houghton Chapel at 11 o'clock.

April 23.—Miss Cushman, Miss Edwards, Miss Fletcher, Miss Gibbs, Miss Hubbs, Miss Patterson, Miss Randall and Miss Rogers were the hostesses at an exceedingly pretty afternoon dance in the Barn.

A concert was given in College Hall Chapel at 7.30 o'clock by Madame Edmond Jandrier, pianist; Miss Alice K. Duff, soprano, and Mr. Wolf Fries, violoncellist.

April 24. The Athletic Association made public its decision to postpone Field Day until the fall term.

April 28.—The Barn Swallows' entertainment for the evening was a cake walk.

April 28.—Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, preached in Houghton Chapel at 11 o'clock, and conducted the vesper service at 7.30.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

The collection for the famine sufferers in India had, by May 1, amounted to the sum of $43. The box will be left in the Book Store until the end of the term, in order that those who are interested may have further opportunities for contributing toward this cause.

The president of the Association has lately received a Famine Report Letter from Mr. G. S. Eddy, whose brother spoke here last year. Mr. Eddy is the College Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association and Student Volunteer Movement. Some extracts from his letter are here given:

Quoting the Viceroy's statement that "we are now face to face with famine of water and food and cattle, which is unprecedented in character and intensity," he says: "To realize what this means, picture the bulk of the population of the eastern half of the United States in total famine, without food and without money to buy grain, even if it were imported. Add to this the population of the Western States, in 'general scarcity and distress.' Imagine outside of every city a great relief camp with thousands breaking stone, covered with rags and bare headed in the sun,—men, women and children silently fighting for life. . . . A strong man gets 4 cents a day, the weaker men and the women 2 or 3 cents, a child 1 cent. And now the government feels forced to reduce the price to 2 cents a day for a man, and a cent and a half for a woman. Already there is a population equal to that

of Ireland on the relief works, and they are increasing at the rate of several hundred thousands every week. In a word the situation is just this: Areas containing a population of sixty millions are affected by famine. The government of India finds its revenues reduced by the very famine it is trying to relieve. England is over-taxed by the war in South Africa. Large famine tracts lie in the districts which have been allotted to the American Missions of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist and Methodist Churches, and hundreds of these missionaries and their people can look for help only to America. . . . The last hope of rain is gone; there are no crops left to be saved. The people are now living on berries, roots, the thorny cactus, and grass seed, and this can last but two weeks longer. Beyond this one dreads to think. At best no crop can come now for eight months."

. . . . .

The whole Report is now posted on the Christian Association Bulletin. Since "from April to September the famine will be at its height", there is still time for us to lend aid. The Association begs that everyone will give this matter earnest thought, and contribute something toward the Famine Relief Fund if she possibly can.

SOCIETY NOTES.

At a regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society, held March 31, Miss Mary Bowen was formally received into membership. After the initiation ceremony the following programme was presented:—

I.	Shakespeare News	Miss Gregory.
II.	Paper, Nature Study in King Lear .	Miss Weakley.
III.	Dramatic Representation: King Lear, I. 1.	
	Lear	Miss Knox.
	France	Miss Blackmer.
	Burgundy	Miss Cooke.
	Kent	Miss Goddard.
	Albany	Miss Hall.
	Cornwall	Miss Spink.

Fool . . . . . Miss di Zérèga.
Regan . . . . . Miss Draper.
Goneril . . . . . Miss Harding.
Cordelia . . . . . Miss Dwight.

IV. Dramatic Representation: King Lear, IV. 3.
Kent . . . . . Miss Goddard.
Gentleman . . . . . Miss Spink.

Miss Emerson, '80, Miss Kellogg, '93, Mrs. Rathburn, '92, Mrs. Rothery, and Miss Young, '98, were present.

A regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held Saturday, March 24. The following programme was presented:—

I. Life of Goldsmith . . . . . Miss Marks.
II. The Friends of Goldsmith . . . Miss Henning.
III. The Vicar of Wakefield . . . Miss Reed.

On Saturday evening, April 28, Miss Mary Damaris Snyder and Miss Elsie Hart Wilcox were initiated into Society Zeta Alpha. The regular programme meeting followed:—

I. The Life and Personality of Henrik Ibsen . . . . . Miss Sage.
II. Some Aspects of Ibsen's Work . . Miss E. McCaulley.
III. Ibsen's Men and Women . . . Miss Ella Mason.

At a regular meeting of the Agora, held on Wednesday evening, March 28, the following programme was presented:—

I. Impromptu Speeches.
1. Latest News from Africa . . Edith Moore.
2. Present Situation as Regards Cuba Anna Cross.
3. A Brief Discussion of the Porto Rican Tariff Bill . . Minnie Pappenheimer.

II. General Subject for the Evening: The Governments of Asiatic Countries and their Relations to European Powers.

1. Arabia, Persia, Turkey, Beloochistan, Afghanistan . . . Mary Barbour.
2. Corea, Japan, Siberia, Turkistan . Ethel Noyes.
3. India, Siam . . . . . Agnes Brown.
4. China . . . . . Carolyn Morse.

A regular meeting of the Agora was held on Saturday evening, April 28. The programme was as follows:—

I. Impromptu Speeches.
   1. Present Situation in South Africa Lelia Eaton.
   2. Late Proceedings in the Senate . Mayannah Woodward.
   3. Present Trouble Between the United States and Turkey . Mayannah Woodward.

II. General Subject: A Discussion of Some of the Current Affairs of Interest.
   1. History of Porto Rican Tariff Bill . . . . . Anne Siebert.
   2. Report of Senator Hoar's Speech Clara King.
   3. General Plan of Paris Exposition Frances Knapp.
   4. American Representation at the Exposition . . . . Mary Brooks.

The regular monthly programme meeting of Alpha Kappa Chi was held Saturday evening, April 21. The following programme was rendered:—

"Adelphœ" of Terence.

Act I. Synopsis . . . . . Estelle Smith.
Act II. Synopsis . . . . . Alice Perry.
Act III. Synopsis . . . . . Ethel Forcier.
Act IV. Synopsis . . . . . Florence Bailey.
Act V. Translation . . . . . Elizabeth Campell.

Miss Fletcher and Miss Walton read selections from the text.

There was an initiation meeting of Alpha Kappa Chi, Saturday evening, April 21. Florence W. Smith, 1900, was initiated.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

DENISON HOUSE NOTES.

Among those who have entertained us at our Thursday evening parties during March and April are: the Wellesley Mandolin Club; the Radcliffe girls in a play entitled "Not Worth a Continental"; the Tuft's College girls, one of whom gave charming readings from Kipling's "Just So Stories"; the Boston University Quartette; the Katherine Club, of Denison House, in a series of tableaux entitled "A Bachelor's Reverie"; Miss Lincoln's pupils, who sang Easter music.

The Woman's Club is busy making articles for the sale to be held at Denison House, Wednesday afternoon, May 23. The proceeds of the sale will be used by the Club for excursions during the summer, and all who are interested are invited to be present. Donations of home-made or college-made candy will be acceptable.

The Dramatic Club gave the play of "Damon and Pythias" on March second, at Union Hall, before an audience of two hundred and sixty people. Critics say that the presentation of "Julius Cæsar" has been eclipsed by this year's performance. On March 31 the Club gave the play in the Barn at Wellesley; the acting was even better than at Union Hall,—probably because the actors were inspired by the manifest enthusiasm of the audience. Before the play the Club was entertained at supper by the Society Zeta Alpha, in the new Society house.

Miss Bennett, Wellesley, '99, and Mrs. Bennett are spending the spring at Denison House.

On April sixth Miss Elizabeth Kellogg, of Cincinnati, formerly of '93, Wellesley, lunched at Denison House.

The month of May will be marked by the closing exercises of the clubs and classes.

THE WASHINGTON WELLESLEY CLUB.

A most enjoyable Easter luncheon was given at the Shoreham Monday, April 16, by the Washington Wellesley Club. Covers were laid for twenty-five guests, and the table was tastefully decorated with bright spring flowers. The name cards, painted by a member of the club, beautifully combined the

various symbols of Easter with the Wellesley blue. Miss Caroline Cadwell Tyler, the President of the club, acted as toastmistress. Letters of greeting were read from former officers, Mrs. George E. Tyler, of Denver, Colo., daughter of Senator Teller, and Miss Jessie Claire McDonald, of Mare Island, Cal. The following toasts were responded to: Wellesley in Ye Olden days, Mrs. Frances Davis Gould; Financial Success of our Wellesley Club, Mrs. Mabel Godfrey Swormstedt; Our Wellesley Club as a Social Factor, Miss Harriet J. Buchly; The Lawyer in the Kitchen, Miss Delia Sheldon Jackson; The Doctor and Philanthropy, Dr. Julia Minerva Green; A Wellesley Lyric, Mrs. Laura Paul Diller; Wellesley Romances, Mrs. Margarita Spalding Gerry; Lullaby Songs, Mrs. Louise Pearsons Dolliver; Wellesley's New President, Miss Smith, of Dana Hall; Friendship, Miss Ellen A. Vinton. These were informal in their nature, many of them witty, and all filled with expressions of loyalty and enthusiasm for our Alma Mater and the "College Beautiful."

Mrs. Susan Greene Scoville, '83, is now living in Melrose, Mass., where her husband has recently been installed as pastor of the Baptist church in that city.

Miss Elizabeth V. Griffin, Sp., '85–86, is at the head of the normal department of Helman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Clara Oldham O'Leary, '86, has sailed with her husband for Yokohama, to remain three years.

Miss Mary T. Blauvelt, '89, is teaching history at Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois.

Miss Marion E. Bradbury, '93, is teaching English this year in a large normal school in New York City.

Miss Dora Hastings, formerly of '93, is teaching this year in the Walpole (Mass.) High School.

Miss Grace I. Porter, '94, is studying this winter at the Young Women's Christian Association Rooms in Boston.

Miss Alice Kellogg, '94, spoke delightfully on President Kruger on Tuesday evening, April 24, in Union Church, Boston, where she had a

large and enthusiastic audience to hear her vivid descriptions of South African life. Miss Kellogg was Professor of English in the Wellington College of the Cape University, and gave an interesting glimpse of the life of the schools there.

Two more members of the Class of '95 have announced their engagements: Miss Mary H. Lines to Mr. Aaron S. Oakford, of Peoria, Ill.; Miss Mabel W. Lees to Mr. Harry B. Williams, of Newton Highlands, Mass.

Miss Florence S. Marcy Crofut, '97, spent the winter months on the Indian River and at Palm Beach, Fla., and is now visiting in Charleston and Richmond.

Miss Bertha E. Trebein, '97, is Instructor in English in Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary L. Norris, '98, to Mr. T. S. Barrett.

Miss Katharine B. Read, '99, is not doing graduate work at Wellesley this year, as reported, but is at home at 18 Westminster Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.

The following alumnæ of Wellesley College are registered in the Graduate School of Yale University: Miss Elizabeth Frances Abbe, '88, Classics; Miss Emily Howard Foley, '93, English; Miss Annie Maria Leonard, '95, English; Miss Harriet Anna Merrill, '98, History; Miss Mary Josephine Salter, '94, English and Latin; Mrs. Elizabeth Blakeslee Tracy, '91, Philosophy; Miss Alice Lincoln Wright, '97, English.

In Miss French's Classical School for Girls, Los Angeles, Cal., Miss S. Jane Freeman, '91, is Dean and teacher of History. The work in English and English Literature is in charge of Miss Nancy K. Foster, Sp., '88–91.

Miss Margaret Maltby, formerly instructor in Physics at Wellesley, was last year private assistant to President Kohlrausch in the Reichsanstalt at Charlottenburg. The subject of the research upon which she was engaged with the president was "The Electrical Conductivity of Very Dilute Solutions." The report of this investigation was submitted to the Berlin Acad-

emy of Science and has been published. This year Miss Maltby is doing work in Mathematical Physics with Professor Webster of Clark University.

The editors of the proposed Wellesley College Record wish to express their thanks to many former members of the College who have forwarded addresses of former students for which inquiry was made in the January, February and April numbers of the MAGAZINE. The addresses of many persons whose names were on these lists are still lacking, and the editors ask that any reader of the MAGAZINE will send the address of any person on the published lists without fear that the information will be superfluous. Below are added the names of some other persons whose addresses are sought, the year of admission to college being added in each case. Addresses should be sent to Miss Mary Caswell, Wellesley College.

Briscoe, Bessie, 1879.

Chase, Mrs. James F. (Abbott, Rebecca E.), 1875. (B.A. 1883.)

Simmons, Clara Bell, 1876.

MARRIAGES.

FAY–COLT.—March 31, 1900, at Winsted, Conn., Miss Ella Chloe Colt, '97, to Mr. Harrison Gilbert Fay. At home, Wednesdays in May, at 2 Linden St., Warren, R. I.

BIRTHS.

August 8, 1899, a son, Montague Smeallie to Mrs. Flora Smeallie Ward, '86.

August 20, 1899, a daughter, Caroline Vaughn, to Mrs. Mary Stevens Whistler, '89.

In November, 1899, a son, to Mrs. Emily Robinson Coleman, '86.

January 30, 1900, a daughter to Mrs. Claudia Bennett Frost, '86.

April 13, 1900, at Nahant, Mass., a daughter, Constance Campbell, to Mrs. Alice Campbell Wilson, '95.

DEATHS.

At West Somerville, Mass., March 31, 1900, Miss Grace Hamilton Perkins, '94.

At Cambridge, Mass., April 3, 1900, Mrs. Mary E. Montague, mother of Miss Annie S. Montague, '79, Associate Professor of Greek in Wellesley College.

At Plainfield, N. J., April 9, 1900, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Sherwin, mother of Miss Eleanor Sherwin, '89.

At Wellesley Hills, April 10, 1900, Miss Alice Louise Plympton, sister of Miss Lucy A. Plympton, 1900.

IN MEMORIAM.

HARRIET M. PARKHURST, '97.

Inasmuch as our beloved classmate has passed from this earth to the fuller life beyond, we, the Class of '97, wish to give thanks for the joyous presence and loyal, generous nature which will ever live fresh and uplifting in our memories.

For the Class,

MARY W. DEWSON.
HELEN M. GORDON.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII. WELLESLEY, JUNE, 1900. No. 9.

EDITOR IN CHIEF.
JESSICA L. SHERMAN, 1901.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
EDITH M. WRIGHT, 1901.

MANAGING EDITORS.
MABELLE CHARLTON PHILLIPS, 1900.
ELIZABETH A. TOWLE, 1900.

LITERARY EDITORS.
MARTHA GAUSE McCAULLEY, '92.
HELEN LOUISE WILLIAMS, 1901.
ANNE M. SIEBERT, 1901.
JESSIE F. HUTSINPILLAR, 1902.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the Student Body.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Jessica L. Sherman, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Edith M. Wright, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Martha G. McCaulley, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Mabelle C. Phillips, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications should be sent to Miss Elizabeth A. Towle, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

IT is a joyous welcome that the Class of 1900 would extend to you on this day of festival. For three years we have stood in the merry company to receive the word of welcome; to-day we feel it an honor to take our turn in extending to one and all a cordial greeting;—to you, our treasured friend, to you, our beloved President, and to you who throughout these four years of our college work have given us inspiration to go "from strength to strength."

We are glad to have with us to-day our older sisters whose former deeds of valor have made it so impossible for 1900 to become—what we fain would be—the "best of the century." We are glad to have them remind us by their continued deeds of valor that *our* service for Alma Mater is yet before us and her "stainless name" in our keeping. This reminder we would pass on to our companions in merry-making.

We also hope that the sunshine in which 1900 to-day rejoices may bring cheer to the gay Carnations, gladness of heart to the rollicking Mother Goose Company, while it makes the Roses bloom all the brighter. This is our first real Tree Day. To-day, although the rain does come,—indeed, we all expect it,—we prophesy that you will surely see the sun break through the shifting clouds; and when the magic rainbow has cleared the sky, you will see our purple flowers springing up.

Since 1900 was first enrolled under the banner of the Wellesley blue, the years have sped away all too soon. Now, as we stand on the threshold of the "wide, wide world," and would gladly linger on these grounds we love so well, we pause for one more gala day, and to its festivities we give you Greeting!

HANNAH HUME, 1900.

THE ADDRESS TO UNDERGRADUATES.

To all undergraduates from the Class of 1900—Greetings! It is in a spirit of dispassionate benignity that 1900 now ranks herself with those who, having considered the beam in their own eye, turn, with cleared vision, to perform the fraternal office of mote-extractor on the community. The season is ripe for the commemoration of that time-honored function, the Senioric "office hour"—"a side-talk with girls." And if, in her capacity as mentor, 1900 speaks aught of unlovely truth, she craves your indulgence; her earnest purpose is to leave with you to-day a portion of her most cherished possession—a piece of her mind.

1901, we would be very tender with you. We would encourage with solicitude the tentative gambols of the Anglo-Saxon bear. If, in the light of past events, this, our state of mind, seems a kind of condition contrary to fact, we avow our contrition. We attempt no extenuation of the past, only, we were all so young. We had not then deciphered the device upon your shield, and in the clamor of our own battles the sound of your war-cry was lost. We never looked for symbols so at variance with our own—your weapon of defense, a modest self-effacement, your battle-cry, "No harm to anyone! No harm to anyone!"

Is it too late for us to rectify that misunderstanding over in the West Woods a year ago to-night? We didn't really care, 1901, that you peered at us from behind the trees. And when we sprang at you, we thought it was a frolic! It was surely not our fault that you mistook our harmless, short-sighted sentinel for a preying hypnotist! But you were gone so quickly that we had no time to explain. How different was that affair of the West Woods from the battle over behind Waban yesterday evening. You planned that campaign too hurriedly, 1901. Why didn't your chief of police consult with us? We would have given the benefit of our experience. You might have been spared the anxiety of finding you had not ropes enough to bind the enemy. And by a premature departure from the field, you missed the event of the evening—the miraculous bursting of the prisoners' bonds, with the aid of Mr. Perkins' pocket-knife. By the way, what was all the hubbub about? What were you over there for? The Sophomores tell us that you had no forensics to burn.

We have nothing to reproach you with, save that on occasion you tread on our heels something too freely, and with a persistency amounting to aggressiveness. You allow us no proper time to get out with our belongings, but pursue us with ingenious devices for hastening our exodus. You bargain for our penates; you put up "want" signs for our insignia of rank; you wrangle over your approaching settlement in our habitations; you ask us if we are going to stay here "through the whole Senior vacation!" And you add to this open contumely an insinuation of demeanor somewhat trying to one of our temperament. *We* don't know whether you're sincere or not when you ask what our favorite flower is. Behold it now, "our flower, the purple fleur-de-lis." And we might add, in passing, that its abundant bloom this season is due to the nurturing moisture it has received on preceding Tree Days. For the fleur-de-lis, you know, is a marsh plant.

But this botanical lore savors of pedantry. Have you not a botany contingent that goes out to number the plants of the field? There is a story about that which *we* utterly disbelieve: that one day your company of the wise was gathered together about a specimen — a slender young tree with tentative foliage — and not one could identify that which grew upon the ground. And because the error was very grievous the entire assembly,—as in the Canaanite cities of old,—for lack of a righteous few, was discredited

and brought low. Yet courage, 1901! "Up with the Linden," and on to pastures new!

It is irksome to try to extract real virtues from the negative qualities of 1901. The result is imaginary. With relief we turn to the positive value of 1902. There is no doubt about you!

> "Every child that has the use
> Of his senses knows a *goose!*
> See them underneath the tree
> Gathered round the goose-girl's knee."

The difficulty in dealing with your case is—as one of you remarked in giving a special topic—that the "subject is so vast, we can give only a superfluous treatment of it." But it is to you, 1902, as heir apparent of whatever modicum of virtues 1900 may possess—to you we look for a perpetuation of our prowess. It is, indeed, gratifying to us—moving on—to be able to shift to your capable young shoulders the burden of distinction under which we have already begun to totter. Perchance our lingering footsteps are unduly hastened by the tug of your wee fingers at our apron-strings; we would leave before we become unable to draw our own conclusion. You have ever been a perplexing pride and a dubious joy to us, 1902. If we could believe you were merely a prodigy, we should feel easier. But the dread thought will come—perhaps you are a changeling. Your head is abnormally large and you have a prodigious appetite! You swallowed little 1903's dinner at a gulp, and appeared at your regular meals as usual. But perhaps yours are merely youthful follies. It may be that we have erred in the exercise of the maternal function. The birch rod is striking roots into the ground; it puts forth leaves into the air. Has it been something too much neglected? And now you are getting too big to chide. You ignore the sisterly counsel of 1901. You seem to resent her disposition to tap you over the head with a stick when you stumble on her pseudo-forensic parties. It was only last evening that we heard you say she was "perfectly nasty," or was it her green paint to which you referred? Now, at this hour of parting, we have a last commission for you. You will find the championship basket-ball flag hanging on the right-hand corner of the picture in the left-

hand corner of our room. It hasn't been taken down for some time, and needs careful shaking. Perhaps you would better pack it away in camphor until 1904 is ready to take it. Let us see—we think that is all. We gave you the field-day cup, did we not—last spring? And now we must pass on, sure that that spirit which carries the parent on "from strength to strength" will make the child "strong to live."

"Look to the blowing Rose about us!" How it permeates the air with its insistent freshness! Yes, 1903, we recognize you even in the guise of maturity. But it is not without regret that we mark this bursting of the bud,—this passing of the pigtail. "Alas! that spring should vanish with the Rose." We apprehend the oncoming sophistication which must inevitably dim that effulgency of youth which is your chiefest charm. Shall we never more hear those little voices raised in playful altercation over questions of roommates or class cheer? Is the vernal smile on the wane? Has that time forever passed when kodaks go to appointments "required of Freshmen," or when early morning sallies are made to cull the *wild* daffodils about Longfellow Pond? The thought is unspeakably sad to us who have rejoiced in your unprecedented callowness. Yet, considering the little care you have received from your Junior parent, you have shown considerable precocity. With what phenomenal guilelessness did you throw the raging sophomorical sleuthhound off the Tree-day scent! Has it in any measure repaid you for the loss of that little dinner, to hear the consumers thereof go about singing "Annie Laurie" and building castles in Scotland?

But for all your sagacity you have fallen into some pitfalls, against which we might have warned you could we have foreseen your unaccountable activity. Who would have supposed that the offspring of 1901 could err by being too specific? You remember you said in your first "Mid Year's" that the "Hebrews were at first romantic, then partly romantic and partly settled, and finally settled." The idea was well enough, but the method of expression was faulty. You will see, as you get older, that, in anything so important as a "Mid Year's," you must not fly at the point; rather meander around it in rococo evolution.

We are particularly gratified, 1903, at your attitude to usward—with one exception. Truly it was unseemly to clear the green for your Tree-day practice the other night by hounding *us* off the campus with sticks! For

the rest, your deportment teems with innumerable little deferential graces. Not the least of these is the commendable spirit in which you effectually blockade all egress from post office and elevator—preferring rather to be unrecognizably flattened against the wall, or to be indefinitely detained from Hygiene, than to risk the simulation even of taking precedence of your elders. As we review your past, 1903, we feel a thrill of hope. Spring will *not* vanish with the passing of the pigtail! The signs of the times are infallible. Looking down through the vista of the years, we descry you emerging from the flowering time into a green old age.

NINA F. POOR, 1900.

A BALLADE OF DANCING FEET.

Though Spring smile promise in the May,
And violet vows of love doth feign
To lead her lovers' hearts astray,
She is not faithful in the main;
We see full many a revel train
Before a wanton shower retreat,
Till only from the distant plain
Cometh the sound of dancing feet.

Yet shall despair hold utter sway
By reason of the moment's pain?
The sun must shine upon a day,
And when it gleameth after rain,
For disappointment it is fain
To make a reparation sweet.
Lo! o'er a radiant arch again
Cometh the sound of dancing feet.

What things we deem are lost for aye
Oft turn unto our greater gain;
Hearing the notes, from far away,
Of sun and shower's double strain,

The rainbow flower, winter-slain,
Upriseth, and now faint, yet fleet
With joy to break through death's still chain,
Cometh the sound of dancing feet.

ENVOI.

Princess, and ladies all, 'tis vain
To sorrow over hope's defeat;
To whom so harkeneth Spring's refrain,
Cometh the sound of dancing feet.

LUCY V. N. MORRIS, 1900.

TREE DAY.

THIS year Wellesley was not forced, as too often on recent Tree Days,

"To sorrow over hope's defeat,"

but the words spoken by the mistress of ceremonies proved the signal for the beginning of a pretty symbolic strife between Tree-day pleasures and rain clouds—fought out on the green campus. A horde of mad merrymakers, in carnival robes of grotesque black and white, tore wildly out from behind the trees, dragging with them in their course a cart with a jester capering upon it. Amidst the shrieks and shouts of the maskers the jester leaped from his cart, and the whole band whirled about in furious dance, pelting their audience with long strips of many-colored paper, which whizzed comet-like through the air.

But just as the mirth was at its gayest, wild panic seized upon the merry band. The approach of the raindrops, in their wanton shower, sent jester and carnival-makers in frantic flight from the campus. When the last black and white robe had fluttered away, the conquerors left off pursuit, and turned back to celebrate their victory in a graceful dance of triumph. Hither and thither they darted, the filmy gray robes floating in the air. Short space, however, was left them for the enjoyment of their triumph won; for the golden sun, chased far over the green at their first coming, now winged his way back from banishment. There was some slight struggle between

the powers of gloom and pleasure; victory for a time hung in doubtful balance; then the routed rain unwillingly retreated, menacing but powerless, and obedient to the call of the sun appeared the rainbow arch, and red robes and yellow, green and violet and blue mingled in an ever-changing spectrum. The rainbow, too, gave way to the sun himself who with splendid glitter of gold and flutterings of yellow robes danced alone in joy and triumph. And then upon the greensward, moistened by the rain clouds and warmed by the sunshine, blossomed forth the Iris flowers in rich mingling of purple and lavender. With their vanishing ended the Senior dances.

Now the audience moved toward the other end of the campus for the Freshman part of Tree Day. Across the green passed a fantastic procession in a march of many windings. After the black gowns of the Seniors and the gay costumes of their dancers came the Juniors, as a row of their own carnations, in green robes and red, flower-like hats. Then followed a motley throng from out the covers of Mother Goose's book,—Jack and Jill, Little Boy Blue, Bobby Shafto, even the Shoe and its occupants were there in line. The Freshmen, in trailing white and wreathed with roses, ended the procession in a long garland of their own flower.

When the orations had been said and the Spade was safe in the hands of its new owners, a bard of the rose-garlanded Freshmen came forth from the ranks of their class and went through the movements of a graceful dance, with bowing of flower-decked heads and slow waving of rosy festoons. In a pause of the dance came two Rose-spirits to tread together some beautiful measures, and vanish at the end in a flutter of crimson and rose. When they had fled the dancing of their fellows went on again, to break up at last into a merry race across the campus toward Art Building hill, where the rosy-shouldered company sang their song and gave their cheer about the Freshman tree.

B. W. M., 1902.

ORATION.

We are told that Luther, during a great controversy, held a rose in his hand; that he imbibed from it a strength and a patient endurance which helped him to success. The crusaders, too, throughout their struggles and contests, held the rose ever as a sign of light and of truth. As they went from land to land, finding always their chosen emblem, fresh, simple, pure, with a beauty and charm ever new, they were filled with courage and perseverance, incited to renewed effort. Throughout all history, indeed, the red rose has been significant; from its origin at the foot of the cross to times nearer our own, when

> "He who dared maintain the party of the truth,
> Did pluck a red rose from off the thorn of Somerset."

The rose has a thorn, "ay, a thorn sharp and piercing, to maintain the truth."

Not only to warriors, to men of action, but to poets and dreamers, has the rose been a source of inspiration. Some of the most beautiful thoughts in all literature are clustered about it. To one of our own poets it was

> "Holy in voice and heart,
> To high ends set apart."

From Persia, the garden of the rose, Hafiz sings to us,—

> "May the rose ever flourish in beauty and bloom,
> May evil ne'er touch her, misfortune ne'er come;
> Long, long may she flourish, wherever she's seen,
> And rule midst the flowers, the sovereign queen."

So much of memory dwells in the bloom of the rose that we must needs call to mind all it has done for the great and the good of the past; call to mind the "deep thoughts of all things beautiful" which it has inspired, when we think of what it should mean and shall mean to us, the members of 1903. It stands for the beautiful, the noble and the true. In it is the beauty of promise; it represents a fixed purpose, the possibility of a complete life. For "no rose can shed her leaves with an unfulfilled fruition." Moreover, the regal crimson and the perfect pink of our rose, the only fitting garb for

such a royal flower, are insignia of nobility, strength and truth. These colors are a sign that if we are true to what the rose has stood for throughout the centuries, we shall conquer and rule; conquer, with a single eye to truth, all obstacles in our path, rule our lives wisely and well.

The future has a fair promise for us, 1903, with the crimson and the pink for our colors, the queenly rose to watch over us, and our motto, "Haud ye leal," to express in words the thought embodied in the beauty and fragrance of our flower. Flower and motto are one voice calling to us to hold ourselves true, to live nobly in thought and in deed.

To-day,

> "Queen Rose of the rosebud garden of girls
> Has come hither,"

where

> "Widely waving oaks enclose you,"

to dance you all a hearty welcome to this, our rose carnival.

C. CHRISTABEL CANNON, 1903.

PRESENTATION OF THE SPADE.

> "Who killed Cock Robin?
> I, said the sparrow;
> With my bow and arrow
> I killed Cock Robin."

This gorgeous pageant with its bubbling mirth, its trumpery of merry giggles and laughing nonsense—"What is its meaning," say you? Why, Cock Robin's dead. Freshmen, dear, delicate 1903, do you know what this means? 'Tis simple. Cock Robin's dead. Alas! only shakes of the head, and "Who was he?"

Vanitas vanitatum! I cannot think you did not know him, although the name by which we mourn him may mislead. And yet, what's in a name, or any other outer symbol? Pause, reflect, pluck aside the veil, and beneath this external symbol, which we in idle whim have named Cock Robin for the day, seek out the essential idea which it sheathes. This transitory pageant, what is it but a concrete expression of that truth from

which we all shrink, and yet to which we must all yield? "Naught may endure but mutability." Cock Robin (Sophomore responsibility) is dead.

In these last days of the spring term, dear 1903, it is but fitting that we turn our thoughts to the changes that are close upon us. In your rejoicing over your final equipment with the usual class paraphernalia, forget not that the year is practically over. The time is almost come when you must lay aside your fresh young petals, and assume the stern responsibilities of after-Freshmen days. We, in turn, give up our Sophomore duties; as happy children of Mother Goose we linger to give you salutations and greetings, and then speed on to days less burdened. For, yes, 1903, we'll not deny it, bringing you up *has* been a heavy responsibility. Had it not been so fixed a tradition, we might have shrunk from it; for even before you came to college, 1903, we realized that your training, your really *valuable* training, would be in our hands. And to-day, as we look back upon the progress that we have made you accomplish since last fall, to-day, how proud we are that we *did* put our hands to the plough.

You arrived. *We* meditated on possible individualization. Finally, attracted by the human pathos in bedraggled petticoats, damp, spindly braids, and a general "lost, strayed or stolen" gaze pervading the corridors, we reached the climax of resolve. Transformation should be affected. And so the Sophomores nobly entered upon their traditional task. Henceforth self-sacrifice became our watchword. We were "strong to live," but not for ourselves nor unto ourselves. Our own ambition was lost in zeal for 1903's development. And to-day in this panorama of pleasing shapes and forms, we find a fulfillment which is more than we dared to hope. It *has* been a hard task, but who would not plant and rear, care for and water—though it were with tears—any seeds, however unpromising, with a flowering time like this as his result?

Dear, delicate 1903, we are loath to lay upon your *rosy* young shoulders the weight from which we now emerge. Believe us, it is not 1902 but ever-flowing time which shifts this burden from our backs to yours. Like much else, Sophomore responsibility is not for a class, but for all classes. Therefore we bring to you to-day this spade, and, let us say, the latent spirit of Cock Robin. His sleep is not forever; a peaceful trance rather. The duties which we have so well performed are dormant now, but in September

they will rise again. Another Freshman Class will come. And then forget not how well met were all your wants; remember how all harm was rooted from your pathway—*by way* of transom—by *our* tender hands. As early as Hallowe'en did we not save great numbers of you from indigestion? In view of your peculiarly nervous organizations, did we not give up even our own natural prerogative of "hazing" you? And after that, even to the last, haven't we guarded your Tree-day secrets for you with fairly preternatural secrecy?

Have we told any one how nice we thought you were to plant a chewing-gum tree? Your choice does you credit. We congratulate you. We have heard much of Mr. Burgess's "chewing-gum man," but had scarcely looked for a philanthropy which would prompt the planting of a chewing-gum tree. Future generations of Freshmen will indeed give willing reverence to 1903. As the day of harvest is still well tucked up in some future springtime, *we* are spared the pain of refusing an offer which you would no doubt politely make.

And hoot, mon! dinna ye ken that we ha'e been main daft o'er your choice o' a motto in bonny Scots? Braw lassies a'! May you find the truth more easily held than those elusive Hallowe'en luxuries.

Therefore, dear young friends, receive this spade; with it our blessing. And, in addition, the slumbering spirit of our well-performed duties—encased for the nonce within Cock Robin's slaughtered frame. Our friendly sparrow hath put an end to care. "Behold!" said he, "the radiant, rosy 1903—perfected imperfection! Your task is done. Think you upon the conglomerate mass of humanity you welcomed here this fall; behold the transformation your tender care has wrought. Think no more of duty; all that can be done you *have* done; and all that has been done has been *well* done, considering the material."

Summarily his arrow sped, and no remorse has since appeared upon his face. Therefore, patterning from him, regret is not within our heart. With the high consciousness of duty well performed, we turn to you, giving you with the spade that best of gifts, a good example. We do not bid you inter Cock Robin; nay, rather let him lie in state until September, when it's most likely his ghost will stir. But keep the spade; traditionally it is the Sophomore's, and you will soon be such. And if the time shall ever come

when Freshmen arrive at Wellesley with such a preparation that the Sophomore care for them can make them nothing better, then let the spirit of Sophomore responsibility, whatever form it has taken, be decently interred. And with this spade, I charge you, let the deed be done.

ANNA ELIZABETH SNYDER, 1902.

RECEPTION OF THE SPADE.

So Cock Robin is dead! Well, it is no wonder! After his hard year in continually trying to discover something, we should think he would be worn to a shadow! We cannot help feeling a bit remorseful that after all his toilings his efforts should have been fruitless; it is, indeed, rather hard that all his expectations of seeing us appear to-day in the garb of bonny Scotland, and of hearing a plaintive bagpipe play the familiar strains of "Annie Laurie," should be baffled. We hoped his disappointment would be a happy one, however, and that our dance this afternoon would meet as sufficiently with his approval as if it were the Highland Fling.

We have had disappointments occasionally this year, too,—whether happy ones or not we leave for you to judge,—for we had heard that you would haze us, 1902, and our minds were fully prepared for any deed of rashness on your part; but none came. Of course, when our elections took place you were forbidden to disturb us, and that, doubtless, accounts for your not rising to the occasion at that time. To be sure, a handful of obstreperous Sophomores, a bold smile trying to hide the fear in their quaking hearts, did enter our meeting, and one brave girl actually went so far as to give your class cheer in our very midst; we were glad to have you participate in our joy, and the daring of the harmless intruders amused us greatly.

The Hallowe'en robbery might, perhaps, have angered us; but when we realized that the cause of your theft was starvation, and that it was only your poverty,—not in the least your lack of lavishness,—that prevented your replenishing your own larder, we could not begrudge you our little hoard. We hope you enjoyed it, 1902, and we trust your discomfiture from overeating was soon relieved by the pills we sent you.

There is one way in which we think we can set you a good example, dear Sophomores, and that is in the matter of athletics. Our motto in this

branch of training is, "Work up from the beginning by faithful, untiring effort to a glorious height of perfection." Your motto we have never heard, but from the way you carry it out,—and we know, 1902, you always do accomplish everything you undertake,—we should think it were this, "Begin with high-flying colors, gradually and surely descend, and end in the depths of despair and oblivion."

It pleases us, too, to think that the Faculty relied on us and trusted entirely to our own discretion in certain matters concerning our Tree-day plans. They did not feel it necessary to put restrictions on our costumes or to prohibit us from "the use of tails." They had confidence in our good taste and in our sense of beauty.

Perhaps one reason it is easy for us to take the lead in a few ways is because we have such an example, such a beacon light to guide us,—Miss Hazard, 1903, our honorary member. Do you really wonder, friends, that with such a person as our own special property, such a member to lead, to advise, to rejoice in our well-doing, we can help being anything but perfect. Honored is 1903 in its honorary member!

Over yonder is our tree, the liquid amber. It is young now,—well, so are we,—but in time it will grow to be a graceful and a useful ornament to Wellesley. Our class tree is merely a beautiful and a true prophecy of our class life. In years to come we know that 1903 will be a joy and a comfort to her Alma Mater, and will cover her dear name with fame and glory.

And now we thank you for the spade, 1902. We take it with grateful hearts and with the realization of the trust and the responsibilities it brings with it; but, "Sophomores, cease your worry," for with you as an example, and with the results of your training in our constitution, we can, with modesty, say we are ready to launch forth on our duties towards 1904. There is only one thing we seek after: should the results of our training in 1904 be as complete and perfect a success as yours has been in 1903, we shall, indeed, lay down our task with the satisfaction that our deed also has been well done.

ALICE W. STOCKWELL, 1903.

CLASS SONG—1903.

Nineteen-three! beneath our towering Amber tree
  Aloft we raise and ever praise the fairest flower that blows.
And to the skies we lift our joyful melody,
  Forever true to Wellesley blue, to crimson and to rose.
We sing to Wellesley, we sing to Alma Mater;
  To her we pledge our faith in woe or weal!
Nineteen-three! we stand, her loyal daughter!
  United we for victory! our watchword, "Haud ye leal!"

And though the years should gather fast around us,
  We'll ever fight, for truth and right, in Alma Mater's name.
And though with joy or sorrow life should crown us,
  In service true to Wellesley blue shall find us still the same.
We'll sing full gloriously, we'll sing victoriously!
  Our triumph in life's battle, woe or weal!
Nineteen-three! our Wellesley's loyal daughter!
  United we for victory! our watchword, "Haud ye leal!"

MARY BELTZHOWER JENKINS.

EDITORIALS.

I.

WRITING in the midst of the final week at college, is it not asking too much to demand that an editor shall repress a June and Commencement editorial? The expressions of it may be trite, but Commencement enthusiasm will out. Of all seasons in the college year this is the one to stir our loyalty and interest; to bring to us a keen realization of what it means to be a part of Wellesley. The Alumnæ coming back eagerly—from business, or social or professional duties, happy to be just "Wellesley girls" again—do us good by their fresh interest in all the old details of the college life, their love for it, and their assurances that, no matter how much we may care for it now, we shall care even more when we have gone away. We feel impatient once again over the often-heard criticisms of the narrowness and selfishness and utter worthlessness of a college life for girls; and we are ready again to maintain stoutly that the things which we care for here are vital and of life-long worth. College days are precious to most girls, and the more so the better—headshakings over too much pleasure and too little seriousness, too many interests and too few real trials, notwithstanding. Just what is good and what is bad for a girl in college cannot be laid down in black and white, but general principles are always good guides, and what better one could we have than through the academic year to live up to the spirit of Wellesley Commencement? If we keep in touch with the Alumnæ we shall not be narrow; if they keep in touch with us they will not grow old. As the Senior Class goes out,—this June so vitally a part of us, after the summer vacation so irretrievably a part of the Alumnæ, —we feel most strongly the fast links between our interests. To all of us Commencement means something well worth while; what it is to the Alumnæ we can scarcely know; to the Seniors we can guess, because they are nearer us,—regret for what they are leaving and a welcome for what they are going to, with a purpose to keep the two close together; while to us comes probably the most inspiring thought, because we are the youngest and have more before us. We have still some years to get out of college what we may have missed before: to be more heartwhole both in work and play;

neither to fritter nor to live too hard; to enjoy other people and to give of ourselves; still more time to try for what we want college to have meant when we come to put it behind us.

II.

SURELY one of the many good things which we should appreciate only by lacking it is the 1900 Circulating Library. Although many can look back with some amusement to its beginning, yet this library has now become so indispensable a feature that we are all likely to forget to be grateful for having it. The regular college library cannot be expected to purchase immediately even the very best books as they come out, while for it to represent the floating literature of the day would not please us. This is what the Circulating Library came into existence for,—to make accessible whatever is being written that has any real interest, either because of the subject, or the author, or the style. Many of these books may be of little more than the day, but a passing acquaintance with them is necessary in order to keep abreast of the literary times, and, thanks to the 1900 Library, we need not go home for vacations hopelessly ignorant about the new books.

III.

ONE word about Barn Swallows for vacation. A notice to serve on a committee may descend upon any of us next year, and we may save ourselves valuable time by bringing back to college a full stock of enthusiasm and ideas: they go together. If we see a new play, a new set of tableaux, or, better still, something so new that we have as yet no name for it, let it be stored in a mental pigeon-hole labeled "Barn Swallows."

There is always a tendency to take pleasant things as a matter of course; to think that they will continue of their own momentum, or at least without effort of ours. The Barn Swallows, however, was not organized without effort, nor can it be so carried on. A glance at the old MAGAZINES shows that the girls worked hard in '96 to start the new club,—the club by which they hoped to accomplish so much. They wished it to do more than provide an entertainment once in two weeks; they hoped that it would be a common

interest for the College,—something for which all could work together, and which all could enjoy together. So, unless each one of us, the upper-class girl as well as the Freshman, to whom it is newer, is not interested in the Barn Swallows, we are defeating the very aim of its existence.

Barn Swallows has more members, consequently more wealth, than ever before. There is an abundance of means for carrying out ideas, if the latter can be found. Let us come back in the fall ready to help, and we shall be repaid by the excellence and novelty of the entertainments next year.

IV.

THIS June number of the MAGAZINE, with its accounts of all our last college frolics and of the festivities of Commencement week, is going to come to us, of necessity, in the middle of July. By that time we shall have become settled again in our old habits of life. We shall be used once more to the customs of that oft-mentioned "outside world." As we read of our recent festivities in the "Wellesley world"—if we must persist in fencing off this small bit of the globe from the rest of creation—one of two thoughts will probably come to us,—either that all this pageantry and show is extremely foolish, or that it is very delightful. That it is beautiful none of us can deny. And for this reason we must also acknowledge, in our saner moments, that it is not foolish, but very helpful. We all know that the "outside world" would be a better one if it were more beautiful. Let us rejoice then that our Wellesley world is beautiful in nature and in its life. And so we may feel sure that festivities we enjoy here are not childish and vain, for they are the expression of the right spirit of life,—the life that exists in accordance with the belief that after truth comes beauty.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Voice of the People, by Ellen Glascow. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1900.

The suggestive title of this novel will arrest the attention of many readers to whom the young author is unknown. It has in it a mighty sound as of many waters,—a sound that is thundering loud in the ears of our generation,—that clashes a warning to the twentieth century. Although hardly

more than a reverberation of this great cry echoes through the pages of Miss Glascow's book, yet the story is of distinct social interest. It deals with strongly contrasted aspects of life in modern Virginia,—a State wherein the traditions of ancient aristocracy meet face to face the conditions of modern poverty.

It is the story of a self-made man. Born a son of the soil, rough-hewn and dauntless, of noble instincts and strong mental fiber, he fought for the rights of his manhood; fought and won, "because his intellect ordained it, and the ordinance of intellect is fate." Nicholas Burr is a vividly drawn hero. From the days of his commonplace childhood, when he toiled on his father's farm and dreamed of being a judge; throughout the stressful years of his hard-won education; in the hour of triumph when he takes the chair of State governor; at the moment of supreme sacrifice of life for principle,—from first to last we feel the splendid vigor of his clear-cut individuality. Nothing about him, perhaps, is more striking than his pride of caste. It is the unswerving honesty of his devotion to the cause of the people whence he sprang, that shapes his successful career. But it is also this same class feeling that has to do with the great incompleteness of his life. The love story is simple. From his early youth he loved but one woman, Eugenia Battle, whom he wooed and won in spite of her aristocratic birth. But before the final vows were sealed, and while their joy was yet young, "the slayer loomed intangible yet inevitable—the shade that had arisen from the gigantic gulf between separate classes which they had sought, in ignorance, to abridge." A poisonous rumor too easily accredited; a hasty accusation too blindly resented; a deathless curse too harshly pronounced,—and from thenceforth they lived their lives apart.

Eugenia is not so well-drawn as Nicholas. Although we are told that she was a woman born for happiness, full of a buoyant instinct that makes the best of everything, yet her life seems to ring hollow. She is beautiful, with a rich Southern beauty, but either her nature lacks a vital warmth, or else the picture is too fragmentary. We feel that in her calm and immediate surrender of a deep love to family pride there is something unexplained and inconsistent.

The remaining characters are almost all fairly well done. Our author gives us bright picturings of Southern men and manners, and the sketches

of colored folk are worthy of note for their characteristic humor and pathos. The nature descriptions, while they are sometimes clumsily introduced, glow with a rare richness of color, and form one of the most charming features of the book. On the whole one is glad to have read it, especially for the sake of knowing Nicholas Burr, and back of him, the young author whose work shows decided promise of future development.

P. L. S., 1901.

The Burden of Christopher, by Florence Converse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1900.

This is the story of a man who longed to set his part of the world aright, and who attempted to carry a burden which was too heavy for him to bear alone. Christopher Kenyon inherited from his father the possession and cares of a large shoe factory. Imbued with ideas of reform, he at once seized this opportunity of putting them into practice. His ideal was a perfection of justice between employer and employed, and he took radical measures to make his ideal a reality. The certainty that what he was doing was right, and an overpowering conviction of the necessity for reform, led him to disregard the moral quality of the means by which he secured his end. In striving for his ideal he met with the usual stumbling-block, financial embarrassment. More money than he was able to supply was demanded for carrying out his reforms, and still hoping, still trusting in the ultimate good, he secretly took the money which a widow had intrusted to his care; used it for his purposes and, failing, lost it. The burden had been too heavy for him to bear. In looking for his own ideal he had not realized the importance of the fundamental ideals of life, had stumbled and fallen. He was too impatient, and could not wait for things to work themselves out in God's good time, but he had tried to force them to come at once. His failure was not complete, however. When he sinned, his people realized it; but they also realized that he had sinned for them. He had succeeded in winning their love and trust, and this was, at least, part of his ideal.

The characters are for the most part strongly drawn and individualized, although it is in Christopher himself that the greatest mistake in the book is found. There is no gradual unfolding of his character. We cannot understand how the Christopher whom we know could fail so completely in a

point of honor. It is not natural that a man with his training and his character, as we know it, should commit such a crime.

Christopher's father-in-law, the Professor, forms an artistic contrast to Christopher. Although Christopher draws his inspiration from the Professor, he is yet a man of energy and a worker; he strives to put his ideas into practice, while the Professor, on the other hand, never attempts to realize his theories. The social problem never seems an actual one to him. He is dealing with rules and principles; not with men and women. As the story progresses the character of the Professor deteriorates. From the man who inspired Christopher to his sacrifice and work, he becomes more and more futile.

The characters of Philip and Agnes are also well-drawn. Christopher's friend Philip stands for the religious ideals of social life. He is the priest whose life is consecrated; the friend who never fails. The idyllic relation of Christopher and Agnes, his wife, is most artistically done. Agnes' sympathy with Christopher's work, and her constant aid, as well as her sorrow when Christopher gradually draws away from her, is well portrayed. The author has a very delicate and sympathetic appreciation of the attitudes of different people toward Christopher. Philip and Agnes are the only ones who can look beyond the outward fact that the experiment has been unsuccessful, and can realize that "we live by the example of a great failure." Christopher the child, the son of Christopher and Agnes, represents the artificial, allegorical side of the story. The character is not natural, because it is too symbolic.

The book has distinct literary value, and in many ways marks an advance in Miss Converse's work. It does not attempt to give us a formula by which all social evils may be cured, as many of its kind are prone to do, but leaves us with the impression of the immense complexity of the social problem. For those who are interested in such problems, as most of us are in these days, the book is one of value, and one which will be read with great enjoyment.

Cap and Gown in Prose, edited by R. L. Paget. L. L. Page & Company, Boston, 1900.

This is the third book of the "Cap and Gown" series, and will be gladly received, no doubt, by the many who have been entertained by its

forerunners. While the first two books in the series represented the verse of the American college periodical, this collection shows us what the college student is doing in one form of prose, the daily theme. The book does not pretend to represent the best of college prose, for the longer articles and stories are barred out. The short selections are chosen chiefly with a view to entertain.

The book will, no doubt, be popular with the college student. It will also interest those who are curious to know what manner of man this college student is, as it gives an idea of his point of view and his philosophy of life. It is an excellent book to read aloud during a lazy summer day.

Stanford Stories, by Charles K. Field and Will H. Irwin. Doubleday, Page & Company, New York, 1900.

From "the newest born of the Sisters," Stanford University, comes "Stanford Stories." The life which they present is sure to prove interesting to Eastern readers, and the distinctive atmosphere of this Western college seems to be well given. The picturesqueness of the college grounds pervades the stories, and makes the book characteristic of the life it describes. All of the stories are told in a fresh, entertaining fashion. Although many of them are not very different from other college stories, yet a few stand apart, both for the subject-matter and for the force with which they are told; *e. g.*, "In the Dark Days," "Crossroads," "One Commencement." The book as a whole ranks well with other college literature.

Songs of all the Colleges, Including Many New Songs. Compiled and arranged by David B. Chamberlain and Karl P. Harrington. Hinds & Noble, New York.

Such a book as this is certain to meet with immediate popular favor. The songs which it contains are collected from many sources. Almost every American college in the North, East, South, or West is represented. Not only are the latest songs included, but also the old songs which have retained their popularity. The book will be appreciated by students and by all good people who believe in the inspiration of a jolly song. The songs we would sing if we knew more than one bar, the songs we used to sing and have forgotten now, are found here, safely secured for us in black and white.

A. M. S., 1901.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Voice of the People, by Ellen Glascow. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1900.

Cap and Gown in Prose, edited by R. L. Paget. L. L. Page & Co., Boston, 1900.

Stanford Stories, by Chas. K. Field and Will H. Irwin. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1900.

Songs of All the Colleges, Including Many New Songs. Compiled and edited by David B. Chamberlain and Karl P. Harrington. Hinds & Noble, New York, 1900.

The Point of Contact in Teaching, by Patterson Du Bois. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1900.

Sallust Cataline, edited by C. G. Hebermann. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston, 1900.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

The announcement comes from Yale that the power of the Sophomore Societies has been broken. Under pressure from the Senior class and from many Alumni, a new pyramid system of class societies has been agreed upon, which system is based upon the principle of elimination, the number of society members being reduced from Sophomore to Senior year.

The University of Pennsylvania is joining the ranks of those opposed to co-education, the Seniors having adopted resolutions hostile to the presence of the women. There are now some 370 women students enrolled in the departments of Biology, Law, Philosophy and others, and they are quite naturally indignant over the action of the Seniors.

It may be of interest to note that the American College for Girls, in Constantinople, was one of the first to adopt self-government. This college, chartered ten years ago, is increasing yearly in its number of students. The standard, too, has just been raised, and their diploma is now accepted by two European Universities.

From "Book Reviews" we clip the following description of Hearst

Hall, soon to be transformed into a gymnasium for the women at the University of California. "The vaulted chamber, which has been Mrs. Hearst's drawing-room, will be equipped with flying-rings, Swedish booms, parallel bars, and the general apparatus of a gymnasium. The lower floor, now the supper room, will be furnished with developing apparatus to be used in correcting the physical defects of individuals by exercise prescribed after a medical examination. In a special glass-roofed wing there will be ninety shower baths and dressing rooms, all opening on a central court adorned with palms and flowers."

The nineteenth annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association was held at Copley Square Hotel, Boston, on May 28. In the absence of the president, Secretary W. W. Hiscox of Amherst called the meeting to order. C. E. Bellatly of Bowdoin was chosen president *pro tem.* The following papers were read, each being followed by an informal discussion: "News and Literary Matter Combined in a College Journal," by W. E. Aiken of the *Cynic*, University of Vermont; "How to Obtain a Spirit which shall Produce Spontaneous Contribution," by Miss Jessica Sherman of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE; "The Business Department of a College Weekly," by F. A. Morris of *Amherst Student;* "The Possibilities of College Atmosphere as a Factor in Essays, Stories and Sketches," by Miss Margaret Ball of the *Mt. Holyoke;* "The Alumni Problem," by C. H. Seward of the *Wesleyan Argus;* "How to Develop Writers of Popular Short Stories Among Undergraduates," by F. A. Wales of *Trinity Tablet;* "Plans for a Collegiate Associated Press," by H. E. Keyes of *Dartmouth Lit.*

A business meeting followed, in which the following officers were elected for next year: President, C. E. Bellatly, *Bowdoin Orient*; Vice President, Miss Jessica Sherman, WELLESLEY MAGAZINE; Secretary and Treasurer, L. F. Hartman, *Wesleyan Lit.;* Member of the Executive Committee, F. M. Hopkins, *The Dartmouth.*

A banquet was held at the hotel in the evening. H. E. Keyes, Dartmouth, was toastmaster. The formal toasts were: "The N. E. I. P. A.," C. H. Seward, Wesleyan; "The New Woman in Journalism," Miss Williams, Wellesley; "Our Troubles," S. G. Fitch, M. I. T.; "Collegians in the Literary World," Miss Ball, Mt. Holyoke; "Trials of the Managing Editor," W. R. Bartlett, University of Maine.

EXCHANGES.

So many magazines have been received since the last issue, that the Exchange Editor feels quite overwhelmed with material. So much so, indeed, that she has packed them all off with her to the country, where the bustling life of college may not interfere with her enjoyment.

The *Harvard Advocate* she finds full of sketches, few of which could really be called stories. "Van Bibber Wins a Wager," though not especially new in plot, is cleverly worked up, and is perhaps the best. "An Affair of Hearts" is a humorous, yet sympathetic setting forth of a bit of human nature. A delightful impression of the woods at night may be obtained from "Hunting."

The department called "Minor Versions," in the *Mt. Holyoke*, is always bright and tempting; we like to turn to that first. For stories, "The Boy," in the April number, and "The Début of Lord Wilton III," in the June, are full of interest. "Cleverness: A Recessional," contains some very apt criticism.

The articles in the *Radcliffe Magazine* appeal to the Exchange Editor as being especially sympathetic—as if the author knew personally each character she was describing. "Ben Jonson" is one of the best pieces of criticism the Editor has met for some time; and "Mary Anne Townley's Surprise" is a genuine surprise.

It is seldom that the undergraduate is at all successful with historical sketches or stories. When, perchance, one finds a good sketch of this kind, it brings with it a whiff of other days that is very acceptable. Such are "The Sign of the Raven," in the *Touchstone*, and "The Quatorziéne," in the *Cornell Magazine*. Equally good, but of a very different nature, is an operetta "The Fair Pastry Cook," in the *Cornell* for May.

Two stories with novel plots are "After Fifteen Years," in the *Nassau Lit.*, and "Himself and Himself," in the *Dartmouth*. In addition to the novelty, the first has pathos, the second humor, and they are not overdone. Another story, whose details lend themselves well to the general air of loneliness, is "Martha's Christmas Gift," in the *Occident*. The plot is, however, an overused one.

In the *Williams Lit.* a review of Kenneth Grahame and his work is especially noticeable. The author has succeeded admirably in giving a full and charming idea of this writer's two books, telling us just enough to make us wish to read them for ourselves, have we not already done so.

We clip the following:—

A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Who loveth a little mountain stream
Loveth the witchery of a dream,
A will-o-the-wisp, half understood,
Laughter lost in the silent wood,
A splash of white foam over the brim
Of a dusky pool, where shadows dim
Sleep in unrest, and love spells be,
And I know not what sweet coquetry;
A flood of ripples and sunlit spray
Ravishing all my heart away.
Then, lo, the brook runs on to the sea
With never a backward look for me.
Who loveth a little mountain stream
Loveth the witchery of a dream. —*Smith Monthly.*

LULLABY.

A lullaby, my sweet.
The breeze is dead. The nodding reeds are still.
The gray light creeps along the drowsy hill.
All things are dumb. Hark—e'en that heart of thine
Beats softer than the fading evenshine.
Croon me a song, for lo, my eyelids close.
—A lullaby, my sweet. —*Yale Lit.*

THE CHINESE LANTERN.

A swaying bulb of fairy light,
A yellow jewel set
Upon the purple of the night,
A glow against the jet. —*Stanford Sequoia.*

GYPSY SONG.

What is the joy of living
  Hedged in the haunts of men?
Where the timid bird is never heard,
And hushed is the forest's tender word,
  And the night-wind sings in vain.
Ho! up and away
At the break of day
To the smile of the hills and the calm of the lea,
Where the brook laughs low
And the cat-tails grow,
And my lover is waiting for me.

It is the vesper hour
  When the woods bow down in prayer;
When the bats begin their wayward flight,
And the distant lamps of heaven grow bright,
  And peace is in the air.
But the night-shades frown
On the dusty town,
And I sigh for the cool of the hill and the plain,
Where the brook sings a song
As it hurries along,
And my lover will greet me again. —*Williams Lit.*

THE WHITE ALDER.

I know a nunnery which no man heeds
  Or loves save me, because a faithful band
  Of willows hem it in on either hand
To where a little pool o'ergrown with weeds
  Bars all intruders, while in front flags stand
  As wardens o'er a mile of meadow-land—
Proud banner-bearers of a host of reeds!

Within, close sheltered by the willow-screen
  From alien eyes, with palms spread to the sun
And faultless face uplifted, all unseen
  And all unseeing, prays a silent nun,
  Wrapped in a veil no earthly hands have spun—
God's one white thing in this his house of green!

—*Trinity Tablet.*

FLOAT.

THERE is a recipe for Float which never fails. It reads something like this: "To several hundred enthusiastic college girls add several thousand guests, previously filled with eager expectations. Mix thoroughly. Add twenty-four hours of clear, warm weather, with a sunset, of any color preferred. Serve promptly."

The first two ingredients are never lacking; the third is more difficult. Nineteen Hundred's Float, however, followed this recipe exactly, with results which justified the excellence of the rule.

The several thousand guests began to arrive early, and continued to arrive, in an endless, gay procession, until seven o'clock. By this time the mixing was pretty well accomplished, and only a few disconsolate girls walked up and down before College Hall, watching for their "people," who failed to appear. All along the shore of the lake stretched a closely packed crowd. The three boats representing the evolution of Float pulled out from the boathouse, and the guests settled down to enjoy themselves, with a feeling that "the party had really begun." When '85's muslin dresses and white hats, '90's sailor blouses, and '94's blue sweaters had gone, the purple and lavender flag was seen fluttering at the end of the slip, and the "Rah! rah! 1900!" came from the shore almost before the Senior boat was out. The cheers went down the line as the Junior and Sophomore eights, and last, but not least, the two Freshman crews, rowed over the course. A group of lively youths seemed to think 1903's cheering rather feeble,— which was quite true,—and undertook to help. Others, not willing to be outdone, followed suit, and for a while strange, deep-voiced parodies on Wellesley's class cheers greeted the shells as they went back and forth.

Just here the sunset—a pink one—was added. It was a generous sunset, and gave the lake a goodly share of its rosy color. The star was formed in the midst of the glow, and the small boats, with their brilliant, bobbing lanterns, gathered closely about it. It was very quiet on the shore when the crews began to sing. The music had all the charm of singing on the water, and every moment the color deepened in the lake. A small maiden in brown pigtails clasped her hands and gave a long sigh. "Oh!" she said; "Oh! oh! *oh!*"

But the spell lasted only a few minutes. After the first two or three songs the canoes closed in, the star lost its shape, and the voices on the water were partly drowned by those on the shore. The scene on the lake changed; the turn of Japanese lanterns had come, and they showed off in their full glory as the darkness fell. When the red fire began to burn one of the Freshmen laughed. "Pink sunset, crimson light," she said; "1903's colors. I'm glad they're appreciated!"

On the bank the crowd was so dense that it was impossible to see back of the first few rows, but from higher up on the hill the picture was one that Turner might have painted,—fireworks, lanterns, black masses of people, and everywhere the red, smoky glow. It was just beginning to seem unreal, when two children ran pellmell down the slope, and sprawled headlong over the unseen wire fence at the bottom. Their startled howls brought back the world of everyday, and with it the sense that the crowd was disappearing and Float nearly over.

The fireworks came less often, and finally stopped altogether; the red fire faded, and the deserted shore grew black. Only the band went cheerfully on, long after everyone had gone. The Freshman who had noticed the colors walked reflectively up the steps to College Hall.

"It *has* been beautiful," she said. "I'm so thankful I'm a Freshman, with the prospect of three more Floats!"

HELENE L. BUHLERT, 1903.

THE SENIOR PLAY.

IT was a large audience that gathered in the Barn on Monday evening, June 25, to greet 1900 in its positively last appearance on any stage. Indeed, so large and so august an assembly had never before craned neck or clapped applause in our rural hall. It was an audience wholly in keeping with the gorgeousness of 1900's Commencement.

The play, "Aucassin and Nicolete," was, as Miss Gordon said in her speech of welcome, peculiarly appropriate on a Wellesley stage. It was written by Miss Florence Wilkinson, of the Class of '92, and the music of the songs was the work of three members of the Class of 1900,—Miss

Abercrombie, Miss Phillips and Miss Pierce. Much praise is due these composers for the music, which was catchy and well adapted to the words.

The two leading parts were taken by Miss Abercrombie and Miss Knox. It is almost needless to make here any comments upon the acting of these two players. The boards of the Barn stage have had occasion to become well acquainted with their tread in the past four years, and when their names appear on a playbill a Wellesley audience knows what kind of acting to expect. Miss Abercrombie, always famous for her hero parts, made Aucassin a very lovable lover. Especially good was the change between the Aucassin of the first three acts and the Aucassin of Act IV. The appropriate alteration in make-up was supported by skillful acting. Miss Knox, as Nicolete, was charming. The versatility of this young player was well adapted to the versatility of Nicolete, to her varying moods of laughter and seriousness.

Although the support was unusually good, yet the acting of Miss Gordon and Miss Lucy Wright was especially noteworthy. Miss Gordon's disguise, a particularly hard one for a girl to assume, was perfect, and her acting, with the remarkable control of voice and manner that she displayed, served only to enhance the illusion. Miss Wright, in her part of Mathieu, furnished as humorous a byplay as even the author could have desired.

The part of the jealous and plotting Gilda, as played by Miss Lehman, was well carried out, both in acting and in appearance. Her stateliness and self-repression served as an excellent foil to the sprightly daintiness and frankness of Nicolete.

One minor figure which was always welcome on the stage was Miss Elliot's Alamo, the graceful and sweet-voiced page.

As for staging, 1900 has been more fortunate than other Senior classes in their dramatics. Both costuming and scenery were excellent. The intervals between the acts were filled, very acceptably to the audience, by music from the Cadet Orchestra. This was a pleasant innovation in Senior dramatics.

Speaking of the performance as a whole, we can all agree that the Class of 1900 has but added to its laurels in this introduction to a Wellesley audience of Miss Wilkinson's "Aucassin and Nicolete."

The cast, in full, was as follows:—

Nicolete	Miss Knox.
Aucassin de Biaucaire	Miss Abercrombie.
Count Garin de Biaucaire	Miss Gordon.
Emeline de Biaucaire	Miss Bailey.
Gilda	Miss Lehman.
Alamo	Miss Elliot.
Mathieu	Miss L. Wright.
Robert	Miss Seward.
Bougars de Valence	Miss Sisson.
Robin, Martin, Esmeric, Hal — Shepherds	Miss Seward. Miss Lehman. Miss M. Wright. Miss Lance.
1st Sentinel	Miss Newkirk.
2d Sentinel	Miss Noyes.
Soldiers	Miss Vogel. Miss Halsey.

THE SHAKESPEARE PLAY.

To lovers of pageantry, color and costume, Tree Day alone surpassed the out-of-door presentation of "The Tempest"; and to lovers of amateur acting and literary interpretation this year's Shakespeare play gave a rare pleasure. Not even in "Midsummer Night's Dream" did the setting seem more perfect. The effective manipulation of the real thunder and lightning machines convinced the audience that a real storm hung over the water that gleamed in the distance under the darkening sky. Many shared Miranda's apprehension, and a few moments later everyone believed that the light-footed Ariel was flying over the tops of the rhododendrons instead of running along a raised platform skillfully hidden in the bushes. The arrangement and management of the calcium lights deserve especial mention in any comment on the picturesqueness of the play.

The acting throughout the play was sustained with unusual vigor and literary appreciation. Even the courtiers' scenes, usually the dullest and

least sustained scenes in a Shakespeare play on any stage, kept the audience wide awake, and most of the time in applause at the quick byplay of Antonio and Sebastian. Ariel's perpetually graceful movement lent the charm of witchery to every scene, and gave a certain magic unity to the play that one is prone to lose in the mere reading. Although the rich poetic fervor of the Prospero of our imagination was somehow lacking, as it always must be lacking, Miss Meisenbach's rendering of this extremely difficult part was admirable for its ease, dignity and precision. Where so many parts are well taken it is difficult to commend one without commending all; yet perhaps it is at once kind and just to say that Miss Draper as Caliban, Miss Sylvester as Ferdinand, and Miss Goddard as Stephano, seem to have shown the strongest and truest conceptions of Shakespeare's characters, and to have done the most delicate and the most consistent acting. The combined dignity and bestiality of Caliban were so finely and sensitively suggested that the immortal Caliban himself will assume more huge and more respectable proportions in the minds of many who were fortunate enough to see "The Tempest." Hereafter it will be difficult for the Shakespeare Society to surpass itself.

SOCIETY NOTES.

At a regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha held May 25, Miss Jessie E. Blanchard was initiated. The following programme was then presented:—

I.	The Life of Maeterlinck	Miss Lucy Wilcox.
II.	Impressions of Maeterlinck's Literary Work	Miss Cook.
III.	Scenes from "Princess Maleine," Act I., Scenes 2 and 4.	
	Queen Godeliod	Miss Henning.
	Princess Maleine	Miss Sage.
	King Marcellus	Miss Foote.
	Maleine's Nurse	Miss Park.

The following officers of Society Zeta Alpha have been elected for the coming year:—

President	Miss Smith.
Vice President	Miss Park.
Recording Secretary	Miss Reed.
Corresponding Secretary	Miss Sage.
Custodian of the House	Miss Mary Snyder.
Treasurer	Miss McCaulley.
First Marshal	Miss Grover.
Second Marshal	Miss Libby.
First Editor of the *True Blue*	Miss Henning.
Second Editor of the *True Blue*	Miss Elsie Wilcox.

The regular monthly programme meeting of Alpha Kappa Chi was held in Society Hall, Saturday evening, May the nineteenth. The following programme was rendered:—

"Andria" of Terence (Translation).

Act I.	Edna Foote.
Act II.	Florence Hamilton.
Acts III., IV. and V.	
Lines 344–533	Katharine Hotz.
533–740	Edith Behrhorst.
740–872	Carrie Brown.
872–956	Frankie Sullivan.

Reading of the text:—

Simo Senex	Miss Walton.
Sosia Libertus	Florence Bailey.
Davos Servus	Elizabeth Campbell.
Mysis Ancilla	Carrie Pulsifer.
Pamphilus Adulescens	Miss Fletcher.
Chremes Senex	Florence Osborne.
Crito Senex	Florence Bailey.
Dromo Lorarius	Marcia McIntire.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

At a business meeting of the Christian Association on May 31, Miss Kimball, Miss Cole and Miss Burnett, all of 1901, were received as members into the Association.

The election of officers of the Christian Association for the year 1900–1901, resulted as follows: President, Pauline Sage, 1901; vice president, Susan E. Hall, 1901; corresponding secretary, Mae McE. Rice, 1902; recording secretary, Frances F. Bussey, 1901; treasurer, Mary H. Crombie, 1903; chairman, Missionary Committee, Helen A. Merrill, Faculty; chairman, Temperance Committee, Mabel A. Metcalf, 1902; chairman, General Religious Work Committee, Elizabeth C. Torrey, 1903; chairman, Devotional Committee, Miss Denis, Faculty; chairman, Reception Committee, Katharine Dwight, 1901; chairman, Mission Study Committee, Annie Stocking, 1902; chairman, Bible Study Committee, Maryal Knox, 1901.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

An entertainment for the benefit of The Wellesley College Endowment Fund was held at The Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, on April 24th, by the following members of The New York Wellesley Club: Mrs. Frances Pearsons Plimpton, '84; Miss Jesse Van Vliet, '85; Miss Annie M. Cordley, '87; Miss Bertha Bailey, '88; Mrs. Ruth Morrill Starrett, '90; Miss Annette Finnegan, '94; and Miss Bessie Finnegan, '93–94.

The programme consisted of Miss Beatrice Hereford's Monologues, violin selections by Franz Kaltenborn, and songs by Mr. Hobart Smock.

The list of patronesses included the names of many well known New York women. Among them were Mrs. A. A. Anderson, Mrs. Franklin S. Billings, Miss Helen Dawes Brown, Miss Grace Dodge, Mrs. C. Cuthbert Hall, Mrs. David H. Greer, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. Frank Mason North, Mrs. George A. Plimpton, Mrs. Henry C. Potter, Mrs. George Haven Putnam, Mrs. Ruth McHenry Stuart, Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, and Mrs. Louis C. Tiffany.

The success of the entertainment was in the largest measure due to the energy, enthusiasm, and fine business ability of Miss Annette Finnegan and her sister, under whose direction it was undertaken and carried through. The Wellesley women in and around New York were of great assistance in disposing of tickets, and eight hundred dollars was cleared for the endowment fund.

A book of verse by Isabella H. Fiske, '96, was put on sale in June for the benefit of the Endowment Fund. Now that the Fund has been raised, remaining copies of the book will be sold for the benefit of the Helen A. Shafer Memorial Fund. Copies may be ordered by mail—postpaid fifty cents—of Miss I. H. Fiske, Wellesley Hills, Mass., or obtained at the Boston bookstores of Damrell & Upham and of N. B. Clarke & Co. The collection consists of children's, nature and foreign verse.

THE NEW YORK WELLESLEY CLUB.

At the invitation of Miss Marion Canfield, '94, the last meeting for the year of the New York Wellesley Club was held Saturday afternoon, April 21, in the Arthur Winter Memorial Library of the Staten Island Academy, New Brighton, Staten Island. The annual business meeting and election of officers preceded a most delightful and instructive address by Mr. William Winter, President of the Board of Trustees of the Academy, on "The Influence of Poetry Upon National Life," during which many interesting glimpses were given of Old Cambridge, Massachusetts, and that famous group of men including Longfellow, Holmes, Agassiz, Emerson, Felton, Pierce and Lowell, many of them personal acquaintances of Mr. Winter. Tea and a reception followed in the "Hawthorne Room," Mrs. Walter C. Kerr, '78, and Mary C. Vail, '95, presiding at the Tea table, after which an opportunity was given to visit the studio and the other rooms of this unique and artistic school.

The officers elected to fill the vacancies for the ensuing year were Mrs. Walter C. Kerr,' 78, vice president; Miss Alice I. Wood, '94, secretary; Mrs. James Paterson, '88, treasurer; and Mrs. Hector M. Hitchings, '78, chairman of the reception committee. The other officers of the Club are Mrs. George A. Plimpton, '84, president; Mrs. M. G. Starrett, '90, chairman of the college settlement committee; and Miss Marion Canfield, '94, chairman of the press committee.

The Club adjourned until next October, thus closing a most interesting and successful year under its able president, Mrs. George A. Plimpton.

PHILADELPHIA WELLESLEY CLUB.

The annual luncheon and business meeting of the Philadelphia Wellesley Club was held at The Rittenhouse, Saturday, May 5, 1900, with the president, Miss Palen, presiding. At the luncheon letters were read from President Hazard, Miss Jeannette Marks, 1900, and Mrs. Plimpton, president of the New York Wellesley Club; also a telegram from Mrs. Merrill in regard to the endowment fund. Mrs. Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay responded to a toast to the Philadelphia Club.

The election of officers for the year resulted as follows: Mrs. Helen James O'Brien, '95, president; Mrs. Sanborn, '80, vice president; Dr. Ruth Lathrop, '83, director; Miss Alice Reeve, '99, director; Miss May Lincoln, '98, secretary and treasurer.

THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY WELLESLEY CLUB.

The Connecticut Valley Wellesley Club has had a pleasant year, and much interest has been manifested in the club life. The annual meeting was held in Springfield at Hotel Wooster. A luncheon of fifty covers was served. Miss Hazard was the guest of the day, and gave a charming, informal talk on current Wellesley matters and details of college life, which were of great interest to the alumnæ.

At the business meeting officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Frances Scudder Williams, '85, Glastonbury, Conn.; vice presidents, Miss Katharine Horton, '89, Windsor Locks, Conn., and Miss Elva H. Young, '96, Springfield; secretary, Miss Clara D. Capron, Hartford; treasurer, Miss Amy S. Lane, '96, Northampton.

The Springfield branch of the Connecticut Valley Wellesley Club closes the second year of its existence with a membership of fifty. As yet the club has no constitution, the arrangements for all meetings being left in the hands of the executive committee of three members. After the annual banquet in the fall, the first meeting was held at the home of Miss Alden, where the report of Miss Hazard's inauguration was given by Miss Shaw, the delegate

from the club. The second meeting was held at the home of Miss Noble, where a chafing-dish supper was served; the third with Miss Harris, where Miss Pendleton was given a reception, to which the club welcomed alumnæ of other colleges; and the fourth was held at Mt. Holyoke College, where a pleasant opportunity was given to see the undergraduate life at an institution in which all Wellesley girls have now a special interest.

This branch has often wished that it might hear more directly and particularly of the programs of the other Wellesley clubs; and perhaps it might now ask that clubs should consider some plan by which fuller reports than those that reach the MAGAZINE yearly might be sent to the individual clubs. Chairman, Miss Elva H. Young, '96, Springfield, Mass; secretary, Miss Grace Godfrey, '96, Holyoke, Mass.

The Hartford Branch of the Connecticut Valley Wellesley Club has held five meetings during the winter: at Hayden Hall, Windsor; with Mrs. Warner, in Wethersfield; and with Mrs. Hoadly-Wells, Miss Capron and Mrs. Gordy, in Hartford. The meetings are informal, and have all been very pleasant. At the meeting with Miss Capron, Miss Jones, of the Hartford Social Settlement, gave a most interesting and entertaining account of her work, and after our last meeting we were invited with the other college clubs of Hartford to a reception in honor of Miss Woolley, given by the Mt. Holyoke Alumnæ and a committee from the Hartford Theological Seminary. Committee of Hartford Branch: chairman, Miss Katharine Horton; secretary, Miss Jennie Loomis, '92, Windsor, Conn.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WELLESLEY CLUB.

On Saturday afternoon, May 12, several members of the Southern California Wellesley Club were entertained at Echo Mountain by Mrs. Coman, of Pasadena, president of the club, and Mrs. Elmer C. Sattley, whose home is on the mountain. The ride up the mountain side on the electric incline—an ascent of three thousand five hundred feet—brought the guests to the summit, from which they could look down upon the broad valley of San Gabriel, and away beyond to the Pacific. After visiting the various places of interest on the mountain the club returned to the Chalet, where a delicious luncheon was enjoyed, interrupted by the reading

of Dean Coman's entertaining letter and by discussion of Wellesley news, especially of the proposed gift of Mr. Rockefeller. The members present were Mrs. Coman, of Pasadena, the Misses Foster, Frye, Lebus and Shields, of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Sattley, of Echo Mountain.

A free scholarship for a two years' course in the Cincinnati Kindergarten Training School is offered by the Cincinnati College Club. All applicants must have had at least two years of college training. For further information please apply to Miss Josephine P. Simsall, Wallace Avenue, Covington, Ky.

Miss Amanda C. Northrop, Sp. '84–85, has obtained a position in the Misses Rayson's School, 176–180 West 75th Street, New York City.

Miss Mary Leavitt, Sp. '84–86, graduated at Boston University, June, 1900.

Miss Fannie E. Woods, '87, is principal of Slade Mansion School, and Miss L. G. Bailey, '98, is teaching in the same school.

Miss Ada G. Wing, '87, M.A. '96 of Brown, the only woman on the faculty of that university, is a member of the scientific chapter recently formed among the faculty of that institution.

Miss M. Josephine Emerson, '92, has been awarded a Curtis scholarship at Columbia University. Her subject is *Education*.

Miss Frances E. Hildreth, '95, has charge of the Mathematics department of the Amherst (Mass.) High School.

Miss Sophia O. Hoyt, '96, has been for two years stenographer at the Crawford House, White Mountains.

Miss Sara Seaton, '96, is living at home in Cleveland, Ohio, and substituting in the grammar and high schools in that city.

Miss Prudence E. Thomas, '96, has been a substitute in Hyde Grammar School, Boston, during the greater part of the year.

The engagement is announced of Miss Joanna Stoddard Parker, '96, to Rev. Oscar C. Helming, of Indianapolis, Ind.

Miss Margaret Y. Henry, '97, is president of the College Women's Club of Jersey City, N. J.,—an organization which offers a yearly scholarship of $150 to Jersey City girls who wish to enter college. Miss Annie Lord, '90, is a member of this club.

Miss Agnes L. Bacon, '97, is teaching in the Girls' Latin School, Baltimore, Md.

Miss Cora Whittier Rogers, '98, has been teaching Mathematics for two years in the high school at Amesbury, Mass.

Miss H. Elizabeth Seelman, '98, has secured a position as teacher of Natural History in the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Ethelwyn Grenell, '98, is teaching Mathematics at Bridgewater, Mass.

Miss Mary E. Cross, '98, is agent of the Benevolent Union of Fitchburg, Mass.

Miss Mary Alice Austin, '98, is teaching in the grammar school at Salem Depot, N. H.

Miss Bernice Oliver Kelly, '99, is teaching English in the Presbyterian College for Women, Columbia, S. Carolina.

Miss Georgia G. Ralph, '99, has been doing private tutoring in Allegheny, Pa.

Miss Jessie A. Beach, Sp., '98–99, is teaching Mathematics in the Girls' High School, New York City.

Miss Mary Barnett Gilson, '99, has a position in the Carnegie Public Library, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Miss Grace Phemister, '99, has been teaching French in the Chelsea (Mass.) High School.

Miss Helen M. Burton, '99, is teaching English and Latin in the La Crosse (Wis.) High School.

Miss Miriam Thayer, '99, is teaching in the High School at Groveland, Mass.

Miss Bessie B. Thomas, '99, has been teaching since December in the Brockton High School.

Miss Jennie Mae Clark, '99, is teaching French and Science in the Susquehanna Collegiate Institute at Towanda, Pa.

Miss Lillian Favour, formerly of '99, has been appointed instructor in Latin and German in the Franklin High School.

Miss Clara A. Palmer, '99 is teaching in a private day school in Quincy, Mass.

Miss Alice M. Kirkpatrick, '99, is teaching at Windsor Hall School, Waban, Mass.

Miss Marian T. Pratt, '99, is at home this year in Reading, Mass.

Miss Margaret V. Spear, '99, has been studying at the Lowell (Mass.) Training School, and has done a good deal of substitute work in the Lowell High School.

Miss Rebecca D. Moore, '99, has been studying at the Brookline Training School this year.

Miss Mabel L. Bishop, '99, has been taking a graduate course at the State Normal School, New Britain, Conn.

MARRIAGES.

Buck–Black.—January, 1900, at Chelsea, Mass., Miss Maude Sawyer Black, '98, to Mr. Wilmarth S. Buck. At home in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Shibe–Brown.—April 18, 1900, in New York City, Miss Jessie Creighton Brown, formerly of 1901, to Mr. John Devine Shibe. At home, Bala, Pa.

Cook–Augsbury.—June 12, 1900, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Miss Winifred Augsbury, '95, to Mr. Samuel Craighead Cook. At home Mondays after August 1, at Cedar Rapids.

Patterson–Rushmore.—June 12, 1900, at Plainfield, New Jersey, Miss Gertrude Rushmore, formerly of '97, to Mr. Edward K. Patterson. At home after July 1, Plainfield.

WALKER–MILLER.—June 27, 1900, at Covington, Ky., Miss Adelaide Miller, formerly '94, to Mr. William Henry Walker. At home after November 30, Flushing, N. Y.

BUERGER–BOWLES.—June 21, 1900, at Kansas City, Mo., Miss Mary E. Bowles to Mr. Franz G. E. Buerger. At home, Thursdays in July, 411 Main Street.

BIRTHS.

April 27, 1900, a son, Talcott Williams, to Mrs. Gertrude Wilson Powell, '95.

May 28, 1900, at Palmyra, N. Y., a son, Earl Frederick, to Mrs. Evelyn Parkes Adams, '92.

May 31, 1900, at Denver, Col., a son to Mrs. Emma Teller Tyler, '89.

DEATHS.

May 6, 1900, at Wellesley, Mass., Mrs. Gennie Hickok Jennison, '90.

May 25, 1900, at Grand Rapids, Mich., Miss Anna Frances Knight, formerly '97.

June 4, 1900, at Trebeins, O., Mr. F. C. Trebein, father of Mrs. Elizabeth Trebein Flynn, '93, and Miss Bertha Trebein, '97.

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CONTENTS.

In Pilgrimage to Santiago	*Katharine Lee Bates*	49
At Wellesley	*H. D. Rawnsley*	59
Sloppy Anne's Saira	*Jeannette A. Marks*	60
Omar Khayyam	*Anna Perkins Chandler*, '98	68
George Minor	*Bessie W. Manwaring*, 1902	69
Citizenship in College Life	*Lucy Wright*	72
Slip Sheets		74
Spectator		76
Editorials		78
Prize Offer		79
Free Press		79
Christian Association Notes		81
Book Notes		82
Books Received		86
Art Notes		87
Intercollegiate		88
Exchanges		89
College Notes		90
Society Notes		92
College Settlement Notes		94
Alumnæ Notes		95
Marriages		97
Births		98
Deaths		98

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The Wellesley Magazine

CONTENTS.

Give us Rest	*H. D. Rawnsley*	99
Joe	*Margaret B. Merrill*, '99	100
Maurice Hewlett as Interpreter of the Spirit of the Italian Renaissance	*Edith B. Lehman*, 1900	109
Mother of Mysteries	*Edith M. Wherry*, 1901	114
The Hoosier Poet	*Elizabeth H. Seelman*, '98	114
Sloppy Anne's Saira (*Concluded*)	*Jeannette A. Marks*	117
Slip Sheets		124
Spectator		128
Editorials		130
Free Press		132
Christian Association Notes		133
Book Notes		134
Books Received		135
Art Notes		136
Intercollegiate		136
Exchanges		140
Athletics		124
College Notes		145
Society Notes		147
Alumnæ Notes		150
Births		157
Deaths		157

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CONTENTS.

Some Transformation of Antiquity	*Alice Walton*	159
In the Reign of Sarah	*Nina Foster Poor*, 1900	165
By the Pacific	*Nancy K Foster*, '88–90	170
On the Border of Tragedy	*Helen Garwood*, '98	171
A Study of "Aucassin and Nicolette"	*Alice I. Hazeltine*	175
The Child's Song	*Lucy Wright*	180
Slip Sheets		180
Spectator		190
Editorials		192
Free Press		193
Book Reviews		195
Intercollegiate		197
Exchanges		200
College Notes		201
Alumnæ Notes		203
Marriages		209
Births		209
Deaths		209

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CONTENTS.

Close to the Bayreuth Theatre	*Margarethe Mueller*	211
The Enchantment	*R. C.*	217
Higgins Versus Higgins	*Julia B. Park*, 1901	219
Some Spanish Fete Days	*Susan D. Huntington*, 1900	223
Slip Sheets		227
Recent Art Exhibitions in Boston	*Eliza J. Newkirk*	238
Editorials		242
The Prize Story Contest		243
Free Press		244
Christian Association notes		246
Book Reviews		249
Books Received		254
Intercollegiate		254
Exchanges		257
College Notes		258
Society Notes		261
Marriages		270
Births		271
Deaths		271

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GRADUATE NUMBER.

CONTENTS.

The Tree of Song	*Katharine Lee Bates*, '80	273
The Tragedy of a Little Shop	*Florence Converse*, '93	274
A Handful of Herbs	*Lillian Corbett Barnes*, '91	287
An Alien	*Abbie Carter Goodloe*, '89	288
The Cathedral at Rheims	*Martha Hale Shackford*, '96	311
Some of Raphael's Madonnas	*Estelle M. Hurll*, '82	312
A Tale of the Desert	*Florence Wilkinson*, '92	315
On the Veranda	*Marion Pelton Guild*, '80	325
Two Recent English Tragedies	*Grace Louise Cook*, '99	325
Editorials		329
Free Press		331
Intercollegiate		333
Book Notices		336
Books Received		340
Art Notes		341
Exchanges		342
College Notes		345
Society Notes		348
Alumnæ Notes		349
Marriages		352
Births		353
Deaths		353

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CONTENTS.

A Garland of Greek Song	*Angie Clara Chapin*	355
Love's Promise	*R. C.*	371
In the Eighteenth Ward	*Edith Lehman*, 1900	371
The Angel	*Jeannette A. Marks*, 1900	381
John Henry Newman, the Representative Oxford Man	*Ethel D. Hubbard*, '99	381
From a Philosophy Notebook		386
Mandy Johnson	*Lottie A. Atwood*, 1902	387
Slip Sheets		391
The Spectator		396
Editorials		399
Free Press		402
Book Notices		404
Books Received		409
Art Notes		410
Intercollegiate		412
Exchanges		413
College Notes		416
Christian Association Notes		418
Society Notes		418
Alumnæ Notes		421
Marriages		423
Births		424
Deaths		424

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The Wellesley Magazine

CONTENTS.

Education in South Africa	*Alice Welch Kellogg*, '94	425
The Buddhist Bell	*Laura J. Yeater*, 1900	430
A Triangular Arrangement	*Lucy Morris*, 1900	431
Prayer	*Florence Converse*, '93	436
Religious Conceptions of Carlyle and Tolstoy	*Kathrina H. Storms*, 1900; *Ethel M. Sperry*, 1900	436
Mrs. Pomfret, Maker of Geniuses	*Nina F. Poor*, 1900	443
Abel King, the Coward	*Bertha E. Davis*, 1902	447
Slip Sheets		452
Spectator		458
Editorials		463
Free Press		465
Book Reviews		467
Books Received		473
Exchanges		473
Intercollegiate		476
College Notes		478
Christian Association Notes		480
Society Notes		481
Alumnæ Notes		484
Marriages		487
Births		487
Deaths		488
In Memoriam		488

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CONTENTS.

Address of Welcome	*Hannah Hume*, 1900	489
The Address to Undergraduates	*Nina F. Poor*, 1900	490
A Ballade of Dancing Feet	*Lucy V. N. Morris*, 1900	494
Tree Day	*B. W. M.*, 1902	495
Oration	*C. Christabel Cannon*, 1903	497
Presentation of the Spade	*Anna Elizabeth Snyder*, 1902	498
Reception of the Spade	*Alice W. Stockwell*, 1903	501
Class Song—1903	*Mary Beltzhower Jenkins*	503
Editorials		504
Book Reviews		506
Books Received		511
Intercollegiate		511
Exchanges		513
Float		516
The Senior Play		517
The Shakespeare Play		519
Society Notes		520
Christian Association Notes		522
Alumnæ Notes		522
Marriages		528
Births		529
Deaths		529

Vol. VIII.—June, 1900—No. 9.

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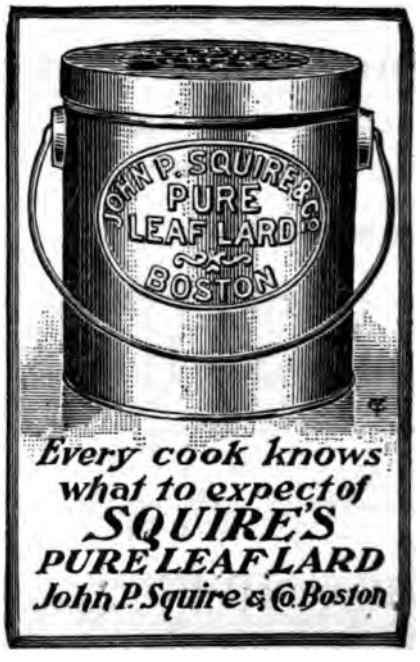

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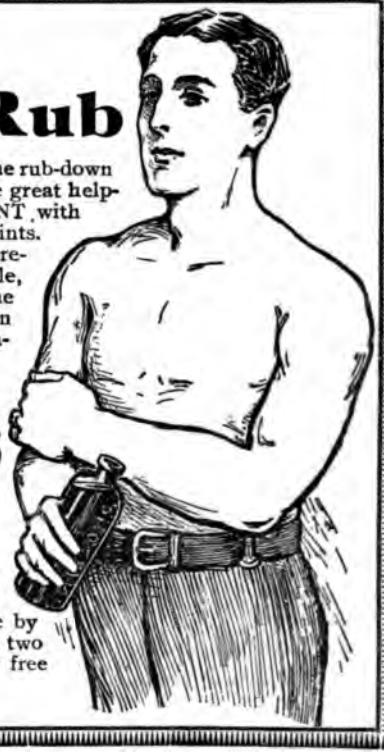

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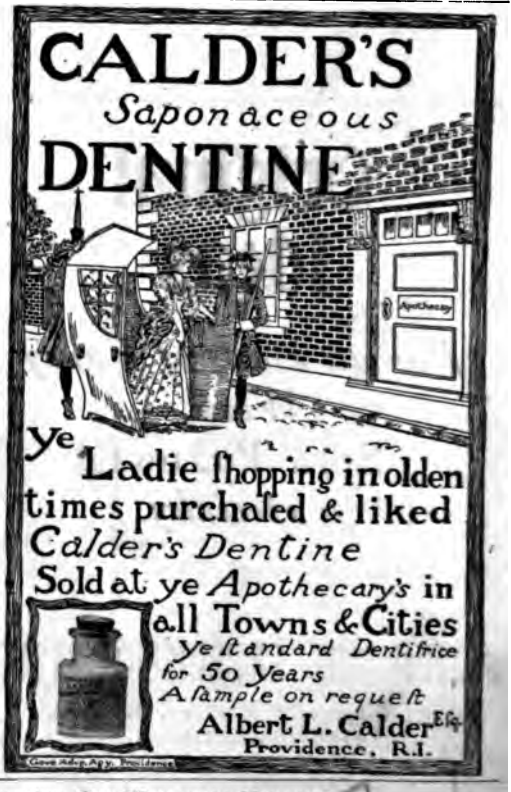
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